A

NEW VERSION

OF THE

PSALMS OF DAVID,

FITTED TO THE

TUNES USED IN CHURCHES.

BY

NICHOLAS BRADY, D. D.

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AND

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PSALMS.

PSALM I.

HOW bleſt is he who ne'er conſents by ill advice to walk;
Nor ſtands in ſinners' ways, nor ſits where men profanely talk.
2 But makes the perfect law of God his buſineſs and delight;
Devoutly reads therein by day, and meditates by night.
3 Like ſome fair tree, which, fed by ſtreams, with timely fruit does bend,
He ſtill ſhall flouriſh, and ſucceſs all his deſigns attend.
4 Ungodly men and their attempts no laſting root ſhall find;
Untimely blaſted, and diſpers'd like chaff before the wind.
5 Their guilt ſhall ſtrike the wicked dumb before their Judge's face:
No formal hypocrite ſhall then amongſt the ſaints have place.
6 For God approves the juſt man's ways, to happineſs they tend;
But ſinners, and the paths they tread, ſhall both in ruin end.

PSALM II.

WITH reſtleſs and ungovern'd rage why do the heathen ſtorm?
Why in ſuch raſh attempts engage, as they can ne'er perform?
2 The great in counſel and in might their various forces bring;
Againſt the Lord they all unite, and his anointed king.
3 "Muſt we ſubmit to their commands?" preſumptuouſly they ſay:
"No, let us break their ſlaviſh bands, and caſt their chains away."
4 But God, who ſits enthron'd on high, and ſees how they combine,
Does their conſpiring ſtrength defy, and mocks their vain deſign.
5 Thick clouds of wrath divine ſhall break on his rebellious foes;
And thus will he in thunder ſpeak to all that dare oppoſe:
6 "Though madly you diſpute my will, the king that I ordain,
"Whoſe throne is fix'd on Sion's hill, ſhall there ſecurely reign."
7 Attend, O earth, whilſt I declare God's uncontroll'd decree;
"Thou art my Son, this day my heir have I begotten thee.
8 "Aſk and receive thy full demands; thine ſhall the heathen be:
"The utmoſt limits of the lands ſhall be poſſeſs'd by thee.
9 "Thy threat'ning ſceptre thou ſhalt ſhake, and cruſh them every where;
"As maſſy bars of iron break the potter's brittle ware."
10 Learn then, ye princes; and give ear, ye judges of the earth;
11 Worſhip the Lord with holy fear; rejoice with awful mirth.
12 Appeaſe the Son with due reſpect, your timely homage pay;
Leſt he revenge the bold neglect, incens'd by your delay.
13 If but in part his anger riſe, who can endure the flame?
Then bleſt are they whoſe hope relies on his moſt holy Name.

PSALM III.

HOW num'rous, Lord, of late are grown the troublers of my peace!
And, as their numbers hourly riſe, ſo does their rage increaſe.
2 Inſulting they my ſoul upbraid, and him whom I adore;
The God in whom he truſts, ſay they, ſhall reſcue him no more.
3 But thou, O Lord, art my defence; on thee my hopes rely;
Thou art my glory, and ſhalt yet lift up my head on high.
4 Since whenſoe'er in like diſtreſs to God I made my pray'r,
He heard me from his holy hill, why ſhould I now deſpair?
5 Guarded by him, I laid me down my ſweet repoſe to take;
For I through him ſecurely ſleep, through him in ſafety wake.
6 No force nor fury of my foes my courage ſhall confound,
Were they as many hoſts as men that have beſet me round.
7 Ariſe and ſave me, O my God, who oft haſt own'd my cauſe,
And ſcatter'd oft theſe foes to me, and to thy righteous laws.
8 Salvation to the Lord belongs, he only can defend;
His bleſſing he extends to all that on his pow'r depend.

PSALM IV.

O Lord, that art my righteous Judge, to my complaint give ear:
Thou ſtill redeem'ſt me from diſtreſs; have mercy, Lord, and hear.
2 How long will ye, O ſons of men, to blot my fame deviſe?
How long your vain deſigns purſue, and ſpread malicious lies?
3 Conſider, that the righteous man is God's peculiar choice;
And when to him I make my pray'r, he always hears my voice.
4 Then ſtand in awe of his commands, flee ev'ry thing that's ill;
Commune in private with your hearts, and bend them to his will.
5 The place of other ſacrifice let righteouſneſs ſupply;
And let your hope, ſecurely fix'd, on God alone rely.
6 While worldly minds impatient grow more proſp'rous times to ſee,
Still let the glories of thy face ſhine brightly, Lord, on me.
7 So ſhall my heart o'erflow with joy, more laſting and more true,
Than their's, who ſtores of corn and wine ſucceſſively renew.
8 Then down in peace I'll lay my head, and take my needful reſt;
No other guard, O Lord, I crave, of thy defence poſſeſt.

PSALM V.

LORD, hear the voice of my complaint, accept my ſecret pray'r;
2 To thee alone, my King, my God, will I for help repair.
3 Thou in the morn my voice ſhalt hear, and with the dawning day
To thee devoutly I'll look up, to thee devoutly pray.
4 For thou the wrongs that I ſuſtain canſt never, Lord, approve;
Who from thy ſacred dwelling-place all evil doſt remove.
5 Not long ſhall ſtubborn fools remain unpuniſh'd in thy view;
All ſuch as act unrighteous things thy vengeance ſhall purſue.
6 The ſland'ring tongue, O God of truth, by thee ſhall be deſtroy'd,
Who hat'ſt alike the man in blood and in deceit employ'd.
7 But when thy boundleſs grace ſhall me to thy lov'd courts reſtore,
On thee I'll fix my longing eyes, and humbly there adore.
8 Conduct me by thy righteous laws, for watchful is my foe;
Therefore, O Lord, make plain the way wherein I ought to go.

9 Their mouth vents nothing but deceit, their heart is ſet on wrong;
Their throat is a devouring grave, they flatter with their tongue.
10 By their own counſels let them fall, oppreſs'd with loads of ſin;
For they againſt thy righteous laws have harden'd rebels been.
11 But let all thoſe who truſt in thee with ſhouts their joy proclaim;
Let them rejoice whom thou preſerv'ſt, and all that love thy Name.
12 To righteous men the righteous Lord his bleſſing will extend,
And with his favour all his ſaints, as with a ſhield, defend.

PSALM VI.

THY dreadful anger, Lord, reſtrain, and ſpare a wretch forlorn;
Correct me not in thy fierce wrath, too heavy to be borne.
2 Have mercy, Lord, for I grow faint, unable to endure
The anguiſh of my aching bones, which thou alone canſt cure.
3 My tortur'd fleſh diſtracts my mind, and fills my ſoul with grief;
But, Lord, how long wilt thou delay to grant me thy relief?
4 Thy wonted goodneſs, Lord, repeat, and eaſe my troubled ſoul;
Lord, for thy wondrous mercy's ſake vouchſafe to make me whole.
5 For after death no more can I thy glorious acts proclaim;
No pris'ner of the ſilent grave can magnify thy Name.
6 Quite tir'd with pain, with groaning faint, no hope of eaſe I ſee;
The night, that quiets common griefs, is ſpent in tears by me.
7 My beauty fades, my ſight grows dim, my eyes with weakneſs cloſe;
Old age o'ertakes me, whilſt I think on my inſulting foes.
8 Depart, ye wicked, in my wrongs ye ſhall no more rejoice;
For God, I find, accepts my tears, and liſtens to my voice.
9, 10 He hears and grants my humble pray'r; and they that wiſh my fall,
Shall bluſh and rage to ſee that God protects me from them all.

PSALM VII.

O Lord my God, ſince I have plac'd my truſt alone in thee,
From all my perſecutors' rage do thou deliver me.
2 To ſave me from my threat'ning foe, Lord, interpoſe thy pow'r;
Leſt, like a ſavage lion, he my helpleſs ſoul devour.
3, 4 If I am guilty, or did e'er againſt his peace combine;
Nay, if I have not ſpar'd his life, who ſought unjuſtly mine;
5 Let then to perſecuting foes my ſoul become a prey;
Let them to earth tread down my life, in duſt my honour lay.
6 Ariſe, and let thine anger, Lord, in my defence engage;
Exalt thyſelf above my foes and their inſulting rage.
Awake, awake, in my behalf, the judgment to diſpenſe,
Which thou haſt righteouſly ordain'd for injur'd innocence.
7 So to thy throne adoring crowds ſhall ſtill for juſtice fly;
O! therefore for their ſakes reſume thy judgment-ſeat on high.
8 Impartial Judge of all the world, I truſt my cauſe to thee;
According to my juſt deſerts, ſo let thy ſentence be.
9 Let wicked arts and wicked men together be o'erthrown;
But guard the juſt, thou God, to whom the hearts of both are known.
10, 11 God me protects, nor only me, but all of upright heart;
And daily lays up wrath for thoſe who from his laws depart.
12 If they perſiſt, he whets his ſword, his bow ſtands ready bent;
13 E'en now, with ſwift deſtruction wing'd, his pointed ſhafts are ſent.

14 The plots are fruitleſs which my foe unjuſtly did conceive;
15 The pit he digg'd for me has prov'd his own untimely grave.
16 On his own head his ſpite returns, whilſt I from harm am free;
On him the violence is fall'n which he deſign'd for me.
17 Therefore will I the righteous ways of Providence proclaim;
I'll ſing the praiſe of God moſt high, and celebrate his Name.

PSALM VIII.

O Thou, to whom all creatures bow within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art thou! how glorious is thy Name!
In heav'n thy wondrous acts are ſung, nor fully reckon'd there;
2 And yet thou mak'ſt the infant tongue thy boundleſs praiſe declare.
Through thee the weak confound the ſtrong, and cruſh their haughty foes;
And ſo thou quell'ſt the wicked throng, that thee and thine oppoſe.
3 When heav'n, thy beauteous work on high, employs my wond'ring ſight;
The moon that nightly rules the ſky, with ſtars of feebler light;
4 What's man, (ſay I,) that, Lord, thou lov'ſt to keep him in thy mind?
Or what his offſpring, that thou prov'ſt to them ſo wondrous kind?
5 Him next in pow'r thou didſt create to thy celeſtial train;
6 Ordain'd with dignity and ſtate o'er all thy works to reign.
7 They jointly own his pow'rful ſway; the beaſts that prey or graze;
8 The bird that wings its airy way; the fiſh that cuts the ſeas.
9 O thou, to whom all creatures bow within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art thou! how glorious is thy Name!

PSALM IX.

TO celebrate thy praiſe, O Lord, I will my heart prepare;
To all the liſt'ning world thy works, thy wondrous works, declare.
2 The thought of them ſhall to my ſoul exalted pleaſure bring;
Whilſt to thy Name, O thou moſt High, triumphant praiſe I ſing.
3 Thou mad'ſt my haughty foes to turn their backs in ſhameful flight;
Struck with thy preſence, down they fell, they periſh'd at thy ſight.
4 Againſt inſulting foes advanc'd, thou didſt my cauſe maintain;
My right aſſerting from thy throne, where truth and juſtice reign.
5 The inſolence of heathen pride thou haſt reduc'd to ſhame;
Their wicked offspring quite deſtroy'd, and blotted out their name.
6 Miſtaken foes! your haughty threats are to a period come;
Our city ſtands, which you deſign'd to make our common tomb.
7, 8 The Lord for ever lives, who has his righteous throne prepar'd,
Impartial juſtice to diſpenſe; to puniſh or reward.
9 God is a conſtant ſure defence againſt oppreſſing rage;
As troubles riſe, his needful aids in our behalf engage.
10 All thoſe who have his goodneſs prov'd will in his truth confide;
Whoſe mercy ne'er forſook the man that on his help relied.
11 Sing praiſes, therefore, to the Lord, from Sion, his abode;
Proclaim his deeds, till all the world confeſs no other God.

The Second Part.

12 When he enquiry makes for blood, he calls the poor to mind;
The injur'd humble man's complaint relief from him ſhall find.
13 Take pity on my troubles, Lord, which ſpiteful foes create,
Thou, that haſt reſcu'd me ſo oft from death's devouring gate.

14 In Sion then I'll ſing thy praiſe, to all that love thy Name;
And with loud ſhouts of grateful joy thy ſaving pow'r proclaim.
15 Deep in the pit they digg'd for me the heathen pride is laid;
Their guilty feet to their own ſnare inſenſibly betray'd.
16 Thus, by the juſt returns he makes, the mighty Lord is known;
While wicked men by their own plots are ſhamefully o'erthrown.
17 No ſingle ſinner ſhall eſcape by privacy obſcur'd;
Nor nation from his juſt revenge by numbers be ſecur'd.
18 His ſuff'ring ſaints, when moſt diſtreſt, he ne'er forgets to aid;
Their expectation ſhall be crown'd, though for a time delay'd.
19 Ariſe, O Lord, aſſert thy pow'r, and let not man o'ercome;
Deſcend to judgment, and pronounce the guilty heathen's doom.
20 Strike terror through the nations round, till, by conſenting fear,
They to each other, and themſelves, but mortal men appear.

PSALM X.

THY preſence why withdraw'ſt thou, Lord? why hid'ſt thou now thy face,
When diſmal times of deep diſtreſs call for thy wonted grace?
2 The wicked, ſwell'd with lawleſs pride, have made the poor their prey;
O let them fall by thoſe deſigns which they for others lay.
3 For ſtraight they triumph, if ſucceſs their thriving crimes attend;
And ſordid wretches, whom God hates, perverſely they commend.
4 To own a pow'r above themſelves their haughty pride diſdains;
And therefore in their ſtubborn mind no thought of God remains.
5 Oppreſſive methods they purſue, and all their foes they ſlight;
Becauſe thy judgments, unobſerv'd, are far above their ſight.
6 They fondly think their proſp'rous ſtate ſhall unmoleſted be;
They think their vain deſigns ſhall thrive, from all misfortune free.
7 Vain and deceitful is their ſpeech, with curſes fill'd and lies;
By which the miſchief of their heart they ſtudy to diſguiſe.
8 Near publick roads they lie conceal'd, and all their art employ,
The innocent and poor at once to rifle and deſtroy.
9 Not lions, couching in their dens, ſurpriſe their heedleſs prey
With greater cunning, or expreſs more ſavage rage than they.
10 Sometimes they act the harmleſs man, and modeſt looks they wear;
That, ſo deceiv'd, the poor may leſs their ſudden onſet fear.

The Second Part.

11 For God, they think, no notice takes of their unrighteous deeds;
He never minds the ſuff'ring poor, nor their oppreſſion heeds.
12 But thou, O Lord, at length ariſe; ſtretch forth thy mighty arm;
And, by the greatneſs of thy pow'r, defend the poor from harm.
13 No longer let the wicked vaunt, and proudly boaſting ſay,
"Tuſh, God regards not what we do; he never will repay."
14 But ſure thou ſeeſt, and all their deeds impartially doſt try;
The orphan, therefore, and the poor on thee for aid rely.
15 Defenceleſs let the wicked fall, of all their ſtrength bereft;
Confound, O God, their dark deſigns, till no remains are left.
16 Aſſert thy juſt dominion, Lord, which ſhall for ever ſtand;
Thou, who the heathen didſt expel from this thy choſen land.
17 Thou doſt the humble ſuppliants hear that to thy throne repair;
Thou firſt prepar'ſt their hearts to pray, and then accept'ſt their pray'r.
18 Thou in thy righteous judgment weigh'ſt the fatherleſs and poor;
That ſo the tyrants of the earth may perſecute no more.

PSALM XI.

SINCE I have plac'd my truſt in God, a refuge always nigh,
Why ſhould I, like a tim'rous bird, to diſtant mountains fly?
2 Behold, the wicked bend their bow, and ready fix their dart;
Lurking in ambuſh to deſtroy the man of upright heart.
3 When once the firm aſſurance fails which publick faith imparts,
'Tis time for innocence to fly from ſuch deceitful arts.
4 The Lord hath both a temple here, and righteous throne above;
Whence he ſurveys the ſons of men, and how their counſels move.
5 If God the righteous, whom he loves, for trial does correct;
What muſt the ſons of violence, whom he abhors, expect?
6 Snares, fire, and brimſtone on their heads ſhall in one tempeſt ſhow'r;
This dreadful mixture his revenge into their cup ſhall pour.
7 The righteous Lord will righteous deeds with ſignal favour grace;
And to the upright man diſcloſe the brightneſs of his face.

PSALM XII.

SINCE godly men decay, O Lord, do thou my cauſe defend;
For ſcarce theſe wretched times afford one juſt and faithful friend.
2 One neighbour now can ſcarce believe what t'other doth impart:
With flatt'ring lips they all deceive, and with a double heart.
3 But lips that with deceit abound can never proſper long;
God's righteous vengeance will confound the proud blaſpheming tongue.
4 In vain thoſe fooliſh boaſters ſay, "Our tongues are ſure our own;
"With doubtful words we will betray, and be controll'd by none."
5 For God, who hears the ſuff'ring poor, and their oppreſſion knows,
Will ſoon ariſe and give them reſt, in ſpite of all their foes.
6 The word of God ſhall ſtill abide, and void of falſehood be,
As is the ſilver, ſev'n times tried, from droſſy mixture free.
7 The promiſe of his aiding grace ſhall reach the purpos'd end;
His ſervants from this faithleſs race he ever ſhall defend.
8 Then ſhall the wicked be perplex'd, nor know which way to fly;
When thoſe, whom they deſpis'd and vex'd, ſhall be advanc'd on high.

PSALM XIII.

HOW long wilt thou forget me, Lord? muſt I for ever mourn?
How long wilt thou withdraw from me, oh! never to return?
2 How long ſhall anxious thoughts my ſoul, and grief my heart oppreſs?
How long my enemies inſult, and I have no redreſs?
3 O hear! and to my longing eyes reſtore thy wonted light!
And ſuddenly, or I ſhall ſleep in everlaſting night.
4 Reſtore me, leſt they proudly boaſt 'twas their own ſtrength o'ercame
Permit not them that vex my ſoul to triumph in my ſhame.
5 Since I have always plac'd my truſt beneath thy mercy's wing,
Thy ſaving health will come, and then my heart with joy ſhall ſpring:
6 Then ſhall my ſong, with praiſe inſpir'd, to thee, my God, aſcend;
Who to thy ſervant in diſtreſs ſuch bounty didſt extend.

PSALM XIV.

SURE wicked fools muſt needs ſuppoſe that God is nothing but a name;
Corrupt and lewd their practice grows, no breaſt is warm'd with holy flame.
2 The Lord look'd down from heav'n's high tow'r, and all the ſons of men did view,
To ſee if any own'd his pow'r, if any truth or juſtice knew.

3 But all, he ſaw, were gone aſide, all were degen'rate grown and baſe;
None took religion for their guide, not one of all the ſinful race.
4 But can theſe workers of deceit be all ſo dull and ſenſeleſs grown;
That they like bread my people eat, and God's almighty pow'r diſown?
5 How will they tremble then for fear, when his juſt wrath ſhall them o'ertake;
For to the righteous God is near, and never will their cauſe forſake.
6 Ill men in vain with ſcorn expoſe thoſe methods which the good purſue;
Since God a refuge is for thoſe whom his juſt eyes with favour view.
7 Would he his ſaving pow'r employ to break his people's ſervile band;
Then ſhouts of univerſal joy ſhould loudly echo through the land.

PSALM XV.

LORD, who's the happy man that may to thy bleſt courts repair?
Not, ſtranger-like, to viſit them, but to inhabit there?
2 'Tis he, whoſe every thought and deed by rules of virtue moves;
Whoſe gen'rous tongue diſdains to ſpeak the thing his heart diſproves.
3 Who never did a ſlander forge his neighbour's fame to wound;
Nor hearken to a falſe report, by malice whiſper'd round.
4 Who vice in all its pomp and pow'r can treat with juſt neglect;
And piety, though cloth'd in rags, religiouſly reſpect.
5 Who to his plighted vows and truſt has ever firmly ſtood;
And, though he promiſe to his loſs, he makes his promiſe good.
6 Whoſe ſoul in uſury diſdains his treaſure to employ;
Whom no rewards can ever bribe the guiltleſs to deſtroy.
7 The man, who by this ſteady courſe has happineſs inſur'd,
When earth's foundation ſhakes, ſhall ſtand, by Providence ſecur'd.

PSALM XVI.

PROTECT me from my cruel foes, and ſhield me, Lord, from harm,
Becauſe my truſt I ſtill repoſe on thy Almighty arm.
2 My ſoul all help but thine does ſlight, all gods but thee diſown;
Yet can no deeds of mine requite the goodneſs thou haſt ſhown.
3 But thoſe that ſtrictly virtuous are, and love the thing that's right,
To favour always and prefer ſhall be my chief delight.
4 How ſhall their ſorrows be increas'd, who other gods adore!
Their bloody off'rings I deteſt, their very names abhor.
5 My lot is fall'n in that bleſt land where God is truly known;
He fills my cup with lib'ral hand; 'tis he ſupports my throne.
6 In nature's moſt delightful ſcene my happy portion lies;
The place of my appointed reign all other lands outvies.
7 Therefore my ſoul ſhall bleſs the Lord, whoſe precepts give me light,
And private counſel ſtill afford in ſorrow's diſmal night.
8 I ſtrive each action to approve to his all-ſeeing eye;
No danger ſhall my hopes remove, becauſe he ſtill is nigh.
9 Therefore my heart all grief defies, my glory does rejoice;
My fleſh ſhall reſt in hope to riſe, wak'd by his pow'rful voice.
10 Thou, Lord, when I reſign my breath, my ſoul from hell ſhalt free;
Nor let thy Holy One in death the leaſt corruption ſee.
11 Thou ſhalt the paths of life diſplay, that to thy preſence lead;
Where pleaſures dwell without allay, and joys that never fade.

PSALM XVII.

TO my juſt plea and ſad complaint, attend, O righteous Lord,
And to my pray'r, as 'tis unfeign'd, a gracious ear afford.
2 As in thy ſight I am approv'd, ſo let my ſentence be;
And with impartial eyes, O Lord, my upright dealing ſee.
3 For thou haſt ſearch'd my heart by day, and viſited by night;
And on the ſtricteſt trial found its ſecret motions right.
Nor ſhall thy juſtice, Lord, alone my heart's deſigns acquit;
For I have purpos'd that my tongue ſhall no offence commit.
4 I know what wicked men would do their ſafety to maintain;
But me thy juſt and mild commands from bloody paths reſtrain.
5 That I may ſtill, in ſpite of wrongs, my innocence ſecure;
O guide me in thy righteous ways, and make my footſteps ſure.
6 Since heretofore I ne'er in vain to thee my pray'r addreſt;
O now, my God, incline thine ear to this my juſt requeſt.
7 The wonders of thy truth and love in my defence engage;
Thou, whoſe right hand preſerves thy ſaints from their oppreſſors' rage.

The Second Part.

8, 9 O! keep me in thy tend'reſt care; thy ſhelt'ring wings ſtretch out,
To guard me ſafe from ſavage foes, that compaſs me about.
10 O'ergrown with luxury, inclos'd in their own fat they lie;
And with a proud blaſpheming mouth both God and man defy.
11 Well may they boaſt, for they have now my paths encompaſs'd round;
Their eyes at watch, their bodies bow'd, and couching on the ground,
12 In poſture of a lion ſet, when greedy of his prey;
Or a young lion, when he lurks within a covert way.
13 Ariſe, O Lord, defeat their plots, their ſwelling rage control;
From wicked men, who are thy ſword, deliver thou my ſoul.
14 From worldly men, thy ſharpeſt ſcourge, whoſe portion's here below;
Who, fill'd with earthly ſtores, deſire no other bliſs to know.
15 Their race is num'rous that partake their ſubſtance while they live:
Their heirs ſurvive, to whom they may the vaſt remainder give.
16 But I, in uprightneſs, thy face ſhall view without control;
And, waking, ſhall its image find reflected in my ſoul.

PSALM XVIII.

NO change of times ſhall ever ſhock my firm affection, Lord, to thee;
For thou haſt always been my rock, a fortreſs and defence to me.
2 Thou my deliv'rer art, my God, my truſt is in thy mighty pow'r:
Thou art my ſhield from foes abroad, at home my ſafeguard and my tow'r.
3 To thee I will addreſs my pray'r, (to whom all praiſe we juſtly owe;)
So ſhall I, by thy watchful care, be guarded from my treach'rous foe.
4, 5 By floods of wicked men diſtreſs'd, with deadly ſorrows compaſs'd round;
With dire infernal pangs oppreſs'd, in death's unwieldy fetters bound.
6 To heav'n I made my mournful pray'r, to God addreſs'd my humble moan;
Who graciouſly inclin'd his ear, and heard me from his lofty throne.

The Second Part.

7 When God aroſe to take my part, the conſcious earth did quake for fear;
From their firm poſts the hills did ſtart, nor could his dreadful fury bear.
8 Thick clouds of ſmoke diſpers'd abroad, enſigns of wrath before him came;
Devouring fire around him glow'd, that coals were kindled at its flame.

9 He left the beauteous realms of light, whilſt heav'n bow'd down its awful head,
Beneath his feet ſubſtantial night was like a ſable carpet ſpread.
10 The chariot of the King of kings, which active troops of angels drew,
On a ſtrong tempeſt's rapid wings, with moſt amazing ſwiftneſs flew.
11, 12 Black wat'ry miſts and clouds conſpir'd with thickeſt ſhades his face to vail;
But at his brightneſs ſoon retir'd, and fell in ſhow'rs of fire and hail.
13 Thro' heav'n's wide arch a thund'ring peal God's angry voice did loudly roar,
While earth's ſad face with heaps of hail, and flakes of fire, was cover'd o'er.
14 His ſharpen'd arrows round he threw, which made his ſcatter'd foes retreat;
Like darts his nimble lightnings flew, and quickly finiſh'd their defeat.
15 The deep its ſecret ſtores diſclos'd, the world's foundations naked lay;
By his avenging wrath expos'd, which fiercely rag'd that dreadful day.

The Third Part.

16 The Lord did on my ſide engage, from heav'n, his throne, my cauſe upheld;
And ſnatch'd me from the furious rage of threat'ning waves that proudly ſwell'd.
17 God his reſiſtleſs pow'r employ'd, my ſtrongeſt foes' attempts to break;
Who elſe with eaſe had ſoon deſtroy'd the weak defence that I could make.
18 Their ſubtle rage had near prevail'd, when I diſtreſs'd and friendleſs lay;
But ſtill, when other ſuccours fail'd, God was my firm ſupport and ſtay.
19 From dangers that inclos'd me round, he brought me forth and ſet me free;
For ſome juſt cauſe his goodneſs found, that mov'd him to delight in me.
20 Becauſe in me no guilt remains, God does his gracious help extend;
My hands are free from bloody ſtains, therefore the Lord is ſtill my friend.
21, 22 For I his judgments kept in ſight, in his juſt paths I always trod;
I never did his ſtatutes ſlight, nor looſely wander'd from my God.
23, 24 But ſtill my ſoul, ſincere and pure, did e'en from darling ſins refrain;
His favours, therefore, yet endure, becauſe my heart and hands are clean.

The Fourth Part.

25, 26 Thou ſuit'ſt, O Lord, thy righteous ways to various paths of human kind;
They, who for mercy merit praiſe, with thee ſhall wondrous mercy find.
Thou to the juſt ſhalt juſtice ſhow, the pure thy purity ſhall ſee;
Such as perverſely chooſe to go, ſhall meet with due returns from thee.
27, 28 That he the humble ſoul will ſave, and cruſh the haughty's boaſted might,
In me the Lord an inſtance gave, whoſe darkneſs he has turn'd to light.
29 On his firm ſuccour I relied, and did o'er num'rous foes prevail;
Nor fear'd, whilſt he was on my ſide, the beſt defended walls to ſcale.
30 For God's deſigns ſhall ſtill ſucceed; his word will bear the utmoſt teſt:
He's a ſtrong ſhield to all that need, and on his ſure protection reſt.
31 Who then deſerves to be ador'd, but God, on whom my hopes depend?
Or who, except the mighty Lord, can with reſiſtleſs pow'r defend?

The Fifth Part.

32, 33 'Tis God that girds my armour on, and all my juſt deſigns fulfils;
Through him my feet can ſwiftly run, and nimbly climb the ſteepeſt hills.
34 Leſſons of war from him I take, and manly weapons learn to wield;
Strong bows of ſteel with eaſe to break, forc'd by my ſtronger arms to yield.
35 The buckler of his ſaving health protects me from aſſaulting foes;
His hand ſuſtains me ſtill, my wealth and greatneſs from his bounty flows.
36 My goings he enlarg'd abroad, till then to narrow paths confin'd;
And, when in ſlippery ways I trod, the method of my ſteps deſign'd.

37 Through him I num'rous hoſts defeat, and flying ſquadrons captive take;
Nor from my fierce purſuit retreat, till I a final conqueſt make.
38 Cover'd with wounds, in vain they try their vanquiſh'd heads again to rear;
Spite of their boaſted ſtrength they lie beneath my feet, and grovel there.
39 God, when freſh armies take the field, recruits my ſtrength, my courage warms;
He makes my ſtrong oppoſers yield, ſubdu'd by my prevailing arms.
40 Through him the necks of proſtrate foes my conqu'ring feet in triumph preſs;
Aided by him, I root out thoſe who hate and envy my ſucceſs.
41 With loud complaints all friends they tried, but none was able to defend;
At length to God for help they cried, but God would no aſſiſtance lend.
42 Like flying duſt which winds purſue, their broken troops I ſcatter'd round,
Their ſlaughter'd bodies forth I threw, like loathſome dirt that clogs the ground.

The Sixth Part.

43 Our factious tribes, at ſtrife till now, by God's appointment me obey;
The heathen to my ſceptre bow, and foreign nations own my ſway.
44 Remoteſt realms their homage ſend, when my ſucceſsful name they hear;
Strangers for my commands attend, charm'd with reſpect, or aw'd by fear.
45 All to my ſummons tamely yield, or ſoon in battle are diſmay'd;
For ſtronger holds they quit the field, and ſtill in ſtrongeſt holds afraid.
46 Let the eternal Lord be prais'd, the rock on whoſe defence I reſt;
O'er higheſt heav'ns his Name be rais'd, who me with his ſalvation bleſt.
47 'Tis God that ſtill ſupports my right, his juſt revenge my foes purſues;
'Tis he that with reſiſtleſs might fierce nations to my yoke ſubdues.
48 My univerſal ſafeguard he! from whom my laſting honours flow;
He made me great, and ſet me free from my remorſeleſs bloody foe.
49 Therefore to celebrate his fame my grateful voice to heav'n I'll raiſe;
And nations, ſtrangers to his Name, ſhall thus be taught to ſing his praiſe.
50 "God to his king deliv'rance ſends, ſhows his anointed ſignal grace,
"His mercy evermore extends to David and his promis'd race."

PSALM XIX.

THE heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord, which that alone can fill;
The firmament and ſtars expreſs their great Creator's ſkill.
2 The dawn of each returning day freſh beams of knowledge brings;
From darkeſt night's ſucceſſive rounds divine inſtruction ſprings.
3 Their pow'rful language to no realm or region is confin'd;
'Tis nature's voice, and underſtood alike by all mankind.
4 Their doctrine does its ſacred ſenſe through earth's extent diſplay;
Whoſe bright contents the circling ſun does round the world convey.
5 No bridegroom, for his nuptials dreſt, has ſuch a cheerful face;
No giant does like him rejoice to run his glorious race.
6 From eaſt to weſt, from weſt to eaſt, his reſtleſs courſe he goes;
And through his progreſs cheerful light and vital warmth beſtows.

The Second Part.

7 God's perfect law converts the ſoul, reclaims from falſe deſires;
With ſacred wiſdom his ſure word the ignorant inſpires.
8 The ſtatutes of the Lord are juſt, and bring ſincere delight;
His pure commands, in ſearch of truth, aſſiſt the feebleſt ſight.
9 His perfect worſhip here is fix'd, on ſure foundations laid;
His equal laws are in the ſcales of truth and juſtice weigh'd.
10 Of more eſteem than golden mines, or gold refin'd with ſkill;
More ſweet than honey, or the drops that from the comb diſtil.

11 My truſty counſellors they are, and friendly warnings give;
Divine rewards attend on thoſe who by thy precepts live.
12 But what frail man obſerves how oft he does from virtue fall?
O cleanſe me from my ſecret faults, thou God that know'ſt them all.
13 Let no preſumptuous ſin, O Lord, dominion have o'er me;
That, by thy grace preſerv'd, I may the great tranſgreſſion flee.
14 So ſhall my pray'r and praiſes be with thy acceptance bleſt;
And I, ſecure on thy defence, my ſtrength and ſaviour, reſt.

PSALM XX.

THE Lord to thy requeſt attend, and hear thee in diſtreſs:
The Name of Jacob's God defend, and grant thy arms ſucceſs.
2 To aid thee from on high repair, and ſtrength from Sion give;
3 Remember all thy off'rings there, thy ſacrifice receive.
4 To compaſs thy own heart's deſire, thy counſels ſtill direct;
Make kindly all events conſpire to bring them to effect.
5 To thy ſalvation, Lord, for aid we cheerfully repair,
With banners in thy name diſplay'd, "The Lord accept thy pray'r."
6 Our hopes are fix'd, that now the Lord our ſov'reign will defend;
From heav'n reſiſtleſs aid afford, and to his pray'r attend.
7 Some truſt in ſteeds for war deſign'd, on chariots ſome rely;
Againſt them all we'll call to mind the pow'r of God moſt high.
8 But, from their ſteeds and chariots thrown, behold them through the plain,
Diſorder'd, broke, and trampled down, whilſt firm our troops remain.
9 Still ſave us, Lord, and ſtill proceed our rightful cauſe to bleſs;
Hear, King of heav'n, in times of need, the pray'rs that we addreſs.

PSALM XXI.

THE king, O Lord, with ſongs of praiſe ſhall in thy ſtrength rejoice;
With thy ſalvation crown'd, ſhall raiſe to heav'n his cheerful voice.
2 For thou, whate'er his lips requeſt, not only didſt impart;
But haſt with thy acceptance bleſt the wiſhes of his heart.
3 Thy goodneſs and thy tender care have all his hopes outgone;
A crown of gold thou mad'ſt him wear, and ſett'ſt it firmly on.
4 He pray'd for life, and thou, O Lord, didſt his ſhort ſpan extend;
And graciouſly to him afford a life that ne'er ſhall end.
5 Thy ſure defence through nations round has ſpread his glorious name;
And his ſucceſsful actions crown'd with majeſty and fame.
6 Eternal bleſſings thou beſtow'ſt, and mak'ſt his joys increaſe;
Whilſt thou to him unclouded ſhow'ſt the brightneſs of thy face.

The Second Part.

7 Becauſe the king on God alone for timely aid relies;
His mercy ſtill ſupports his throne, and all his wants ſupplies.
8 But, righteous Lord, thy ſtubborn foes ſhall feel thy heavy hand;
Thy vengeful arm ſhall find out thoſe that hate thy mild command.
9 When thou againſt them doſt engage, thy juſt but dreadful doom
Shall, like a glowing oven's rage, their hopes and them conſume.
10 Nor ſhall thy furious anger ceaſe, or with their ruin end;
But root out all their guilty race, and to their ſeed extend.
11 For all their thoughts were ſet on ill, their hearts on malice bent;
But thou, with watchful care, didſt ſtill the ill effects prevent.

12 In vain, by ſhameful flight, they'll try to 'ſcape thy dreadful might,
While thy ſwift darts ſhall faſter fly, and gall them in their flight.
13 Thus, Lord, thy wondrous ſtrength diſcloſe, and thus exalt thy fame;
Whilſt we glad ſongs of praiſe compoſe to thy Almighty Name.

PSALM XXII.

MY God, my God, why leav'ſt thou me when I with anguiſh faint?
O why ſo far from me remov'd, and from my loud complaint?
2 All day, but all the day unheard, to thee do I complain;
With cries implore relief all night, but cry all night in vain.
3 Yet thou art ſtill the righteous judge of innocence oppreſs'd:
And therefore Iſrael's praiſes are of right to thee addreſs'd.
4, 5 On thee our anceſtors relied, and thy deliv'rance found;
With pious confidence they pray'd, and with ſucceſs were crown'd.
6 But I am treated like a worm, like none of human birth;
Not only by the great revil'd, but made the rabble's mirth.
7 With laughter all the gazing crowd my agonies ſurvey;
They ſhoot the lip, they ſhake the head, and thus deriding ſay:
8 "In God he truſted, boaſting oft that he was Heav'n's delight;
"Let God come down to ſave him now, and own his favourite."

The Second Part.

9 Thou mad'ſt my teeming mother's womb a living offspring bear;
When but a ſuckling at the breaſt I was thy early care.
10 Thou, guardian-like, didſt ſhield from wrongs my helpleſs infant days;
And ſince haſt been my God and guide through life's bewilder'd ways.
11 Withdraw not then ſo far from me, when trouble is ſo nigh;
O ſend me help! thy help, on which I only can rely.
12 High pamper'd bulls, a frowning herd, from Baſan's foreſt met,
With ſtrength proportion'd to their rage, have me around beſet.
13 They gape on me, and ev'ry mouth a yawning grave appears;
The deſert lion's ſavage roar leſs dreadful is than their's.

The Third Part.

14 My blood like water's ſpill'd, my joints are rack'd and out of frame;
My heart diſſolves within my breaſt, like wax before the flame.
15 My ſtrength like potter's earth is parch'd, my tongue cleaves to my jaws;
And to the ſilent ſhades of death my fainting ſoul withdraws.
16 Like blood-hounds, to ſurround me, they in pack'd aſſemblies meet;
They pierc'd my inoffenſive hands, they pierc'd my harmleſs feet.
17 My body's rack'd, till all my bones diſtinctly may be told:
Yet ſuch a ſpectacle of woe as paſtime they behold.
18 As ſpoil, my garments they divide, lots for my veſture caſt:
19 Therefore approach, O Lord, my ſtrength, and to my ſuccour haſte.
20 From their ſharp ſword protect thou me, of all but life bereft!
Nor let my darling in the pow'r of cruel dogs be left.
21 To ſave me from the lion's jaws thy preſent ſuccour ſend;
As once from goring unicorns thou didſt my life defend.
22 Then to my brethren I'll declare the triumphs of thy Name,
In preſence of aſſembled ſaints thy glory thus proclaim:
23 "Ye worſhippers of Jacob's God, all you of Iſrael's line,
"O praiſe the Lord, and to your praiſe ſincere obedience join.
24 "He ne'er diſdain'd on low diſtreſs to caſt a gracious eye;
"Nor turn'd from poverty his face, but hears its humble cry."

The Fourth Part.

25 Thus in thy ſacred courts will I — my cheerful thanks expreſs;
In preſence of thy ſaints perform — the vows of my diſtreſs.
26 The meek companions of my grief — ſhall find my table ſpread;
And all that ſeek the Lord ſhall be — with joys immortal fed.
27 Then ſhall the glad converted world — to God their homage pay;
And ſcatter'd nations of the earth — one ſov'reign Lord obey.
28 'Tis his ſupreme prerogative — o'er ſubject kings to reign;
'Tis juſt that he ſhould rule the world, — who does the world ſuſtain.
29 The rich, who are with plenty fed, — his bounty muſt confeſs;
The ſons of want, by him reliev'd, — their gen'rous patron bleſs.
With humble worſhip to his throne — they all for aid reſort;
That pow'r, which firſt their beings gave, — can only them ſupport.
30, 31 Then ſhall a choſen ſpotleſs race, — devoted to his Name,
To their admiring heirs his truth — and glorious acts proclaim.

PSALM XXIII.

THE Lord himſelf, the mighty Lord, — vouchſafes to be my guide;
The ſhepherd, by whoſe conſtant care — my wants are all ſupplied.
2 In tender graſs he makes me feed, — and gently there repoſe;
Then leads me to cool ſhades, and where — refreſhing water flows.
3 He does my wand'ring ſoul reclaim, — and, to his endleſs praiſe,
Inſtruct with humble zeal to walk — in his moſt righteous ways.
4 I paſs the gloomy vale of death, — from fear and danger free;
For there his aiding rod and ſtaff — defend and comfort me.
5 In preſence of my ſpiteful foes — he does my table ſpread,
He crowns my cup with cheerful wine, — with oil anoints my head.
6 Since God does thus his wondrous love — through all my life extend,
That life to him I will devote, — and in his temple ſpend.

PSALM XXIV.

THIS ſpacious earth is all the Lord's, — the Lord's her fulneſs is;
The world, and they that dwell therein, — by ſov'reign right are his.
2 He fram'd and fix'd it on the ſeas, — and his Almighty hand
Upon inconſtant floods has made — the ſtable fabrick ſtand.
3 But for himſelf this Lord of all — one choſen ſeat deſign'd;
O! who ſhall to that ſacred hill — deſir'd admittance find!
4 The man whoſe hands and heart are pure, — whoſe thoughts from pride are free;
Who honeſt poverty prefers — to gainful perjury.
5 This, this is he, on whom the Lord — ſhall ſhow'r his bleſſings down,
Whom God his Saviour ſhall vouchſafe — with righteouſneſs to crown.
6 Such is the race of ſaints, by whom — the ſacred courts are trod;
And ſuch the proſelytes that ſeek — the face of Jacob's God.
7 Erect your heads, eternal gates, — unfold to entertain
The King of glory: ſee, he comes — with his celeſtial train.
8 Who is this King of glory? who? — the Lord for ſtrength renown'd;
In battle mighty, o'er his foes — eternal victor crown'd.
9 Erect your heads, ye gates, unfold — in ſtate to entertain
The King of glory; ſee, he comes — with all his ſhining train.
10 Who is this King of glory? who? — the Lord of hoſts renown'd;
Of glory he alone is King, — who is with glory crown'd.

PSALM XXV.

TO God, in whom I truſt,
I lift my heart and voice;
2 O let me not be put to ſhame,
nor let my foes rejoice.
3 Thoſe who on thee rely,
let no diſgrace attend;
Be that the ſhameful lot of ſuch
as wilfully offend.

4, 5 To me thy truth impart,
and lead me in thy way;
For thou art he that brings me help,
on thee I wait all day.
6 Thy mercies and thy love,
O Lord, recall to mind;
And graciouſly continue ſtill,
as thou wert ever, kind.

7 Let all my youthful crimes
be blotted out by thee;
And, for thy wondrous goodneſs' ſake,
in mercy think on me.
8 His mercy and his truth
the righteous Lord diſplays,
In bringing wand'ring ſinners home,
and teaching them his ways.

9 He thoſe in juſtice guides
who his direction ſeek;
And in his ſacred paths ſhall lead
the humble and the meek.
10 Through all the ways of God
both truth and mercy ſhine,
To ſuch as with religious hearts
to his bleſt will incline.

The Second Part.

11 Since mercy is the grace
that moſt exalts thy fame,
Forgive my heinous ſin, O Lord,
and ſo advance thy Name.
12 Whoe'er with humble fear
to God his duty pays,
Shall find the Lord a faithful guide
in all his righteous ways.

13 His quiet ſoul with peace
ſhall be for ever bleſt,
And by his num'rous race the land
ſucceſſively poſſeſt.
14 For God to all his ſaints
his ſecret will imparts,
And does his gracious cov'nant write
in their obedient hearts.

15 To him I lift my eyes,
and wait his timely aid,
Who breaks the ſtrong and treach'rous ſnare, which for my feet was laid.
16 O turn, and all my griefs,
in mercy, Lord, redreſs;
For I am compaſs'd round with woes,
and plung'd in deep diſtreſs.

17 The ſorrows of my heart
to mighty ſums increaſe;
O from this dark and diſmal ſtate
my troubled ſoul releaſe.
18 Do thou with tender eyes
my ſad afflictions ſee;
Acquit me, Lord, and from my guilt
entirely ſet me free.

19 Conſider, Lord, my foes,
how vaſt their numbers grow;
What lawleſs force and rage they uſe,
what boundleſs hate they ſhow!
20 Protect and ſet my ſoul
from their fierce malice free;
Nor let me be aſham'd, who place
my ſteadfaſt truſt in thee.

21 Let all my righteous acts
to full perfection riſe,
Becauſe my firm and conſtant hope
on thee alone relies.
22 To Iſrael's choſen race
continue ever kind;
And in the midſt of all their wants
let them thy ſuccour find.

PSALM XXVI.

JUDGE me, O Lord, for I the paths
of righteouſneſs have trod;
I cannot fail, who all my truſt
repoſe on thee, my God.
2, 3 Search, prove my heart, whoſe innocence will ſhine the more 'tis tried;
For I have kept thy grace in view,
and made thy truth my guide.

4 I never for companions took
the idle or profane;
No hypocrite, with all his arts,
could e'er my friendſhip gain.
5 I hate the buſy plotting crew,
who make diſtracted times;
And ſhun their wicked company,
as I avoid their crimes.

6 I'll waſh my hands in innocence, and bring a heart ſo pure,
That when thy altar I approach, my welcome ſhall ſecure.
7, 8 My thanks I'll publiſh there, and tell how thy renown excels;
That ſeat affords me moſt delight, in which thy honour dwells.
9 Paſs not on me the ſinners' doom, who murder make their trade;
10 Who others' rights, by ſecret bribes, or open force invade.
11 But I will walk in paths of truth, and innocence purſue:
Protect me, therefore, and to me thy mercies, Lord, renew.
12 In ſpite of all aſſaulting foes I ſtill maintain my ground;
And ſhall ſurvive amongſt thy ſaints, thy praiſes to reſound.

PSALM XXVII.

WHOM ſhould I fear, ſince God to me is ſaving health and light?
Since ſtrongly he my life ſupports, what can my ſoul affright?
2 With fierce intent my fleſh to tear, when foes beſet me round,
They ſtumbled, and their lofty creſts were made to ſtrike the ground.
3 Through him my heart, undaunted, dares with num'rous hoſts to cope;
Through him in doubtful ſtraits of war, for good ſucceſs I hope.
4 Henceforth within his houſe to dwell I earneſtly deſire,
His wondrous beauty there to view, and his bleſt will enquire.
5 For there may I with comfort reſt, in times of deep diſtreſs;
And ſafe as on a rock abide, in that ſecure receſs;
6 Whilſt God o'er all my haughty foes my lofty head ſhall raiſe,
And I my joyful off'ring bring, and ſing glad ſongs of praiſe.

The Second Part.

7 Continue, Lord, to hear my voice, whene'er to thee I cry;
In mercy all my pray'rs receive, nor my requeſts deny.
8 When us to ſeek thy glorious face thou kindly doſt adviſe;
" Thy glorious face I'll always ſeek, my grateful heart replies.
9 Then hide not thou thy face, O Lord, nor me in wrath reject;
My God and Saviour, leave not him thou didſt ſo oft protect.
10 Though all my friends and neareſt kin their helpleſs charge forſake,
Yet thou, whoſe love excels them all, wilt care and pity take.
11 Inſtruct me in thy paths, O Lord, my ways directly guide;
Leſt envious men, who watch my ſteps, ſhould ſee me tread aſide.
12 Lord, diſappoint my cruel foes, defeat their ill deſire,
Whoſe lying lips and bloody hands againſt my peace conſpire.
13 I truſted that my future life ſhould with thy love be crown'd,
Or elſe my fainting ſoul had ſunk, with ſorrow compaſs'd round.
14 God's time with patient faith expect, and he'll inſpire thy breaſt
With inward ſtrength; do thou thy part, and leave to him the reſt.

PSALM XXVIII.

O Lord, my rock, to thee I cry, in ſighs conſume my breath;
O anſwer, or I ſhall become like thoſe that ſleep in death.
2 Regard my ſupplication, Lord, the cries that I repeat,
With weeping eyes and lifted hands before thy mercy ſeat.
3 Let me eſcape the ſinners' doom, who make a trade of ill;
And ever ſpeak the perſon fair, whoſe blood they mean to ſpill.
4 According to their crimes' extent let juſtice have its courſe:
Relentleſs be to them, as they have ſinn'd without remorſe.
5 Since they the works of God deſpiſe, nor will his grace adore;
His wrath ſhall utterly deſtroy, and build them up no more.

6 But I, with due acknowledgment, his praiſes will reſound,
From whom the cries of my diſtreſs a gracious anſwer found.
7 My heart its confidence repos'd in God, my ſtrength and ſhield;
In him I truſted, and return'd triumphant from the field.

As he hath made my joys complete, 'tis juſt that I ſhould raiſe
The cheerful tribute of my thanks, and thus reſound his praiſe:
8 "His aiding pow'r ſupports the troops that my juſt cauſe maintain:
"'Twas he advanc'd me to the throne, 'tis he ſecures my reign."

9 Preſerve thy choſen, and proceed thine heritage to bleſs;
With plenty proſper them in peace; in battle with ſucceſs.

PSALM XXIX.

YE princes that in might excel, your grateful ſacrifice prepare;
God's glorious actions loudly tell, his wondrous pow'r to all declare.
2 To his great Name freſh altars raiſe, devoutly due reſpect afford;
Him in his holy temple praiſe, where he's with ſolemn ſtate ador'd.

3 'Tis he that with amazing noiſe the wat'ry clouds in ſunder breaks;
The ocean trembles at his voice, when he from heav'n in thunder ſpeaks.
4, 5 How full of power his voice appears! with what majeſtick terror crown'd!
Which from their roots tall cedars tears, and ſtrews their ſcatter'd branches round.

6 They, and the hills on which they grow, are ſometimes hurried far away;
And leap like hinds that bounding go, or unicorns in youthful play.
7, 8 When God in thunder loudly ſpeaks, and ſcatter'd flames of lightning ſends,
The foreſt nods, the deſert quakes, and ſtubborn Kadeſh lowly bends.

9 He makes the hinds to caſt their young, and lays the beaſts' dark coverts bare;
While thoſe that to his courts belong ſecurely ſing his praiſes there.
10, 11 God rules the angry floods on high; his boundleſs ſway ſhall never ceaſe;
His people he'll with ſtrength ſupply, and bleſs his own with conſtant peace.

PSALM XXX.

I'LL celebrate thy praiſes, Lord, who didſt thy pow'r employ
To raiſe my drooping head, and check my foes' inſulting joy.
2, 3 In my diſtreſs I cried to thee, who kindly didſt relieve,
And from the grave's expecting jaws my hopeleſs life retrieve.

4 Thus to his courts, ye ſaints of his, with ſongs of praiſe repair;
With me commemorate his truth, and providential care.
5 His wrath has but a moment's reign, his favour no decay;
Your night of grief is recompens'd with joy's returning day.

6 But I in proſp'rous days preſum'd; no ſudden change I fear'd,
Whilſt in my ſunſhine of ſucceſs no low'ring cloud appear'd.
7 But ſoon I found thy favour, Lord, my empire's only truſt;
For when thou hid'ſt thy face, I ſaw my honour laid in duſt.

8 Then, as I vainly had preſum'd, my error I confeſs'd;
And thus, with ſupplicating voice, thy mercy's throne addreſs'd:
9 "What profit is there in my blood, congeal'd by death's cold night?
"Can ſilent aſhes ſpeak thy praiſe, thy wondrous truth recite?

10 "Hear me, O Lord; in mercy, hear: thy wonted aid extend;
"Do thou ſend help, on whom alone I can for help depend."
11 'Tis done! Thou haſt my mournful ſcene to ſongs and dances turn'd;
Inveſted me with robes of ſtate, who late in ſackcloth mourn'd.

12 Exalted thus, I'll gladly ſing thy praiſe in grateful verſe;
And, as thy favours endleſs are, thy endleſs praiſe rehearſe.

PSALM XXXI.

PSALM XXXI.

DEFEND me, Lord, from ſhame,
As juſt and righteous is thy Name,
2 Bow down thy gracious ear,
Do thou my ſteadfaſt rock appear,
3 Since thou, when foes oppreſs,
To guide me forth from this diſtreſs
4 Releaſe me from the ſnare
Since I, O God my ſtrength, repair
5 To thee, the God of truth,
(For thou preſerv'ſt me from my youth,)
6 All vain deſigns I hate,
And ſtill my ſoul in every ſtate
for ſtill I truſt in thee;
from danger ſet me free.
and ſpeedy ſuccour ſend;
to ſhelter and defend.
my rock and fortreſs art,
thy wonted help impart.
which they have cloſely laid,
to thee alone for aid.
my life, and all that's mine,
I willingly reſign.
of thoſe that truſt in lies;
to God for ſuccour flies.

The Second Part.

7 Thoſe mercies thou haſt ſhown
For thou haſt ſeen my ſtraits, and known
8 When Keilah's treach'rous race
Thou gav'ſt my feet a larger ſpace
9 Thy mercy, Lord, diſplay,
For both my ſoul and fleſh decay,
10 Sad thoughts my life oppreſs;
My ſins have made my ſtrength decreaſe,
11 My foes my ſuff'rings mock'd;
My friends, at ſight of me, were ſhock'd,
12 Forſook by all am I,
And like a ſhatter'd veſſel lie,
13 Yet ſland'ring words they ſpeak,
Whilſt they together counſel take
14 But ſtill my ſteadfaſt truſt
That thou, my God, art good and juſt,
I'll cheerfully expreſs;
my ſoul in deep diſtreſs.
did all my ſtrength encloſe,
to ſhun my watchful foes.
and hear my juſt complaint;
with grief and hunger faint.
my years are ſpent in groans;
and e'en conſum'd my bones.
my neighbours did upbraid;
and fled as men diſmay'd.
as dead and out of mind;
whoſe parts can ne'er be join'd.
and ſeem my pow'r to dread;
my guiltleſs blood to ſhed.
I on thy help repoſe;
my ſoul with comfort knows.

The Third Part.

15 Whate'er events betide,
Then, Lord, thy ſervant ſafely hide
16 The brightneſs of thy face
And, as thy mercies ſtill increaſe,
17 Me from diſhonour ſave,
Let that, and ſilence in the grave,
18 Do thou their tongues reſtrain,
Who falſe reports, with proud diſdain,
19 How great thy mercies are
Which thou, for thoſe that truſt thy care,
20 Thou keep'ſt them in thy ſight,
From tongues that do in ſtrife delight
21 With glory and renown
Whoſe love in Keilah's well-fenc'd town
22 I ſaid, in haſty flight,
Yet ſtill thou kept'ſt me in thy ſight,
23 O all ye ſaints, the Lord
Who to the juſt will help afford,
24 Ye that on God rely,
For he will ſtill your hearts ſupply
thy wiſdom times them all:
from thoſe that ſeek his fall.
to me, O Lord, diſcloſe;
preſerve me from my foes.
who ſtill have call'd on thee;
the ſinner's portion be.
whoſe breath in lies is ſpent;
againſt the righteous vent.
to ſuch as fear thy Name,
doſt to the world proclaim!
from proud oppreſſors free;
they are preſerv'd by thee.
God's Name be ever bleſs'd;
was wondrouſly expreſs'd!
"I'm baniſh'd from thine eyes!"
and heard'ſt my earneſt cries.
with eager love purſue;
and give the proud their due.
courageouſly proceed:
with ſtrength in time of need.

PSALM XXXII, XXXIII.

PSALM XXXII.

HE's bleſs'd whoſe ſins have pardon gain'd, no more in judgment to appear;
2 Whoſe guilt remiſſion has obtain'd, and whoſe repentance is ſincere.
3 While I conceal'd the fretting ſore, my bones conſum'd without relief;
All day did I with anguiſh roar, but no complaint aſſwag'd my grief.
4 Heavy on me thy hand remain'd, by day and night alike diſtreſs'd;
Till quite of vital moiſture drain'd, like land with ſummer's drought oppreſs'd.
5 No ſooner I my wound diſclos'd, the guilt that tortur'd me within,
But thy forgiveneſs interpos'd, and mercy's healing balm pour'd in.
6 True penitents ſhall thus ſucceed, who ſeek thee whilſt thou may'ſt be found;
And, from the common deluge freed, ſhall ſee remorſeleſs ſinners drown'd.
7 Thy favour, Lord, in all diſtreſs, my tow'r of refuge I muſt own;
Thou ſhalt my haughty foes ſuppreſs, and me with ſongs of triumph crown.
8 In my inſtruction then confide, you that would truth's ſafe path deſcry;
Your progreſs I'll ſecurely guide, and keep you in my watchful eye.
9 Submit yourſelves to wiſdom's rule, like men that reaſon have attain'd;
Not like th' ungovern'd horſe and mule, whoſe fury muſt be curb'd and rein'd.
10 Sorrows on ſorrows multiplied the harden'd ſinner ſhall confound,
But them who in his truth confide, bleſſings of mercy ſhall ſurround.
11 His ſaints that have perform'd his laws their life in triumph ſhall employ;
Let them, as they alone have cauſe, in grateful raptures ſhout for joy.

PSALM XXXIII.

LET all the juſt to God with joy their cheerful voices raiſe,
For well the righteous it becomes to ſing glad ſongs of praiſe.
2, 3 Let harps, and pſalteries, and lutes in joyful concert meet,
And new-made ſongs of loud applauſe the harmony complete.
4, 5 For faithful is the word of God, his works with truth abound;
He juſtice loves, and all the earth is with his goodneſs crown'd.
6 By his Almighty word at firſt heav'n's glorious arch was rear'd,
And all the beauteous hoſts of light at his command appear'd.
7 The ſwelling floods, together roll'd, he makes in heaps to lie;
And lays, as in a ſtorehouſe ſafe, the wat'ry treaſures by.
8, 9 Let earth and all that dwell therein before him trembling ſtand;
For when he ſpake the word 'twas made, 'twas fix'd at his command.
10 He, when the heathen cloſely plot, their counſels undermines;
His wiſdom ineffectual makes the people's raſh deſigns.
11 Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees ſhall ſtand for ever ſure;
The ſettled purpoſe of his heart to ages ſhall endure.

The Second Part.

12 How happy then are they, to whom the Lord for God is known!
Whom he from all the world beſides has choſen for his own!
13, 14, 15 He all the nations of the earth from heav'n, his throne, ſurvey'd;
He ſaw their works, and view'd their thoughts, by him their hearts were made.
16, 17 No king is ſafe by num'rous hoſts, their ſtrength the ſtrong deceives;
No manag'd horſe, by force or ſpeed, his warlike rider ſaves.
18, 19 'Tis God, who thoſe that truſt in him beholds with gracious eyes;
He frees their ſoul from death, their want in time of dearth ſupplies.
20, 21 Our ſoul on God with patience waits, our help and ſhield is he;
Then, Lord, let ſtill our hearts rejoice, becauſe we truſt in thee.
22 The riches of thy mercy, Lord, do thou to us extend;
Since we for all we want or wiſh on thee alone depend.

PSALM XXXIV.

THROUGH all the changing ſcenes of life, in trouble and in joy,
The praiſes of my God ſhall ſtill my heart and tongue employ.
2 Of his deliv'rance I will boaſt, till all that are diſtreſt,
From my example comfort take, and charm their griefs to reſt.
3 O magnify the Lord with me, with me exalt his Name;
4 When in diſtreſs to him I call'd, he to my reſcue came.
5 Their drooping hearts were ſoon refreſh'd, who look'd to him for aid;
Deſir'd ſucceſs in ev'ry face a cheerful air diſplay'd.
6 "Behold," ſay they, "behold the man whom Providence reliev'd;
"So dang'rouſly with woes beſet, ſo wondrouſly retriev'd."
7 The hoſts of God encamp around the dwellings of the juſt;
Deliv'rance he affords to all who on his ſuccour truſt.
8 O make but trial of his love, experience will decide,
How bleſs'd they are, and only they, who in his truth confide.
9 Fear him, ye ſaints, and you will then have nothing elſe to fear;
Make you his ſervice your delight, your wants ſhall be his care.
10 While hungry lions lack their prey, the Lord will food provide
For ſuch as put their truſt in him, and ſee their wants ſupplied.

The Second Part.

11 Approach, ye piouſly diſpos'd, and my inſtruction hear:
I'll teach you the true diſcipline of his religious fear.
12 Let him, who length of life deſires, and proſp'rous days would ſee,
13 From ſland'ring language keep his tongue, his lips from falſehood free.
14 The crooked paths of vice decline, and virtue's ways purſue;
Eſtabliſh peace where 'tis begun, and where 'tis loſt renew.
15 The Lord from heav'n beholds the juſt with favourable eyes;
And, when diſtreſs'd, his gracious ear is open to their cries:
16 But turns his wrathful look on thoſe, whom mercy can't reclaim,
To cut them off, and from the earth blot out their hated name.
17 Deliv'rance to his ſaints he gives, when his relief they crave;
18 He's nigh to heal the broken heart, and contrite ſpirit ſave.
19 The wicked oft, but ſtill in vain, againſt the juſt conſpire;
20 For under their affliction's weight he keeps their bones entire.
21 The wicked from their wicked arts their ruin ſhall derive;
Whilſt righteous men, whom they deteſt, ſhall them and theirs ſurvive.
22 For God preſerves the ſouls of thoſe who on his truth depend,
To them and their poſterity his bleſſings ſhall deſcend.

PSALM XXXV.

AGAINST all thoſe that ſtrive with me, O Lord, aſſert my right;
With ſuch as war unjuſtly wage do thou my battles fight.
2 Thy buckler take, and bind thy ſhield upon thy warlike arm;
Stand up, my God, in my defence, and keep me ſafe from harm.
3 Bring forth thy ſpear, and ſtop their courſe, that haſte my blood to ſpill;
Say to my ſoul, "I am thy health, and will preſerve thee ſtill."
4 Let them with ſhame be cover'd o'er, who my deſtruction ſought;
And ſuch as did my harm deviſe be to confuſion brought.
5 Then ſhall they fly, diſpers'd like chaff before the driving wind;
God's vengeful miniſter of wrath ſhall follow cloſe behind.

6 And when through dark and ſlipp'ry ways they ſtrive his rage to ſhun,
His vengeful miniſters of wrath ſhall goad them as they run.
7 Since, unprovok'd by any wrong, they hid their treach'rous ſnare;
And for my harmleſs ſoul a pit did without cauſe prepare.
8 Surpris'd by miſchiefs unforeſeen, by their own arts betray'd;
Their feet ſhall fall into the net which they for me had laid.
9 Whilſt my glad ſoul ſhall God's great Name for this deliv'rance bleſs,
And, by his ſaving health ſecur'd, its grateful joy expreſs;
10 My very bones ſhall ſay, O Lord, who can compare with thee,
Who ſett'ſt the poor and helpleſs man from ſtrong oppreſſors free?

The Second Part.

11 Falſe witneſſes, with forg'd complaints, againſt my truth combin'd;
And to my charge ſuch things they laid as I had ne'er deſign'd.
12 The good which I to them had done, with evil they repaid;
And did, by malice undeſerv'd, my harmleſs life invade.
13 But as for me, when they were ſick, I ſtill in ſackcloth mourn'd;
I pray'd and faſted, and my pray'r to my own breaſt return'd.
14 Had they my friends or brethren been, I could have done no more;
Nor with more decent ſigns of grief a mother's loſs deplore.
15 How diff'rent did their carriage prove in times of my diſtreſs;
When they, in crowds together met, did ſavage joy expreſs.
The rabble too, in num'rous throngs, by their example came,
And ceas'd not, with reviling words, to wound my ſpotleſs fame.
16 Scoffers, that noble tables haunt, and earn their bread with lies,
Did gnaſh their teeth, and ſland'ring jeſts maliciouſly deviſe.
17 But, Lord, how long wilt thou look on? on my behalf appear:
And ſave my guiltleſs ſoul, which they, like ravening beaſts, would tear.

The Third Part.

18 So I, before the liſt'ning world, ſhall grateful thanks expreſs;
And, where the great aſſembly meets, thy Name with praiſes bleſs.
19 Lord, ſuffer not my cauſeleſs foes, who me unjuſtly hate,
With open joy, or ſecret ſigns, to mock my ſad eſtate.
20 For they, with hearts averſe from peace, induſtriouſly deviſe
Againſt the men of quiet minds to forge malicious lies.
21 Nor with theſe private arts content, aloud they vent their ſpite;
And ſay, "At laſt we found him out, he did it in our ſight."
22 But thou, who doſt both them and me with righteous eyes ſurvey,
Aſſert my innocence, O Lord, and keep not far away.
23 Stir up thyſelf in my behalf; to judgment, Lord, awake;
Thy righteous ſervant's cauſe, O God, to thy deciſion take.
24 Lord, as my heart has upright been, let me thy juſtice find;
Nor let my cruel foes obtain the triumph they deſign'd.
25 O let them not amongſt themſelves in boaſting language ſay,
"At length our wiſhes are complete, at laſt he's made our prey."
26 Let ſuch as in my harm rejoic'd for ſhame their faces hide;
And foul diſhonour wait on thoſe that proudly me defied.
27 Whilſt they with cheerful voices ſhout, who my juſt cauſe befriend;
And bleſs the Lord, who loves to make ſucceſs his ſaints attend.
28 So ſhall my tongue thy judgments ſing, inſpir'd with grateful joy;
And cheerful hymns in praiſe of thee ſhall all my days employ.

PSALM XXXVI.

MY crafty foe, with flatt'ring art, his wicked purpoſe would diſguiſe;
But reaſon whiſpers to my heart, he ne'er ſets God before his eyes.
2 He ſoothes himſelf, retir'd from ſight, ſecure he thinks his treach'rous game;
Till his dark plots, expos'd to light, their falſe contriver brand with ſhame.
3 In deeds he is my foe confeſt, whilſt with his tongue he ſpeaks me fair;
True wiſdom's baniſh'd from his breaſt, and vice has ſole dominion there.
4 His wakeful malice ſpends the night in forging his accurs'd deſigns;
His obſtinate ungen'rous ſpite no execrable means declines.
5 But, Lord, thy mercy, my ſure hope, above the heav'nly orb aſcends;
Thy ſacred truth's unmeaſur'd ſcope beyond the ſpreading ſky extends.
6 Thy juſtice, like the hills, remains; unfathom'd depths thy judgments are;
Thy providence the world ſuſtains; the whole creation is thy care.
7 Since of thy goodneſs all partake, with what aſſurance ſhould the juſt
Thy ſhelt'ring wings their refuge make, and ſaints to thy protection truſt.
8 Such gueſts ſhall to thy courts be led to banquet on thy love's repaſt;
And drink, as from a fountain's head, of joys that ſhall for ever laſt.
9 With thee the ſprings of life remain; thy preſence is eternal day:
10 O! let thy ſaints thy favour gain; to upright hearts thy truth diſplay.
11 Whilſt pride's inſulting foot would ſpurn, and wicked hands my life ſurpriſe;
12 Their miſchiefs on themſelves return; down, down they're fall'n, no more to riſe.

PSALM XXXVII.

THOUGH wicked men grow rich or great, yet let not their ſucceſsful ſtate
Thy anger or thy envy raiſe:
2 For they, cut down like tender graſs, or like young flow'rs, away ſhall paſs,
Whoſe blooming beauty ſoon decays.
3 Depend on God, and him obey; ſo thou within the land ſhalt ſtay,
Secure from danger and from want:
4 Make his commands thy chief delight; and he, thy duty to requite,
Shall all thy earneſt wiſhes grant.
5 In all thy ways truſt thou the Lord, and he will needful help afford
To perfect ev'ry juſt deſign:
6 He'll make, like light, ſerene and clear, thy clouded innocence appear,
And as a midday ſun to ſhine.
7 With quiet mind on God depend, and patiently for him attend;
Nor let thy anger fondly riſe:
Though wicked men with wealth abound, and with ſucceſs the plots are crown'd,
Which they maliciouſly deviſe.
8 From anger ceaſe, and wrath forſake; let no ungovern'd paſſion make
Thy wav'ring heart eſpouſe their crime:
9 For God ſhall ſinful men deſtroy; whilſt only they the land enjoy,
Who truſt on him, and wait his time.
10 How ſoon ſhall wicked men decay! their place ſhall vaniſh quite away,
Nor by the ſtricteſt ſearch be found;
11 Whilſt humble ſouls poſſeſs the earth, rejoicing ſtill with godly mirth,
With peace and plenty always crown'd.

The Second Part.

12 Whilſt ſinful crowds, with falſe deſign, againſt the righteous few combine,
And gnaſh their teeth and threat'ning ſtand;
13 God ſhall their empty plots deride, and laugh at their defeated pride;
He ſees their ruin near at hand.

14 They draw the ſword, and bend the bow, the poor and needy to o'erthrow,
And men of upright lives to ſlay;
15 But their ſtrong bows ſhall ſoon be broke, their ſharpen'd weapon's mortal ſtroke
Through their own hearts ſhall force its way.
16 A little, with God's favour bleſt, that's by one righteous man poſſeſs'd,
The wealth of many bad excels:
17 For God ſupports the juſt man's cauſe, but as for thoſe that break his laws,
Their unſucceſsful pow'r he quells.
18 His conſtant care the upright guides, and over all their life preſides;
Their portion ſhall for ever laſt:
19 They, when diſtreſs o'erwhelms the earth, ſhall be unmov'd, and e'en in dearth
The happy fruits of plenty taſte.
20 Not ſo the wicked men, and thoſe who proudly dare God's will oppoſe;
Deſtruction is their hapleſs ſhare:
Like fat of lambs, their hopes and they ſhall in an inſtant melt away,
And vaniſh into ſmoke and air.

The Third Part.

21 While ſinners, brought to ſad decay, ſtill borrow on and never pay,
The juſt have will and pow'r to give;
22 For ſuch as God vouchſafes to bleſs, ſhall peaceably the earth poſſeſs,
And thoſe he curſes ſhall not live.
23 The good man's way is God's delight, he orders all the ſteps aright
Of him that moves by his command;
24 Though he ſometimes may be diſtreſs'd, yet ſhall he ne'er be quite oppreſs'd,
For God upholds him with his hand.
25 From my firſt youth, till age prevail'd, I never ſaw the righteous fail'd,
Or want o'ertake his num'rous race;
26 Becauſe compaſſion fill'd his heart, and he did cheerfully impart,
God made his offspring's wealth increaſe.
27 With caution ſhun each wicked deed, in virtue's ways with zeal proceed,
And ſo prolong your happy days:
28 For God, who judgment loves, does ſtill preſerve his ſaints ſecure from ill,
While ſoon the wicked race decays.
29, 30, 31 The upright ſhall poſſeſs the land, his portion ſhall for ages ſtand;
His mouth with wiſdom is ſupplied;
His tongue by rules of judgment moves, his heart the law of God approves,
Therefore his footſteps never ſlide.

The Fourth Part.

32 In wait the watchful ſinner lies, in vain the righteous to ſurpriſe;
In vain his ruin doth decree:
33 God will not him defenceleſs leave, to his revenge expos'd, but ſave;
And, when he's ſentenc'd, ſet him free.
34 Wait ſtill on God, keep his command, and thou, exalted in the land,
Thy bleſs'd poſſeſſion ne'er ſhall quit:
The wicked ſoon deſtroy'd ſhall be, and, at his diſmal tragedy,
Thou ſhalt a ſafe ſpectator ſit.
35 The wicked I in pow'r have ſeen, and like a bay tree, freſh and green,
That ſpreads its pleaſant branches round;
36 But he was gone as ſwift as thought, and, though in ev'ry place I ſought,
No ſign or track of him I found.

37 Obſerve the perfect man with care, and mark all ſuch as upright are;
Their rougheſt days in peace ſhall end:
38 While on the latter end of thoſe, who dare God's ſacred will oppoſe,
A common ruin ſhall attend.
39 God to the juſt will aid afford, their only ſafeguard is the Lord;
Their ſtrength in time of need is he:
40 Becauſe on him they ſtill depend, the Lord will timely ſuccour ſend,
And from the wicked ſet them free.

PSALM XXXVIII.

THY chaſt'ning wrath, O Lord, reſtrain, though I deſerve it all;
Nor let at once on me the ſtorm of thy diſpleaſure fall.
2 In ev'ry wretched part of me thy arrows deep remain;
Thy heavy hand's afflicting weight I can no more ſuſtain.
3 My fleſh is one continued wound, thy wrath ſo fiercely glows;
Betwixt my puniſhment and guilt my bones have no repoſe.
4 My ſins, that to a deluge ſwell, my ſinking head o'erflow,
And for my feeble ſtrength to bear too vaſt a burden grow.
5 Stench and corruption fill my wounds, my folly's juſt return;
6 With trouble I am warp'd and bow'd, and all day long I mourn.
7 A loath'd diſeaſe afflicts my loins, infecting ev'ry part;
8 With ſickneſs worn, I groan and roar, through anguiſh of my heart.

The Second Part.

9 But, Lord, before thy ſearching eyes all my deſires appear;
And ſure my groans have been too loud not to have reach'd thine ear.
10 My heart's oppreſs'd, my ſtrength's decay'd, my eyes depriv'd of light;
11 Friends, lovers, kinſmen, gaze aloof on ſuch a diſmal ſight.
12 Meanwhile the foes that ſeek my life, their ſnares to take me ſet;
Vent ſlanders, and contrive all day to forge ſome new deceit.
13 But I, as if both deaf and dumb, nor heard, nor once replied;
14 Quite deaf and dumb, like one whoſe tongue with conſcious guilt is tied.
15 For, Lord, to thee I do appeal, my innocence to clear;
Aſſur'd that thou, the righteous God, my injur'd cauſe wilt hear.
16 "Hear me," ſaid I, "leſt my proud foes a ſpiteful joy diſplay,
"Inſulting if they ſee my foot but once to go aſtray."
17 And, with continual grief oppreſt, to ſink I now begin:
18 To thee, O Lord, I will confeſs, to thee bewail my ſin.
19 But whilſt I languiſh, my proud foes their ſtrength and vigour boaſt;
And they that hate me without cauſe are grown a dreadful hoſt.
20 E'en they, whom I oblig'd, return my kindneſs with deſpite;
And are mine enemies, becauſe I chooſe the path that's right.
21 Forſake me not, O Lord my God, nor far from me depart;
22 Make haſte to my relief, O thou, who my ſalvation art.

PSALM XXXIX.

RESOLV'D to watch o'er all my ways, I kept my tongue in awe;
I curb'd my haſty words when I the wicked proſp'rous ſaw.
2 Like one that's dumb I ſilent ſtood, and did my tongue refrain
From good diſcourſe; but that reſtraint increas'd my inward pain.
3 My heart did glow, which working thoughts did hot and reſtleſs make;
And warm reflections fann'd the fire, till thus at length I ſpake:
4 Lord, let me know my term of days, how ſoon my life will end;
The num'rous train of ills diſcloſe, which this frail ſtate attend.

5 My life, thou know'ſt, is but a ſpan, a cypher ſums my years;
And ev'ry man, in beſt eſtate, but vanity appears.
6 Man like a ſhadow vainly walks, with fruitleſs cares oppreſs'd;
He heaps up wealth, but cannot tell by whom 'twill be poſſeſs'd.
7 Why then ſhould I on worthleſs toys with anxious care attend?
On thee alone my ſteadfaſt hope ſhall ever, Lord, depend.
8, 9 Forgive my ſins, nor let me ſcorn'd by fooliſh ſinners be;
For I was dumb, and murmur'd not, becauſe 'twas done by thee.
10 The dreadful burden of thy wrath in mercy ſoon remove;
Leſt my frail fleſh too weak to bear the heavy load ſhould prove.
11 For when thou chaſt'neſt man for ſin thou mak'ſt his beauty fade,
(So vain a thing is he,) like cloth by fretting moths decay'd.
12 Lord, hear my cry, accept my tears, and liſten to my pray'r;
Who ſojourn like a ſtranger here, as all my fathers were.
13 O ſpare me yet a little time, my waſted ſtrength reſtore;
Before I vaniſh quite from hence, and ſhall be ſeen no more.

PSALM XL.

I Waited meekly for the Lord, till he vouchſaf'd a kind reply;
Who did his gracious ear afford, and heard from heav'n my humble cry.
2 He took me from the diſmal pit, when founder'd deep in miry clay;
On ſolid ground he plac'd my feet, and ſuffer'd not my ſteps to ſtray.
3 The wonders he for me has wrought ſhall fill my mouth with ſongs of praiſe;
And others, to his worſhip brought, to hopes of like deliv'rance raiſe.
4 For bleſſings ſhall that man reward, who on th' Almighty Lord relies;
Who treats the proud with diſregard, and hates the hypocrite's diſguiſe.
5 Who can the wondrous works recount, which thou, O God, for us haſt wrought!
The treaſures of thy love ſurmount the pow'r of numbers, ſpeech, and thought.
6 I've learnt, that thou haſt not deſir'd off'rings and ſacrifice alone;
Nor blood of guiltleſs beaſts requir'd for man's tranſgreſſion to atone.
7 I therefore come—come to fulfil the oracles thy books impart:
8 'Tis my delight to do thy will; thy law is written in my heart.

The Second Part.

9 In full aſſemblies I have told thy truth and righteouſneſs at large;
Nor did, thou know'ſt, my lips withhold from utt'ring what thou gav'ſt in charge.
10 Nor kept within my breaſt confin'd thy faithfulneſs and ſaving grace;
But preach'd thy love, for all deſign'd, that all might that and truth embrace.
11 Then let thoſe mercies I declar'd to others, Lord, extend to me;
Thy lovingkindneſs my reward, thy truth my ſafe protection be.
12 For I with troubles am diſtreſs'd, too vaſt and numberleſs to bear;
Nor leſs with loads of guilt oppreſs'd, that plunge and ſink me to deſpair.
13 As ſoon, alas! may I recount the hairs on this afflicted head:
My vanquiſh'd courage they ſurmount, and fill my drooping ſoul with dread.

The Third Part.

14 But, Lord, to my relief draw near, for never was more preſſing need!
In my deliv'rance, Lord, appear, and add to that deliv'rance ſpeed.
15 Confuſion on their heads return, who to deſtroy my ſoul combine;
Let them, defeated, bluſh and mourn, enſnar'd in their own vile deſign.
16 Their doom let deſolation be, with ſhame their malice be repaid,
Who mock'd my confidence in thee, and ſport of my affliction made:

17 While thoſe, who humbly ſeek thy face, to joyful triumphs ſhall be rais'd;
And all who prize thy ſaving grace with me reſound, The Lord be prais'd.
18 Thus, wretched though I am and poor, of me th' Almighty Lord takes care;
Thou, God, who only can'ſt reſtore, to my relief with ſpeed repair.

PSALM XLI.

HAPPY the man whoſe tender care relieves the poor diſtreſt:
When he's by trouble compaſs'd round the Lord ſhall give him reſt.
2 The Lord his life, with bleſſings crown'd, in ſafety ſhall prolong;
And diſappoint the will of thoſe that ſeek to do him wrong.
3 If he, in languiſhing eſtate, oppreſs'd with ſickneſs lie;
The Lord will eaſy make his bed, and inward ſtrength ſupply.
4 Secure of this, to thee, my God, I thus my pray'r addreſs'd:
"Lord, for thy mercy, heal my ſoul, though I have much tranſgreſs'd."
5 My cruel foes, with ſland'rous words, attempt to wound my fame;
"When ſhall he die, (ſay they,) and men forget his very name?"
6 Suppoſe they formal viſits make, 'tis all but empty ſhow,
They gather miſchief in their hearts, and vent it where they go.
7, 8 With private whiſpers ſuch as theſe, to hurt me they deviſe:
"A ſore diſeaſe afflicts him now, he's fall'n no more to riſe."
9 My own familiar boſom friend, on whom I moſt relied,
Has me, whoſe daily gueſt he was, with open ſcorn defied.
10 But thou my ſad and wretched ſtate in mercy, Lord, regard;
And raiſe me up, that all their crimes may meet their juſt reward.
11 By this I know thy gracious ear is open when I call;
Becauſe thou ſuffer'ſt not my foes to triumph in my fall.
12 Thy tender care ſecures my life from danger and diſgrace;
And thou vouchſaf'ſt to ſet me ſtill before thy glorious face.
13 Let therefore Iſrael's Lord and God from age to age be bleſs'd;
And all the people's glad applauſe with loud Amens expreſs'd.

PSALM XLII.

AS pants the hart for cooling ſtreams, when heated in the chaſe;
So longs my ſoul, O God, for thee, and thy refreſhing grace.
2 For thee, my God, the living God, my thirſty ſoul doth pine:
O! when ſhall I behold thy face, thou Majeſty divine?
3 Tears are my conſtant food, while thus inſulting foes upbraid:
"Deluded wretch! where's now thy God? and where his promis'd aid?
4 I ſigh whene'er my muſing thoughts thoſe happy days preſent,
When I with troops of pious friends thy temple did frequent:
When I advanc'd with ſongs of praiſe my ſolemn vows to pay,
And led the joyful ſacred throng, that kept the feſtal day.
5 Why reſtleſs, why caſt down, my ſoul? truſt God, and he'll employ
His aid for thee, and change theſe ſighs to thankful hymns of joy.
6 My ſoul's caſt down, O God, but thinks on thee and Sion ſtill;
From Jordan's bank, and Hermon's heights, and Mizar's humbler hill.
7 One trouble calls another on, and burſting o'er my head,
Falls ſpouting down, till round my ſoul a roaring ſea is ſpread.
8 But when thy preſence, Lord of life, has once diſpell'd this ſtorm,
To thee I'll midnight anthems ſing, and all my vows perform.
9 God of my ſtrength, how long ſhall I, like one forgotten, mourn?
Forlorn, forſaken, and expos'd to my oppreſſor's ſcorn.

10 My heart is pierc'd, as with a ſword, whilſt thus my foes upbraid,
"Vain boaſter, where is now thy God? and where his promis'd aid?"
11 Why reſtleſs, why caſt down, my ſoul? hope ſtill, and thou ſhalt ſing
The praiſe of him who is thy God, thy health's eternal ſpring.

PSALM XLIII.

JUST Judge of heav'n, againſt my foes do thou aſſert my injur'd right;
O ſet me free, my God, from thoſe that in deceit and wrong delight.
2 Since thou art ſtill my only ſtay, why leav'ſt thou me in deep diſtreſs?
Why go I mourning all the day, whilſt me inſulting foes oppreſs?
3 Let me with light and truth be bleſt, be theſe my guides, and lead the way,
Till on thy holy hill I reſt, and in thy ſacred temple pray.
4 Then will I there freſh altars raiſe to God, who is my only joy;
And well-tun'd harps, with ſongs of praiſe, ſhall all my grateful hours employ.
5 Why then caſt down, my ſoul? and why ſo much oppreſt with anxious care?
On God, thy God, for aid rely, who will thy ruin'd ſtate repair.

PSALM XLIV.

O Lord, our fathers oft have told in our attentive ears,
Thy wonders in their days perform'd, and elder times than theirs:
2 How thou, to plant them here, didſt drive the heathen from this land;
Diſpeopled by repeated ſtrokes of thy avenging hand.
3 For, not their courage, nor their ſword, to them poſſeſſion gave;
Nor ſtrength, that from unequal force their fainting troops could ſave:
But thy right hand and pow'rful arm, whoſe ſuccour they implor'd;
Thy preſence with the choſen race, who thy great Name ador'd.
4 As thee their God our fathers own'd, thou art our ſov'reign King;
O therefore, as thou didſt to them, to us deliv'rance bring.
5 Through thy victorious Name our arms the proudeſt foes ſhall quell,
And cruſh them with repeated ſtrokes, as oft as they rebel.
6 I'll neither truſt my bow nor ſword, when I in fight engage;
7 But thee, who haſt our foes ſubdu'd, and ſham'd their ſpiteful rage.
8 To thee the triumph we aſcribe, from whom the conqueſt came;
In God we will rejoice all day, and ever bleſs his Name.

The Second Part.

9 But thou haſt caſt us off, and now moſt ſhamefully we yield;
For thou no more vouchſaf'ſt to lead our armies to the field.
10 Since when, to ev'ry upſtart foe we turn our backs in fight;
And with our ſpoil their malice feaſt, who bear us ancient ſpite.
11 To ſlaughter doom'd, we fall, like ſheep, into their butch'ring hands;
Or (what's more wretched yet) ſurvive, diſpers'd through heathen lands.
12 Thy people thou haſt ſold for ſlaves, and ſet their price ſo low,
That not thy treaſure by the ſale, but their diſgrace might grow.
13, 14 Reproach'd by all the nations round, the heathen's byword grown,
Whoſe ſcorn of us is both in ſpeech and mocking geſtures ſhown.
15 Confuſion ſtrikes me blind, my face in conſcious ſhame I hide,
16 While we are ſcoff'd, and God blaſphem'd, by their licentious pride.

The Third Part.

17 On us this heap of woes is fall'n, all this we have endur'd;
Yet have not, Lord, renounc'd thy Name, or faith to thee abjur'd.
18 But in thy righteous paths have kept our hearts and ſteps with care;
19 Though thou haſt broken all our ſtrength, and we almoſt deſpair.

20 Could we, forgetting thy great Name, on other gods rely,
21 And not the Searcher of all hearts the treach'rous crime deſcry?
22 Thou ſeeſt what ſuff'rings for thy ſake we every day ſuſtain;
All ſlaughter'd, or reſerv'd like ſheep appointed to be ſlain.
23 Awake, ariſe; let ſeeming ſleep no longer thee detain;
Nor let us, Lord, who ſue to thee, for ever ſue in vain.
24 O wherefore hideſt thou thy face from our afflicted ſtate?
25 Whoſe ſouls and bodies ſink to earth, with grief's oppreſſive weight.
26 Ariſe, O Lord, and timely haſte to our deliv'rance make;
Redeem us, Lord,—if not for ours, yet for thy mercy's ſake.

PSALM XLV.

WHILE I the King's loud praiſe rehearſe, indited by my heart,
My tongue is like the pen of him that writes with ready art.
2 How matchleſs is thy form, O King! thy mouth with grace o'erflows;
Becauſe freſh bleſſings God on thee eternally beſtows.
3 Gird on thy ſword, moſt mighty prince; and, clad in rich array,
With glorious ornaments of pow'r majeſtick pomp diſplay.
4 Ride on in ſtate, and ſtill protect the meek, the juſt, and true;
Whilſt thy right hand with ſwift revenge does all thy foes purſue.
5 How ſharp thy weapons are to them, that dare thy pow'r deſpiſe!
Down, down they fall, while through their heart the feather'd arrow flies.
6 But thy firm throne, O God, is fix'd for ever to endure;
Thy ſceptre's ſway ſhall always laſt, by righteous laws ſecure.
7 Becauſe thy heart, by juſtice led, did upright ways approve,
And hated ſtill the crooked paths where wand'ring ſinners rove:
Therefore did God, thy God, on thee the oil of gladneſs ſhed;
And hath, above thy fellows round, advanc'd thy lofty head.
8 With caſſia, aloes, and myrrh, thy royal robes abound;
Which, from the ſtately wardrobe brought, ſpread grateful odours round.
9 Among the honourable train did princely virgins wait;
The queen was plac'd at thy right hand in golden robes of ſtate.

The Second Part.

10 But thou, O royal bride, give ear, and to my words attend;
Forget thy native country now, and ev'ry former friend.
11 So ſhall thy beauty charm the King; nor ſhall his love decay:
For he is now become thy Lord; to him due rev'rence pay.
12 The Tyrian matrons, rich and proud, ſhall humble preſents make;
And all the wealthy nations ſue thy favour to partake.
13 The King's fair daughter's beauteous ſoul all inward graces fill;
Her raiment is of pureſt gold, adorn'd with coſtly ſkill.
14 She, in her nuptial garments dreſt, with needles richly wrought,
Attended by her virgin train, ſhall to the King be brought.
15 With all the ſtate of ſolemn joy the triumph moves along,
Till with wide gates the royal court receives the pompous throng.
16 Thou, in thy royal father's room, muſt princely ſons expect;
Whom thou to diff'rent realms may'ſt ſend to govern and protect.
17 Whilſt this my ſong to future times tranſmits thy glorious Name;
And makes the world, with one conſent, thy laſting praiſe proclaim.

PSALM XLVI.

GOD is our refuge in diſtreſs, a preſent help when dangers preſs;
In him undaunted we'll confide:
2, 3 Though earth were from her centre toſt, and mountains in the ocean loſt,
Torn piece-meal by the roaring tide.
4 A gentler ſtream with gladneſs ſtill the city of our Lord ſhall fill,
The royal ſeat of God moſt high:
5 God dwells in Sion, whoſe fair tow'rs ſhall mock th' aſſaults of earthly pow'rs,
While his almighty aid is nigh.
6 In tumults when the heathen rag'd, and kingdoms war againſt us wag'd,
He thunder'd, and diſpers'd their pow'rs:
7 The Lord of hoſts conducts our arms, our tow'r of refuge in alarms,
Our fathers' guardian God and ours.
8 Come ſee the wonders he hath wrought, on earth what deſolation brought;
How he has calm'd the jarring world:
9 He broke the warlike ſpear and bow; with them the thund'ring chariots too
Into devouring flames were hurl'd.
10 Submit to God's almighty ſway, for him the heathen ſhall obey,
And earth her ſov'reign Lord confeſs:
11 The God of hoſts conducts our arms, our tow'r of refuge in alarms,
As to our fathers in diſtreſs.

PSALM XLVII.

1, 2 O All ye people, clap your hands, and with triumphant voices ſing;
No force the mighty pow'r withſtands, of God, the univerſal King.
3, 4 He ſhall oppoſing nations quell, and with ſucceſs our battles fight;
Shall fix the place where we muſt dwell, the pride of Jacob, his delight.
5, 6 God is gone up, our Lord and King, with ſhouts of joy and trumpet's ſound;
To him repeated praiſes ſing, and let the cheerful ſong go round.
7, 8 Your utmoſt ſkill in praiſe be ſhown, for him, who all the world commands;
Who ſits upon his righteous throne, and ſpreads his ſway o'er heathen lands.
9 Our chiefs and tribes, that far from hence to ſerve the God of Ab'ram came,
Found him their conſtant ſure defence: how great and glorious is his Name!

PSALM XLVIII.

THE Lord, the only God, is great, and greatly to be prais'd
In Sion, on whoſe happy mount his ſacred throne is rais'd.
2 Her tow'rs, the joy of all the earth, with beauteous proſpect riſe;
On her north ſide th' Almighty King's imperial city lies.
3 God in her palaces is known; his preſence is her guard:
4 Confed'rate kings withdrew their ſiege, and of ſucceſs deſpair'd.
5 They view'd her walls, admir'd and fled, with grief and terror ſtruck;
6 Like women whom the ſudden pangs of travail had o'ertook.
7 No wretched crew of mariners appear like them forlorn,
When fleets from Tarſhiſh' wealthy coaſts by eaſtern winds are torn.
8 In Sion we have ſeen perform'd a work that was foretold;
In pledge that God, for times to come, his city will uphold.
9 Not in our fortreſſes and walls did we, O God, confide;
But on the temple fix'd our hopes, in which thou doſt reſide.
10 According to thy ſov'reign Name, thy praiſe through earth extends;
Thy pow'rful arm, as juſtice guides, chaſtiſes or defends.

11 Let Sion's mount with joy reſound, her daughters all be taught
In ſongs his judgments to extol, who this deliv'rance wrought.
12 Compaſs her walls in ſolemn pomp, your eyes quite round her caſt;
Count all her tow'rs, and ſee if there you find one ſtone diſplac'd.
13 Her forts and palaces ſurvey, obſerve their order well;
That with aſſurance to your heirs this wonder you may tell.
14 This God is ours, and will be ours, whilſt we in him confide;
Who, as he has preſerv'd us now, till death will be our guide.

PSALM XLIX.

1, 2 LET all the liſt'ning world attend, and my inſtruction hear;
Let high and low, and rich and poor, with joint conſent give ear.
3 My mouth, with ſacred wiſdom fill'd, ſhall good advice impart,
The ſound reſult of prudent thoughts, digeſted in my heart.
4 To parables of weighty ſenſe I will my ear incline;
Whilſt to my tuneful harp I ſing dark words of deep deſign,
5 Why ſhould my courage fail in times of danger and of doubt?
When ſinners, that would me ſupplant, have compaſs'd me about?
6 Thoſe men that all their hope and truſt in heaps of treaſure place,
And boaſt and triumph, when they ſee their ill-got wealth increaſe,
7 Are yet unable from the grave their deareſt friend to free;
Nor can by force or bribes reverſe th' Almighty Lord's decree.
8, 9 Their vain endeavours they muſt quit; the price is held too high:
No ſums can purchaſe ſuch a grant, that man ſhould never die.
10 Not wiſdom can the wiſe exempt, nor fools their folly ſave;
But both muſt periſh, and in death their wealth to others leave.
11 For though they think their ſtately ſeats ſhall ne'er to ruin fall;
But their remembrance laſt in lands which by their names they call:
12 Yet ſhall their fame be ſoon forgot, how great ſoe'er their ſtate,
With beaſts their memory and they ſhall ſhare one common fate.

The Second Part.

13 How great their folly is, who thus abſurd concluſions make!
And yet their children, unreclaim'd, repeat the groſs miſtake.
14 They all, like ſheep to ſlaughter led, the prey of death are made;
Their beauty, while the juſt rejoice, within the grave ſhall fade.
15 But God will yet redeem my ſoul, and from the greedy grave
His greater pow'r ſhall ſet me free, and to himſelf receive.
16 Then fear not thou, when worldly men in envied wealth abound,
Nor though their proſp'rous houſe increaſe, with ſtate and honour crown'd.
17 For when they're ſummon'd hence by death, they leave all this behind;
No ſhadow of their former pomp within the grave they find:
18 And yet they thought their ſtate was bleſs'd, caught in the flatt'rers ſnare,
Who with their vanity complied, and prais'd their ſelfiſh care.
19 In their forefathers' ſteps they tread; and when, like them, they die,
Their wretched anceſtors and they in endleſs darkneſs lie.
20 For man, how great ſoe'er his ſtate, unleſs he's truly wiſe,
As like a ſenſual beaſt he lives, ſo like a beaſt he dies.

PSALM L.

1, 2 THE Lord hath ſpoke, the mighty God hath ſent his ſummons all abroad,
From dawning light, till day declines:
The liſt'ning earth his voice hath heard, and he from Sion hath appear'd,
Where beauty in perfection ſhines.

3, 4 Our God ſhall come, and keep no more miſconſtru'd ſilence, as before;
But waſting flames before him ſend:
Around ſhall tempeſts fiercely rage, while he does heav'n and earth engage
His juſt tribunal to attend.

5, 6 Aſſemble all my ſaints to me, (thus runs the great divine decree,)
That in my laſting cov'nant live:
And off'rings bring with conſtant care; (the heav'ns his juſtice ſhall declare;)
For God himſelf ſhall ſentence give.

7 Attend, my people; Iſrael, hear; thy ſtrong accuſer I'll appear;
Thy God, thy only God, am I:
8 'Tis not of off'rings I complain, which, daily in my temple ſlain,
My ſacred altar did ſupply.

9 Will this alone atonement make? no bullock from thy ſtall I'll take,
Nor he-goat from thy fold accept;
10 The foreſt beaſts that range alone, the cattle too are all my own,
That on a thouſand hills are kept.

11 I know the fowls, that build their neſts in craggy rocks; and ſavage beaſts,
That looſely haunt the open fields:
12 If ſeiz'd with hunger I could be, I need not ſeek relief from thee,
Since the world's mine, and all it yields.

13 Think'ſt thou that I have any need on ſlaughter'd bulls and goats to feed;
To eat their fleſh and drink their blood?
14 The ſacrifices I require, are hearts which love and zeal inſpire,
And vows with ſtricteſt care made good.

15 In time of trouble call on me, and I will ſet thee ſafe and free,
And thou returns of praiſe ſhalt make.
16 But to the wicked thus ſaith God, How dar'ſt thou teach my laws abroad,
Or in thy mouth my cov'nant take?

17 For ſtubborn thou, confirm'd in ſin, haſt proof againſt inſtruction been,
And of my word didſt ſlightly ſpeak.
18 When thou a ſubtil thief didſt ſee, thou gladly didſt with him agree,
And with adult'rers didſt partake.

19 Vile ſlander is thy chief delight, thy tongue, by envy mov'd and ſpite,
Deceitful tales doth hourly ſpread;
20 Thou doſt with hateful ſcandals wound thy brother, and with lies confound
The offſpring of thy mother's bed.

21 Theſe things didſt thou, whom ſtill I ſtrove to gain with ſilence and with love;
Till thou didſt wickedly ſurmiſe,
That I was ſuch a one as thou; but I'll reprove and ſhame thee now,
And ſet thy ſins before thine eyes.

22 Mark this, ye wicked fools, leſt I let all my bolts of vengeance fly,
Whilſt none ſhall dare your cauſe to own.
23 Who praiſes me, due honour gives; and to the man that juſtly lives,
My ſtrong ſalvation ſhall be ſhewn.

PSALM LI.

HAVE mercy, Lord, on me, as thou wert ever kind;
Let me, oppreſt with loads of guilt, thy wonted mercy find.
2, 3 Waſh off my foul offence, and cleanſe me from my ſin;
For I confeſs my crime, and ſee how great my guilt has been.
4 Againſt thee, Lord, alone, and only in thy ſight,
Have I tranſgreſs'd, and, though condemn'd, muſt own thy judgments right.

5 In guilt each part was form'd of all this ſinful frame;
In guilt I was conceiv'd, and born the heir of ſin and ſhame.
6 Yet thou, whoſe ſearching eye doth inward truth require,
In ſecret didſt with wiſdom's laws my tender ſoul inſpire.
7 With hyſſop purge me, Lord, and ſo I clean ſhall be;
I ſhall with ſnow in whiteneſs vie, when purified by thee.
8 Make me to hear with joy thy kind forgiving voice;
That ſo the bones which thou haſt broke may with freſh ſtrength rejoice.
9, 10 Blot out my crying ſins, nor me in anger view;
Create in me a heart that's clean, and upright mind renew.

The Second Part.

11 Withdraw not thou thy help, nor caſt me from thy ſight;
Nor let thy holy Spirit take its everlaſting flight.
12 The joy thy favour gives let me again obtain;
And thy free Spirit's firm ſupport my fainting ſoul ſuſtain.
13 So I thy righteous ways to ſinners will impart,
Whilſt my advice ſhall wicked men to thy juſt laws convert.
14 My guilt of blood remove, my Saviour and my God;
And my glad tongue ſhall loudly tell thy righteous acts abroad.
15 Do thou unlock my lips, with ſorrow clos'd and ſhame;
So ſhall my mouth thy wond'rous praiſe to all the world proclaim.
16 Could ſacrifice atone, whole flocks and herds ſhould die;
But on ſuch off'rings thou diſdain'ſt to caſt a gracious eye.
17 A broken ſpirit is by God moſt highly priz'd;
By him a broken contrite heart ſhall never be deſpis'd.
18 Let Sion favour find, of thy good-will aſſur'd;
And thy own city flouriſh long, by lofty walls ſecur'd.
19 The juſt ſhall then attend, and pleaſing tribute pay;
And ſacrifice of choiceſt kind upon thy altar lay.

PSALM LII.

IN vain, O man of lawleſs might, thou boaſt'ſt thyſelf in ill;
Since God, the God in whom I truſt, vouchſafes his favour ſtill.
2 Thy wicked tongue doth ſland'rous tales maliciouſly deviſe;
And, ſharper than a razor ſet, it wounds with treach'rous lies.
3, 4 Thy thoughts are more on ill than good, on lies than truth employ'd;
Thy tongue delights in words, by which the guiltleſs are deſtroy'd.
5 God ſhall for ever blaſt thy hopes, and ſnatch thee ſoon away;
Nor in thy dwelling-place permit, nor in the world to ſtay.
6 The juſt, with pious fear, ſhall ſee the downfall of thy pride;
And at thy ſudden ruin laugh, and thus thy fall deride:
7 "See there the man that haughty was, who proudly God defied,
"Who truſted in his wealth, and ſtill on wicked arts relied."
8 But I am like thoſe olive plants that ſhade God's temple round;
And hope with his indulgent grace to be for ever crown'd.
9 So ſhall my ſoul with praiſe, O God, extol thy wondrous love;
And on thy Name with patience wait; for this thy ſaints approve.

PSALM LIII.

THE wicked fools muſt ſure ſuppoſe that God is but a name;
This groſs miſtake their practice ſhows, ſince virtue all diſclaim.
2 The Lord look'd down from heav'n's high tow'r, the ſons of men to view;
To ſee if any own'd his pow'r, or truth or juſtice knew.

3 But all, he ſaw, were backwards gone, degen'rate grown, and baſe;
None for religion car'd, not one of all the ſinful race.
4 But are thoſe workers of deceit ſo dull and ſenſeleſs grown,
That they, like bread, my people eat, and God's juſt pow'r diſown?
5 Their cauſeleſs fears ſhall ſtrangely grow, and they, deſpis'd of God,
Shall ſoon be foil'd; his hand ſhall throw their ſhatter'd bones abroad.
6 Would he his ſaving pow'r employ to break our ſervile band,
Loud ſhouts of univerſal joy ſhould echo through the land.

PSALM LIV.

1, 2 LORD, ſave me, for thy glorious Name, and in thy ſtrength appear,
To judge my cauſe, accept my pray'r, and to my words give ear.
3 Mere ſtrangers, whom I never wrong'd, to ruin me deſign'd;
And cruel men, that fear no God, againſt my ſoul combin'd.
4, 5 But God takes part with all my friends, and he's the ſureſt guard;
The God of truth ſhall give my foes their falſehood's juſt reward:
6 While I my grateful off'rings bring, and ſacrifice with joy;
And in his praiſe my time to come delightfully employ.
7 From dreadful danger and diſtreſs the Lord hath ſet me free;
Through him ſhall I of all my foes the juſt deſtruction ſee.

PSALM LV.

GIVE ear, thou Judge of all the earth, and liſten when I pray;
Nor from thy humble ſuppliant turn thy glorious face away.
2 Attend to this my ſad complaint, and hear my grievous moans;
Whilſt I my mournful caſe declare with artleſs ſighs and groans.
3 Hark, how the foe inſults aloud! how fierce oppreſſors rage!
Whoſe ſland'rous tongues, with wrathful hate, againſt my fame engage.
4, 5 My heart is rack'd with pain, my ſoul with deadly frights diſtreſs'd;
With fear and trembling compaſs'd round, with horror quite oppreſs'd.
6 How often wiſh'd I then, that I the dove's ſwift wings could get;
That I might take my ſpeedy flight, and ſeek a ſafe retreat.
7, 8 Then would I wander far from hence, and in wild deſerts ſtray,
Till all this furious ſtorm were ſpent, this tempeſt paſt away.

The Second Part.

9 Deſtroy, O Lord, their ill deſigns, their counſels ſoon divide;
For through the city my griev'd eyes have ſtrife and rapine ſpied.
10 By day and night on ev'ry wall they walk'd their conſtant round;
And in the midſt of all her ſtrength are grief and miſchief found.
11 Whoe'er through ev'ry part ſhall roam, with freſh diſorders meet;
Deceit and guile their conſtant poſts maintain in ev'ry ſtreet.
12 For 'twas not any open foe that falſe reflections made;
For then I could with eaſe have borne the bitter things he ſaid:
'Twas none who hatred had profeſs'd, that did againſt me riſe;
For then I had withdrawn myſelf from his malicious eyes.
13, 14 But 'twas e'en thou, my guide, my friend, whom tend'reſt love did join;
Whoſe ſweet advice I valu'd moſt, whoſe pray'rs were mix'd with mine.
15 Sure vengeance, equal to their crimes, ſuch traitors muſt ſurpriſe;
And ſudden death requite thoſe ills, they wickedly deviſe.
16, 17 But I will call on God, who ſtill ſhall in my aid appear;
At morn, at noon, at night I'll pray, and he my voice ſhall hear.

The Third Part.

18 God has releas'd my ſoul from thoſe that did with me contend;
And made a num'rous hoſt of friends my righteous cauſe defend.
19 For he, who was my help of old, ſhall now his ſuppliant hear;
And puniſh them, whoſe proſp'rous ſtate makes them no God to fear.
20 Whom can I truſt, if faithleſs men perfidiouſly deviſe
To ruin me, their peaceful friend, and break the ſtrongeſt ties!
21 Though ſoft and melting are their words, their hearts with war abound;
Their ſpeeches are more ſmooth than oil, and yet like ſwords they wound.
22 Do thou, my ſoul, on God depend, and he ſhall thee ſuſtain;
He aids the juſt, whom to ſupplant the wicked ſtrive in vain.
23 My foes, that trade in lies and blood, ſhall all untimely die;
Whilſt I for health and length of days on thee, my God, rely.

PSALM LVI.

DO thou, O God, in mercy help, for man my life purſues;
To cruſh me with repeated wrongs he daily ſtrife renews.
2 Continually my ſpiteful foes to ruin me combine;
Thou ſeeſt, who ſitt'ſt enthron'd on high, what mighty numbers join.
3 But though ſometimes ſurpris'd by fear, (on danger's firſt alarm,)
Yet ſtill for ſuccour I depend on thy Almighty arm.
4 God's faithful promiſe I ſhall praiſe, on which I now rely:
In God I truſt, and, truſting him, the arm of fleſh defy.
5 They wreſt my words, and make them ſpeak a ſenſe they never meant:
Their thoughts are all, with reſtleſs ſpite, on my deſtruction bent.
6 In cloſe aſſemblies they combine, and wicked projects lay;
They watch my ſteps, and lie in wait to make my ſoul their prey.
7 Shall ſuch injuſtice ſtill eſcape? O righteous God, ariſe;
Let thy juſt wrath, (too long provok'd,) this impious race chaſtiſe.
8 Thou number'ſt all my ſteps, ſince firſt I was compell'd to flee;
My very tears are treaſur'd up, and regiſter'd by thee.
9 When therefore I invoke thy aid, my foes ſhall be o'erthrown;
For I am well aſſur'd that God my righteous cauſe will own.
10, 11 I'll truſt God's word, and ſo deſpiſe the force that man can raiſe;
12 To thee, O God, my vows are due; to thee I'll render praiſe.
13 Thou haſt retriev'd my ſoul from death, and thou wilt ſtill ſecure
The life thou haſt ſo oft preſerv'd, and make my footſteps ſure;
That thus protected by thy pow'r, I may this light enjoy,
And in the ſervice of my God my lengthen'd days employ.

PSALM LVII.

THY mercy, Lord, to me extend, on thy protection I depend;
And to thy wing for ſhelter haſte, till this outrageous ſtorm is paſt.
2 To thy tribunal, Lord, I fly, thou ſov'reign Judge and God moſt high,
Who wonders haſt for me begun, and wilt not leave thy work undone.
3 From heav'n protect me by thine arm, and ſhame all thoſe who ſeek my harm;
To my relief thy mercy ſend, and truth, on which my hopes depend.
4 For I with ſavage men converſe, like hungry lions wild and fierce,
With men whoſe teeth are ſpears, their words envenom'd darts, and two-edg'd ſwords.
5 Be thou, O God, exalted high; and, as thy glory fills the ſky,
So let it be on earth diſplay'd, till thou art here, as there, obey'd.
6 To take me they their net prepar'd, and had almoſt my ſoul enſnar'd;
But fell themſelves, by juſt decree, into the pit they made for me.

7 O God, my heart is fix'd, 'tis bent, its thankful tribute to preſent;
And with my heart my voice I'll raiſe to thee, my God, in ſongs of praiſe.
8 Awake, my glory, harp and lute, no longer let your ſtrings be mute;
And I, my tuneful part to take, will with the early dawn awake.
9 Thy praiſes, Lord, I will reſound to all the liſt'ning nations round:
10 Thy mercy higheſt heav'n tranſcends, thy truth beyond the clouds extends.
11 Be thou, O God, exalted high; and, as thy glory fills the ſky,
So let it be on earth diſplay'd, till thou art here, as there, obey'd.

PSALM LVIII.

SPEAK, O ye judges of the earth, if juſt your ſentence be;
Or, muſt not innocence appeal to Heav'n from your decree?
2 Your wicked hearts and judgments are alike by malice ſway'd;
Your griping hands, by weighty bribes, to violence betray'd.
3 To virtue ſtrangers from the womb, their infant ſteps went wrong;
They prattled ſlander, and in lies employ'd their liſping tongue.
4 No ſerpent of parch'd Afric's breed does ranker poiſon bear;
The drowſy adder will as ſoon unlock his ſullen ear.
5 Unmov'd by good advice, and deaf as adders they remain;
From whom the ſkilful charmer's voice can no attention gain.
6 Defeat, O God, their threat'ning rage, and timely break their pow'r;
Diſarm theſe growing lions' jaws, ere practis'd to devour.
7 Let now their inſolence, at height, like ebbing tides be ſpent:
Their ſhiver'd darts deceive their aim, when they their bow have bent.
8 Like ſnails let them diſſolve to ſlime; like haſty births become,
Unworthy to behold the ſun, and dead within the womb.
9 Ere thorns can make the fleſhpots boil, tempeſtuous wrath ſhall come
From God, and ſnatch them hence alive to their eternal doom.
10 The righteous ſhall rejoice to ſee their crimes ſuch vengeance meet,
And ſaints in perſecutors' blood ſhall dip their harmleſs feet.
11 Tranſgreſſors then with grief ſhall ſee juſt men rewards obtain;
And own a God, whoſe juſtice will the guilty earth arraign.

PSALM LIX.

DELIVER me, O Lord my God, from all my ſpiteful foes;
In my defence oppoſe thy pow'r to their's, who me oppoſe.
2 Preſerve me from a wicked race, who make a trade of ill;
Protect me from remorſeleſs men, who ſeek my blood to ſpill.
3 They lie in wait, and mighty pow'rs againſt my life combine:
Implacable; yet, Lord, thou know'ſt for no offence of mine.
4 In haſte they run about, and watch my guiltleſs life to take:
Look down, O Lord, on my diſtreſs, and to my help awake!
5 Thou, Lord of hoſts, and Iſrael's God, their heathen rage ſuppreſs:
Relentleſs vengeance take on thoſe who ſtubbornly tranſgreſs.
6 At ev'ning to beſet my houſe like growling dogs they meet;
While others through the city range, and ranſack ev'ry ſtreet.
7 Their throats envenom'd ſlander breathe, their tongues are ſharpen'd ſwords;
Who hears, (ſay they,) or, hearing, dares reprove our lawleſs words?
8 But from thy throne thou ſhalt, O Lord, their baffled plots deride;
And ſoon to ſcorn and ſhame expoſe their boaſted heathen pride.
9 On thee I wait, 'tis on thy ſtrength for ſuccour I depend;
'Tis thou, O God, art my defence, who only canſt defend.

10 Thy mercy, Lord, which haſt ſo oft from danger ſet me free,
Shall crown my wiſhes, and ſubdue my haughty foes to me.
11 Deſtroy them not, O Lord, at once, reſtrain thy vengeful blow,
Leſt we, ingratefully, too ſoon forget their overthrow.
Diſperſe them through the nations round by thy avenging pow'r:
Do thou bring down their haughty pride, O Lord, our ſhield and tow'r.
12 Now, in the height of all their hopes, their arrogance chaſtiſe;
Whoſe tongues have ſinn'd without reſtraint, and curſes join'd with lies.
13 Nor ſhalt thou, whilſt their race endures, thine anger, Lord, ſuppreſs,
That diſtant lands, by their juſt doom, may Iſrael's God confeſs.
14 At ev'ning let them ſtill perſiſt like growling dogs to meet,
Still wander all the city round, and traverſe ev'ry ſtreet.
15 Then, as for malice now they do, for hunger let them ſtray,
And yell their vain complaints aloud, defeated of their prey.
16 Whilſt early I thy mercy ſing, thy wondrous pow'r confeſs
For thou haſt been my ſure defence, my refuge in diſtreſs.
17 To thee with never-ceaſing praiſe, O God, my ſtrength, I'll ſing;
Thou art my God, the rock from whence my health and ſafety ſpring.

PSALM LX.

O God, who haſt our troops diſpers'd, forſaking thoſe who left thee firſt;
As we thy juſt diſpleaſure mourn, to us in mercy, Lord, return.
2 Our ſtrength, that firm as earth did ſtand, is rent by thy avenging hand:
O heal the breaches thou haſt made; we ſhake, we fall, without thy aid!
3 Our folly's ſad effects we feel, for, drunk with diſcord's cup, we reel;
4 But now for them who thee rever'd, thou haſt thy truth's bright banner rear'd.
5 Let thy right hand thy ſaints protect: Lord, hear the pray'rs that we direct!
6 The holy God hath ſpoke; and I, o'erjoy'd, on his firm word rely.
To thee in portions I'll divide fair Sichem's ſoil, Samaria's pride;
To Sichem, Succoth next I'll join, and meaſure out her vale by line.
7 Manaſſeh, Gilead, both ſubſcribe to my commands, with Ephraim's tribe;
Ephraim by arms ſupports my cauſe, and Judah by religious laws.
8 Moab my ſlave and drudge ſhall be, nor Edom from my yoke get free;
Proud Paleſtine's imperious ſtate ſhall humbly on our triumph wait.
9 But who ſhall quell theſe mighty pow'rs, and clear my way to Edom's tow'rs?
Or through her guarded frontiers tread the path that does to conqueſt lead?
10 E'en thou, O God, who haſt diſperſt our troops, (for we forſook thee firſt,)
Thoſe whom thou didſt in wrath forſake, aton'd, thou wilt victorious make.
11 Do thou our fainting cauſe ſuſtain, for human ſuccours are but vain:
12 Freſh ſtrength and courage God beſtows, 'tis he treads down our proudeſt foes.

PSALM LXI.

LORD, hear my cry, regard my pray'r, which I, oppreſs'd with grief,
2 From earth's remoteſt parts addreſs to thee for kind relief.
O lodge me ſafe beyond the reach of perſecuting pow'r;
3 Thou, who ſo oft from ſpiteful foes haſt been my ſhelt'ring tow'r.
4 So ſhall I in thy ſacred courts ſecure from danger lie;
Beneath the covert of thy wings all future ſtorms defy.
5 In ſign my vows are heard, once more I o'er thy choſen reign;
6 O bleſs with long and proſp'rous life the king thou didſt ordain.
7 Confirm his throne, and make his reign accepted in thy ſight,
And let thy truth and mercy both in his defence unite.
8 So ſhall I ever ſing thy praiſe, thy name for ever bleſs;
Devote my proſp'rous days to pay the vows of my diſtreſs.

PSALM LXII—LXIV.

PSALM LXII.

MY ſoul for help on God relies, from him alone my ſafety flows;
2 My rock, my health, that ſtrength ſupplies, to bear the ſhock of all my foes.
3 How long will ye contrive my fall, which will but haſten on your own?
You'll totter like a bending wall, or fence of uncemented ſtone.
4 To make my envied honours leſs they ſtrive with lies, their chief delight;
For they, tho' with their mouths they bleſs, in private curſe with inward ſpite.
5, 6 But thou, my ſoul, on God rely; on him alone thy truſt repoſe;
My rock and health will ſtrength ſupply to bear the ſhock of all my foes.
7 God does his ſaving health diſpenſe, and flowing bleſſings daily ſend;
He is my fortreſs and defence, on him my ſoul ſhall ſtill depend.
8 In him, ye people, always truſt, before his throne pour out your hearts;
For God, the merciful and juſt, his timely aid to us imparts.
9 The vulgar fickle are and frail; the great diſſemble and betray;
And laid in truth's impartial ſcale, the lighteſt things will both outweigh.
10 Then truſt not in oppreſſive ways, by ſpoil and rapine grow not vain;
Nor let your hearts, if wealth increaſe, be ſet too much upon your gain.
11 For God has oft his will expreſs'd, and I this truth have fully known;
To be of boundleſs pow'r poſſeſs'd belongs of right to God alone.
12 Though mercy is his darling grace, in which he chiefly takes delight,
Yet will he all the human race according to their works requite.

PSALM LXIII.

O God, my gracious God, to thee my morning pray'rs ſhall offer'd be;
For thee my thirſty ſoul doth pant:
My fainting fleſh implores thy grace, within this dry and barren place,
Where I refreſhing waters want.
2 O to my longing eyes once more that view of glorious pow'r reſtore,
Which thy majeſtic houſe diſplays:
3 Becauſe to me thy wondrous love than life itſelf does dearer prove,
My lips ſhall always ſpeak thy praiſe.
4 My life, while I that life enjoy, in bleſſing God I will employ,
With lifted hands adore his Name:
5 My ſoul's content ſhall be as great as theirs who choiceſt dainties eat,
While I with joy his praiſe proclaim.
6 When down I lie, ſweet ſleep to find, thou, Lord, art preſent to my mind;
And when I wake in dead of night:
7 Becauſe thou ſtill doſt ſuccour bring, beneath the ſhadow of thy wing
I reſt with ſafety and delight.
8 My ſoul, when foes would me devour, cleaves faſt to thee, whoſe matchleſs pow'r
In her ſupport is daily ſhown:
9 But thoſe the righteous Lord ſhall ſlay that my deſtruction wiſh, and they
That ſeek my life ſhall loſe their own.
10, 11 They by untimely ends ſhall die, their fleſh a prey to foxes lie;
But God ſhall fill the king with joy:
Who thee confeſs ſhall ſtill rejoice, whilſt the falſe tongue, and lying voice,
Thou, Lord, ſhalt ſilence and deſtroy.

PSALM LXIV.

LORD, hear the voice of my complaint, to my requeſt give ear;
Preſerve my life from cruel foes, and free my ſoul from fear.
2 O hide me with thy tend'reſt care in ſome ſecure retreat,
From ſinners that againſt me riſe, and all their plots defeat.

3 See how, intent to work my harm, they whet their tongues like ſwords;
And bend their bows to ſhoot their darts, ſharp lies and bitter words.
4 Lurking in private, at the juſt they take their ſecret aim;
And ſuddenly at him they ſhoot, quite void of fear and ſhame.
5 To carry on their ill deſigns they mutually agree;
They ſpeak of laying private ſnares, and think that none ſhall ſee.
6 With utmoſt diligence and care their wicked plots they lay;
The deep deſigns of all their hearts are only to betray.
7 But God, to anger juſtly mov'd, his dreadful bow ſhall bend,
And on his flying arrow's point ſhall ſwift deſtruction ſend.
8 Thoſe ſlanders, which their mouths did vent, upon themſelves ſhall fall;
Their crimes diſclos'd, ſhall make them be deſpis'd and ſhunn'd by all.
9 The world ſhall then God's pow'r confeſs, and nations trembling ſtand,
Convinc'd that 'tis the mighty work of his avenging hand.
10 Whilſt righteous men, whom God ſecures, in him ſhall gladly truſt;
And all the liſt'ning earth ſhall hear loud triumphs of the juſt.

PSALM LXV.

FOR thee, O God, our conſtant praiſe in Sion waits, thy choſen ſeat;
Our promis'd altars there we'll raiſe, and all our zealous vows complete.
2 O thou, who to my humble pray'r didſt always bend thy liſt'ning ear,
To thee ſhall all mankind repair, and at thy gracious throne appear.
3 Our ſins (though numberleſs) in vain to ſtop thy flowing mercy try;
Whilſt thou o'erlook'ſt the guilty ſtain, and waſheſt out the crimſon dye.
4 Bleſt is the man, who near thee plac'd, within thy ſacred dwelling lives!
Whilſt we at humbler diſtance taſte the vaſt delights thy temple gives.
5 By wond'rous acts, O God, moſt juſt, have we thy gracious anſwer found;
In thee remoteſt nations truſt, and thoſe whom ſtormy waves ſurround.
6, 7 God, by his ſtrength, ſets faſt the hills, and does his matchleſs pow'r engage,
With which the ſea's loud waves he ſtills, and angry crowds' tumultuous rage.

The Second Part.

8 Thou, Lord, doſt barb'rous lands diſmay, when they thy dreadful tokens view,
With joy they ſee the night and day each other's track by turns purſue.
9 From out thy unexhauſted ſtore thy rain relieves the thirſty ground;
Makes lands, that barren were before, with corn and uſeful fruits abound.
10 On riſing ridges down it pours, and ev'ry furrow'd valley fills;
Thou mak'ſt them ſoft with gentle ſhow'rs, in which a bleſt increaſe diſtils.
11 Thy goodneſs does the circling year with freſh returns of plenty crown;
And, where thy glorious paths appear, thy fruitful clouds drop fatneſs down.
12 They drop on barren foreſts, chang'd by them to paſtures freſh and green;
The hills about in order rang'd in beauteous robes of joy are ſeen.
13 Large flocks with fleecy wool adorn the cheerful downs; the vallies bring
A plenteous crop of full-ear'd corn, and ſeem for joy to ſhout and ſing.

PSALM LXVI.

1, 2 LET all the lands with ſhouts of joy to God their voices raiſe;
Sing pſalms in honour of his Name, and ſpread his glorious praiſe.
3 And let them ſay, How dreadful, Lord, in all thy works art thou!
To thy great pow'r thy ſtubborn foes ſhall all be forc'd to bow.
4 Through all the earth the nations round ſhall thee their God confeſs;
And with glad hymns their awful dread of thy great Name expreſs.

5 O come, behold the works of God, and then with me you'll own,
That he to all the ſons of men has wondrous judgments ſhown.
6 He made the ſea become dry land, through which our fathers walk'd;
Whilſt to each other of his might with joy his people talk'd.
7 He by his power for ever rules; his eyes the world ſurvey;
Let no preſumptuous man rebel againſt his ſov'reign ſway.

The Second Part.

8, 9 O all ye nations, bleſs our God, and loudly ſpeak his praiſe;
Who keeps our ſoul alive, and ſtill confirms our ſteadfaſt ways.
10 For thou haſt tried us, Lord, as fire does try the precious ore;
11 Thou brought'ſt us into ſtraits, where we oppreſſing burdens bore.
12 Inſulting foes did us, their ſlaves, through fire and water chaſe;
But yet at laſt thou brought'ſt us forth into a wealthy place.
13 Burnt off'rings to thy houſe I'll bring, and there my vows I'll pay,
14 Which I with ſolemn zeal did make in trouble's diſmal day.
15 Then ſhall the richeſt incenſe ſmoke, the fatteſt rams ſhall fall;
The choiceſt goats from out the fold, and bullocks from the ſtall.
16 O come, all ye that fear the Lord, attend with heedful care;
Whilſt I, what God for me has done, with grateful joy declare.
17, 18 As I before his aid implor'd, ſo now I praiſe his Name;
Who, if my heart had harbour'd ſin, would all my pray'rs diſclaim.
19 But God to me, whene'er I cried, his gracious ear did bend;
And to the voice of my requeſt with conſtant love attend.
20 Then bleſs'd for ever be my God, who never, when I pray,
Withholds his mercy from my ſoul, nor turns his face away.

PSALM LXVII.

TO bleſs thy choſen race, in mercy, Lord, incline;
And cauſe the brightneſs of thy face on all thy ſaints to ſhine.
2 That ſo thy wondrous ways may through the world be known,
Whilſt diſtant lands their tribute pay, and thy ſalvation own.
3 Let diff'ring nations join to celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine to praiſe thy glorious Name.
4 O let them ſhout and ſing with joy and pious mirth,
For thou, the righteous Judge and King, ſhalt govern all the earth.
5 Let diff'ring nations join to celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine to praiſe thy glorious Name.
6 Then ſhall the teeming ground a large increaſe diſcloſe;
And we with plenty ſhall be crown'd, which God, our God, beſtows.
7 Then God upon our land ſhall conſtant bleſſings ſhow'r,
And all the world in awe ſhall ſtand of his reſiſtleſs pow'r.

PSALM LXVIII.

LET God, the God of battle riſe, and ſcatter his preſumptuous foes;
Let ſhameful rout their hoſt ſurpriſe, who ſpitefully his pow'r oppoſe.
2 As ſmoke in tempeſt rage is loſt, or wax into the furnace caſt,
So let the ſacrilegious hoſt before his wrathful preſence waſte.
3 But let the ſervants of his will his favour's gentle beams enjoy;
Their upright hearts let gladneſs fill, and cheerful ſongs their tongues employ.
4 To him your voice in anthems raiſe, Jehovah's awful name he bears;
In him rejoice, extol his praiſe, who rides upon high rolling ſpheres.

5 Him, from his empire of the ſkies, to this low world compaſſion draws,
The orphan's claim to patronize, and judge the injur'd widow's cauſe.
6 'Tis God, who from a foreign ſoil reſtores poor exiles to their home,
Makes captives free, and fruitleſs toil their proud oppreſſors' righteous doom.
7 'Twas ſo of old, when thou didſt lead in perſon, Lord, our armies forth,
Strange terrors through the deſert ſpread, convulſions ſhook th' aſtoniſh'd earth.
8 The breaking clouds did rain diſtil, and heav'n's high arches ſhook with fear;
How then ſhould Sinai's humble hill of Iſrael's God the preſence bear?
9 Thy hand, at famiſh'd earth's complaint, reliev'd her from celeſtial ſtores;
And, when thy heritage was faint, aſſwag'd the drought with plenteous ſhow'rs.
10 Where ſavages had rang'd before, at eaſe thou mad'ſt our tribes reſide;
And in the deſert for the poor thy gen'rous bounty didſt provide.

The Second Part.

11 Thou gav'ſt the word, we ſallied forth, and in that pow'rful word o'ercame;
While virgin troops, with ſongs of mirth, in ſtate our conqueſt did proclaim.
12 Vaſt armies, by ſuch gen'rals led, as yet had ne'er receiv'd a foil,
Forſook their camp with ſudden dread, and to our women left the ſpoil.
13 Though Egypt's drudges you have been, your army's wings ſhall ſhine as bright
As doves, in golden ſunſhine ſeen, or ſilver'd o'er with paler light.
14 'Twas ſo, when God's almighty hand o'er ſcatter'd kings the conqueſt won;
Our troops, drawn up on Jordan's ſtrand, high Salmon's glitt'ring ſnow outſhone.
15 From thence to Jordan's farther coaſt, and Baſhan's hill we did advance;
No more her height ſhall Baſhan boaſt, but that ſhe's God's inheritance.
16 But wherefore (tho' the honour's great) ſhould this, O mountains, ſwell your pride?
For Sion is his choſen ſeat, where he for ever will reſide.
17 His chariots numberleſs, his pow'rs are heav'nly hoſts that wait his will;
His preſence now fills Sion's tow'rs, as once it honour'd Sinai's hill.
18 Aſcending high in triumph thou captivity haſt captive led,
And on thy people didſt beſtow the ſpoil of armies, once their dread.
E'en rebels ſhall partake thy grace, and humble proſelytes repair
To worſhip at thy dwelling-place, and all the world pay homage there.
19 For benefits each day beſtow'd, be daily his great Name ador'd;
20 Who is our Saviour and our God, of life and death the ſov'reign Lord.
21 But juſtice for his harden'd foes proportion'd vengeance hath decreed,
To wound the hoary head of thoſe who in preſumptuous crimes proceed.
22 The Lord hath thus in thunder ſpoke: "As I ſubdu'd proud Baſhan's king,
"Once more I'll break my people's yoke, and from the deep my ſervants bring.
23 "Their feet ſhall with a crimſon flood of ſlaughter'd foes be cover'd o'er;
"Nor earth receive ſuch impious blood, but leave for dogs th' unhallow'd gore."

The Third Part.

24 When marching to thy bleſt abode, the wond'ring multitude ſurvey'd
The pompous ſtate of thee, our God, in robes of majeſty array'd;
25 Sweet-ſinging Levites led the van, loud inſtruments brought up the rear;
Between both troops a virgin train with voice and timbrel charm'd the ear.
26 This was the burden of their ſong, "In full aſſemblies bleſs the Lord,
"All, who to Iſrael's tribes belong, the God of Iſrael's praiſe record."
27 Nor little Benjamin alone from neighb'ring bounds did there attend,
Nor only Judah's nearer throne her counſellors in ſtate did ſend;
But Zebulon's remoter ſeat, and Naphtali's more diſtant coaſt,
(The grand proceſſion to complete,) ſent up their tribes, a princely hoſt.

28 Thus God to ſtrength and union brought our tribes, at ſtrife till that bleſt hour;
This work, which thou, O God, haſt wrought, confirm with freſh recruits of pow'r.
29 To viſit Salem, Lord, deſcend, and Sion thy terreſtrial throne;
Where kings with preſents ſhall attend, and thee with offer'd crowns atone.
30 Break down the ſpearmen's ranks, who threat like pamper'd herds of ſavage might;
Their ſilver armour'd chiefs defeat, who in deſtructive war delight.
31 Egypt ſhall then to God ſtretch forth her hands, and Afric homage bring:
32 The ſcatter'd kingdoms of the earth their common Sov'reign's praiſes ſing.
33 Who, mounted on the loftieſt ſphere of ancient heav'n, ſublimely rides;
From whence his dreadful voice we hear, like that of warring winds and tides.
34 Aſcribe ye pow'r to God moſt high, of humble Iſrael he takes care;
Whoſe ſtrength from out the duſky ſky darts ſhining terrors through the air.
35 How dreadful are the ſacred courts, where God has fix'd his earthly throne!
His ſtrength his feeble ſaints ſupports; to God give praiſe, and him alone.

PSALM LXIX.

SAVE me, O God, from waves that roll, and preſs to overwhelm my ſoul:
2 With painful ſteps in mire I tread, and deluges o'erflow my head.
3 With reſtleſs cries my ſpirits faint, my voice is hoarſe with long complaint;
My ſight decays with tedious pain, whilſt for my God I wait in vain.
4 My hairs, though num'rous, are but few compar'd with foes that me purſue
With groundleſs hate, grown now of might, to execute their lawleſs ſpite:
They force me guiltleſs to reſign as rapine, what by right was mine.
5 Thou, Lord, my innocence doſt ſee, nor are my ſins conceal'd from thee.
6 Lord God of hoſts, take timely care, leſt for my ſake thy ſaints deſpair;
7 Since I have ſuffer'd for thy name reproach, and hid my face in ſhame.
8 A ſtranger to my country grown, nor to my neareſt kindred known;
A foreigner, expos'd to ſcorn by brethren of my mother born.
9 For zeal to thy lov'd houſe and name conſumes me like devouring flame,
Concern'd at their affronts to thee, more than at ſlanders caſt on me.
10 My very tears and abſtinence they conſtrue in a ſpiteful ſenſe:
11 When cloth'd with ſackcloth for their ſake, they me their common proverb make.
12 Their judges at my wrongs do jeſt, thoſe wrongs they ought to have redreſt!
How ſhould I then expect to be from libels of lewd drunkards free?
13 But, Lord, to thee I will repair for help with humble timely pray'r;
Relieve me from thy mercy's ſtore, diſplay thy truth's preſerving pow'r.
14 From threat'ning dangers me relieve, and from the mire my feet retrieve;
From ſpiteful foes in ſafety keep, and ſnatch me from the raging deep.
15 Control the deluge ere it ſpread, and roll its waves above my head;
Nor deep deſtruction's open pit to cloſe her jaws on me permit.
16 Lord, hear the humble pray'r I make, for thy tranſcending goodneſs' ſake;
Relieve thy ſupplicant once more from thy abounding mercy's ſtore.
17 Nor from thy ſervant hide thy face; make haſte, for deſp'rate is my caſe;
18 Thy timely ſuccour interpoſe, and ſhield me from remorſeleſs foes.
19 Thou know'ſt what infamy and ſcorn I from my enemies have borne,
Nor can their cloſe diſſembled ſpite, or darkeſt plots, eſcape thy ſight.
20 Reproach and grief have broke my heart; I look'd for ſome to take my part,
To pity or relieve my pain; but look'd, alas! for both in vain.
21 With hunger pin'd, for food I call, inſtead of food they give me gall;
And when with thirſt my ſpirits ſink, they give me vinegar to drink.
22 Their table therefore to their health ſhall prove a ſnare, a trap their wealth;
23 Perpetual darkneſs ſeize their eyes, and ſudden blaſts their hopes ſurpriſe.

24 On them thou ſhalt thy fury pour, till thy fierce wrath their race devour;
25 And make their houſe a diſmal cell, where none will e'er vouchſafe to dwell.
26 For new afflictions they procur'd for him, who had thy ſtripes endur'd;
And made the wounds thy ſcourge had torn to bleed afreſh with ſharper ſcorn.
27 Sin ſhall to ſin their ſteps betray, till they to truth have loſt the way:
28 From life thou ſhalt exclude their ſoul, nor with the juſt their names enrol.
29 But me, howe'er diſtreſs'd and poor, thy ſtrong ſalvation ſhall reſtore:
30 Thy pow'r with ſongs I'll then proclaim, and celebrate with thanks thy Name.
31 Our God ſhall this more highly prize than herds or flocks in ſacrifice;
32 Which humble ſaints with joy ſhall ſee, and hope for like redreſs with me.
33 For God regards the poor's complaint, ſets pris'ners free from cloſe reſtraint.
34 Let heav'n, earth, ſea, their voices raiſe, and all the world reſound his praiſe.
35 For God will Sion's walls erect, and Judah's cities ſtill protect,
Till all her ſcatter'd ſons repair to undiſturb'd poſſeſſion there.
36 This bleſſing they ſhall at their death to their religious heirs bequeath;
And they to endleſs ages more of ſuch as his bleſt name adore.

PSALM LXX.

O Lord, to my relief draw near, for never was more preſſing need;
For my deliv'rance, Lord, appear, and add to that deliv'rance ſpeed.
2 Confuſion on their heads return, who to deſtroy my ſoul combine;
Let them, defeated, bluſh and mourn, enſnar'd in their own vile deſign.
3 Their doom let deſolation be, with ſhame their malice be repaid,
Who mock'd my confidence in thee, and ſport of my affliction made.
4 While thoſe, who humbly ſeek thy face, to joyful triumph ſhall be rais'd,
And all who prize thy ſaving grace, with me ſhall ſing, The Lord be prais'd.
5 Thus wretched though I am and poor, the mighty Lord of me takes care;
Thou, God, who only canſt reſtore, to my relief with ſpeed repair.

PSALM LXXI.

1, 2 IN thee I put my ſteadfaſt truſt, defend me, Lord, from ſhame;
Incline thine ear, and ſave my ſoul, for righteous is thy Name.
3 Be thou my ſtrong abiding place, to which I may reſort;
'Tis thy decree that keeps me ſafe; thou art my rock and fort.
4, 5 From cruel and ungodly men protect and ſet me free;
For, from my earlieſt youth till now, my hope has been in thee.
6 Thy conſtant care did ſafely guard my tender infant days;
Thou took'ſt me from my mother's womb to ſing thy conſtant praiſe.
7, 8 While ſome on me with wonder gaze, thy hand ſupports me ſtill;
Thy honour, therefore, and thy praiſe my mouth ſhall always fill.
9 Reject not then thy ſervant, Lord, when I with age decay,
Forſake me not when, worn with years, my vigour fades away.
10 My foes againſt my fame and me with crafty malice ſpeak;
Againſt my ſoul they lay their ſnares, and mutual counſel take.
11 His God, ſay they, forſakes him now, on whom he did rely;
Purſue and take him, whilſt no hope of timely aid is nigh.
12 But thou, my God, withdraw not far, for ſpeedy help I call;
13 To ſhame and ruin bring my foes, that ſeek to work my fall.
14 But as for me, my ſteadfaſt hope ſhall on thy pow'r depend,
And I in grateful ſongs of praiſe my time to come will ſpend.

PSALM LXXII.

The Second Part.

15 Thy righteous acts and saving health my mouth shall still declare;
Unable yet to count them all, though summ'd with utmost care.
16 While God vouchsafes me his support, I'll in his strength go on;
All other righteousness disclaim, and mention his alone.
17 Thou, Lord, hast taught me from my youth to praise thy glorious Name;
And ever since thy wondrous works have been my constant theme.
18 Then now forsake me not when I am grey and feeble grown,
Till I to these, and future times, thy strength and pow'r have shown.
19 How high thy justice soars, O God! how great and wondrous are
The mighty works which thou hast done! who may with thee compare?
20 Me, whom thy hand has sorely press'd, thy grace shall yet relieve,
And from the lowest depth of woe with tender care retrieve.
21 Through thee, my time to come shall be with pow'r and greatness crown'd;
And me, who dismal years have pass'd, thy comforts shall surround.
22 Therefore with psaltery and harp thy truth, O Lord, I'll praise;
To thee, the God of Jacob's race, my voice in anthems raise.
23 Then joy shall fill my mouth, and songs employ my cheerful voice;
My grateful soul, by thee redeem'd, shall in thy strength rejoice.
24 My tongue thy just and righteous acts shall all the day proclaim;
Because thou didst confound my foes, and brought'st them all to shame.

PSALM LXXII.

LORD, let thy just decrees the king in all his ways direct;
And let his son, throughout his reign, thy righteous laws respect.
2 So shall he still thy people judge with pure and upright mind,
Whilst all the helpless poor shall him their just protector find.
3 Then hills and mountains shall bring forth the happy fruits of peace,
Which all the land shall own to be the work of righteousness;
4 Whilst he the poor and needy race shall rule with gentle sway,
And from their humble necks shall take oppressive yokes away.
5 In ev'ry heart thy awful fear shall then be rooted fast,
As long as sun and moon endure, or time itself shall last.
6 He shall descend like rain that cheers the meadows' second birth,
Or like warm show'rs, whose gentle drops refresh the thirsty earth.
7 In his blest days the just and good shall be with favour crown'd;
The happy land shall every where with endless peace abound.
8 His uncontroll'd dominion shall from sea to sea extend,
Begin at proud Euphrates' streams, at nature's limits end.
9 To him the savage nations round shall bow their servile heads;
His vanquish'd foes shall lick the dust, where he his conquest spreads.
10 The kings of Tarshish and the isles shall costly presents bring;
From spicy Sheba gifts shall come, and wealthy Seba's king.
11 To him shall ev'ry king on earth his humble homage pay,
And diff'ring nations gladly join to own his righteous sway.
12 For he shall set the needy free, when they for succour cry,
Shall save the helpless and the poor, and all their wants supply.

The Second Part.

13 His providence for needy souls shall due supplies prepare;
And over their defenceless lives shall watch with tender care.
14 He shall preserve and keep their souls from fraud and rapine free,
And in his sight their guiltless blood of mighty price shall be.

15 Therefore ſhall God his life and reign to many years extend,
Whilſt eaſtern princes tribute pay, and golden preſents ſend.
For him ſhall conſtant pray'rs be made through all his proſp'rous days;
His juſt dominion ſhall afford a laſting theme of praiſe.

16 Of uſeful grain, through all the land, great plenty ſhall appear;
A handful ſown on mountain tops a mighty crop ſhall bear.
Its fruit, like cedars ſhook by winds, a rattling noiſe ſhall yield;
The city too ſhall thrive, and vie for plenty with the field.

17 The mem'ry of his glorious Name through endleſs years ſhall run;
His ſpotleſs fame ſhall ſhine as bright and laſting as the ſun.
In him the nations of the world ſhall be completely bleſs'd,
And his unbounded happineſs by ev'ry tongue confeſs'd.

18 Then bleſs'd be God, the mighty Lord, the God whom Iſrael fears;
Who only wondrous in his works beyond compare appears.
19 Let earth be with his glory fill'd; and ever bleſs his Name;
Whilſt to his praiſe the liſt'ning world their glad aſſent proclaim.

PSALM LXXIII.

AT length, by certain proofs, 'tis plain that God will to his ſaints be kind;
That all whoſe hearts are pure and clean ſhall his protecting favour find.

2, 3 Till this ſuſtaining truth I knew, my ſtagg'ring feet had almoſt fail'd;
I griev'd the ſinner's wealth to view, and envied when the fools prevail'd.

4, 5 They to the grave in peace deſcend, and whilſt they live are hale and ſtrong;
No plague or troubles them offend, which oft to other men belong.

6, 7 With pride, as with a chain, they're held, and rapine ſeems their robe of ſtate;
Their eyes ſtand out, with fatneſs ſwell'd, they grow beyond their wiſhes great.

8, 9 With hearts corrupt, and lofty talk, oppreſſive methods they defend;
Their tongue through all the earth does walk, their blaſphemies to Heav'n aſcend.

10 And yet admiring crowds are found, who ſervile viſits duly make,
Becauſe with plenty they abound, of which their flatt'ring ſlaves partake.

11 Their fond opinions theſe purſue, till they with them profanely cry,
"How ſhould the Lord our actions view, can he perceive who dwells ſo high?"

12 Behold the wicked! theſe are they who openly their ſins profeſs;
And yet their wealth's increas'd each day, and all their actions meet ſucceſs.

13, 14 Then have I cleans'd my heart, ſaid I, and waſh'd my hands from guilt in vain,
If all the day oppreſs'd I lie, and every morning ſuffer pain.

15 Thus did I once to ſpeak intend; but, if ſuch things I raſhly ſay,
Thy children, Lord, I muſt offend, and baſely ſhould their cauſe betray.

The Second Part.

16, 17 To fathom this my thoughts I bent, but found the caſe too hard for me;
Till to the houſe of God I went, then I their end did plainly ſee.

18 How high ſoe'er advanc'd, they all on ſlipp'ry places looſely ſtand;
Thence into ruin headlong fall, caſt down by thy avenging hand.

19, 20 How dreadful and how quick their fate! deſpis'd by thee when they're deſtroy'd;
As waking men with ſcorn do treat the fancies that their dreams employ'd.

21, 22 Thus was my heart with grief oppreſt, my reins were rack'd with reſtleſs pains;
So ſtupid was I, like a beaſt, who no reflecting thought retains.

23, 24 Yet ſtill thy preſence me ſupplied, and thy right hand aſſiſtance gave:
Thou firſt ſhalt with thy counſel guide, and then to glory me receive.

25 Whom then in heav'n, but thee alone, have I, whoſe favour I require?
Throughout the ſpacious earth there's none that I beſides thee can deſire.

26 My trembling fleſh and aching heart may often fail to ſuccour me,
But God ſhall inward ſtrength impart, and my eternal portion be.

27 For they that far from thee remove, shall into ſudden ruin fall;
If after other gods they rove, thy vengeance ſhall deſtroy them all.
28 But as for me, 'tis good and juſt that I ſhould ſtill to God repair;
In him I always put my truſt, and will his wondrous works declare.

PSALM LXXIV.

WHY haſt thou caſt us off, O God? wilt thou no more return?
O why againſt thy choſen flock does thy fierce anger burn?
2 Think on thy ancient purchaſe, Lord, the land that is thy own;
By thee redeem'd, and Sion's mount, where once thy glory ſhone.
3 O come, and view our ruin'd ſtate! how long our troubles laſt!
See how the foe, with wicked rage, has laid thy temple waſte!
4 Thy foes blaſpheme thy Name, where late thy zealous ſervants pray'd;
The heathen there, with haughty pomp, their banners have diſplay'd.
5, 6 Thoſe curious carvings, which did once advance the artiſt's fame,
With ax and hammer they deſtroy, like works of vulgar frame.
7 Thy holy temple they have burnt: and what eſcap'd the flame
Has been profan'd, and quite defac'd, though ſacred to thy Name.
8 Thy worſhip wholly to deſtroy maliciouſly they aim'd;
And all the ſacred places burn'd, where we thy praiſe proclaim'd.
9 Yet of thy preſence thou vouchſaf'ſt no tender ſigns to ſend;
We have no prophet now, that knows when this ſad ſtate ſhall end.

The Second Part.

10 But, Lord, how long wilt thou permit th' inſulting foe to boaſt?
Shall all the honour of thy Name for evermore be loſt?
11 Why hold'ſt thou back thy ſtrong right hand, and on thy patient breaſt,
When vengeance calls to ſtretch it forth, ſo calmly lett'ſt it reſt?
12 Thou heretofore, with kingly pow'r, in our defence haſt fought;
For us, throughout the wond'ring world, haſt great ſalvation wrought.
13 'Twas thou, O God, that didſt the ſea by thy own ſtrength divide;
Thou brak'ſt the wat'ry monſters' heads, the waves o'erwhelm'd their pride.
14 The greateſt, fierceſt of them all, that ſeem'd the deep to ſway,
Was by thy pow'r deſtroy'd, and made to ſavage beaſts a prey.
15 Thou clav'ſt the ſolid rock, and mad'ſt the waters largely flow;
Again thou mad'ſt through parting ſtreams thy wond'ring people go.
16 Thine is the cheerful day, and thine the black return of night;
Thou haſt prepar'd the glorious ſun, and ev'ry feebler light:
17 By thee the borders of the earth in perfect order ſtand;
The ſummer's warmth, and winter's cold, attend on thy command.

The Third Part.

18 Remember, Lord, how ſcornful foes have daily urg'd our ſhame;
And how the fooliſh people have blaſphem'd thy holy Name.
19 O free thy mourning turtle-dove, by ſinful crowds beſet;
Nor the aſſembly of thy poor for evermore forget.
20 Thy ancient cov'nant, Lord, regard, and make thy promiſe good;
For now each corner of the land is fill'd with men of blood.
21 O let not the oppreſs'd return with ſorrow cloth'd and ſhame;
But let the helpleſs and the poor for ever praiſe thy Name.
22 Ariſe, O God, in our behalf, thy cauſe and ours maintain;
Remember how inſulting fools each day thy Name profane!
23 Make thou the boaſtings of thy foes for evermore to ceaſe;
Whoſe inſolence, if unchaſtis'd, will more and more increaſe.

PSALM LXXV.

TO thee, O God, we render praiſe, to thee with thanks repair;
For that thy Name to us is nigh, thy wondrous works declare.
2 In Iſrael when my throne is fix'd, with me ſhall juſtice reign:
3 The land with diſcord ſhakes, but I the ſinking frame ſuſtain.
4 Deluded wretches I advis'd their errors to redreſs,
And warn'd bold ſinners, that they ſhould their ſwelling pride ſuppreſs.
5 Bear not yourſelves ſo high, as if no pow'r could yours reſtrain;
Submit your ſtubborn necks, and learn to ſpeak with leſs diſdain.
6 For that promotion, which to gain your vain ambition ſtrives,
From neither eaſt, nor weſt, nor yet from ſouthern climes arrives.
7 For God the great diſpoſer is, and ſov'reign Judge alone,
Who caſts the proud to earth, and lifts the humble to a throne.
8 His hand holds forth a dreadful cup, with purple wine 'tis crown'd;
The deadly mixture, which his wrath deals out to nations round.
Of this his ſaints ſometimes may taſte; but wicked men ſhall ſqueeze
The bitter dregs, and be condemn'd to drink the very lees.
9 His prophet, I to all the world this meſſage will relate;
The juſtice then of Jacob's God my ſong ſhall celebrate.
10 The wicked's pride I will reduce, their cruelty diſarm;
Exalt the juſt, and ſeat him high, above the reach of harm.

PSALM LXXVI.

IN Judah the Almighty's known, (Almighty there by wonders ſhown,)
His Name in Jacob does excel;
2 His ſanctuary in Salem ſtands; the Majeſty that heav'n commands
In Sion condeſcends to dwell.
3 He brake the bow and arrows there, the ſhield, the temper'd ſword, and ſpear,
There ſlain the mighty army lay;
4 Whence Sion's fame through earth is ſpread, of greater glory, greater dread,
Than hills where robbers lodge their prey.
5 Their valiant chiefs, who came for ſpoil, themſelves met there a ſhameful foil;
Securely down to ſleep they lay:
But wak'd no more; their ſtouteſt band ne'er lifted one reſiſting hand
'Gainſt his, that did their legions ſlay.
6 When Jacob's God began to frown, both horſe and charioteers o'erthrown,
Together ſlept in endleſs night.
7 When thou, whom earth and heav'n revere, doſt once with wrathful look appear,
What mortal pow'r can ſtand thy ſight? [did'ſt come,
8 Pronounc'd from heav'n, earth heard its doom; grew huſh'd with fear, when thou
9 The meek with juſtice to reſtore:
10 The wrath of man ſhall yield thee praiſe; its laſt attempts but ſerve to raiſe
The triumphs of Almighty pow'r.
11 Vow to the Lord, ye nations; bring vow'd preſents to th' eternal King;
Thus to his Name due rev'rence pay:
12 Who proudeſt potentates can quell; to earthly kings more terrible,
Than to their trembling ſubjects they.

PSALM LXXVII.

TO God I cried, who to my help did graciouſly repair;
2 In trouble's diſmal day I ſought my God with humble pray'r.
All night my feſt'ring wound did run, no med'cine gave relief;
My ſoul no comfort would admit, my ſoul indulg'd her grief.

3 I thought on God, and favours paſt, but that increas'd my pain;
I found my ſpirit more oppreſs'd, the more I did complain.
4 Through ev'ry watch of tedious night thou keep'ſt my eyes awake;
My grief is ſwell'd to that exceſs, I ſigh, but cannot ſpeak.
5 I call to mind the days of old, with ſignal mercy crown'd,
Thoſe famous years of ancient times, for miracles renown'd.
6 By night I recollect my ſongs, on former triumphs made;
Then ſearch, conſult, and aſk my heart, where's now that wondrous aid?
7 Has God for ever caſt us off? withdrawn his favour quite?
8 Are both his mercy and his truth retir'd to endleſs night?
9 Can his long-practis'd love forget its wonted aids to bring?
Has he in wrath ſhut up and ſeal'd his mercy's healing ſpring?
10 I ſaid, My weakneſs hints theſe fears: but I'll my fears diſband;
I'll yet remember the Moſt High, and years of his right hand.
11 I'll call to mind his works of old, the wonders of his might;
12 On them my heart ſhall meditate, my tongue ſhall then recite.
13 Safe lodg'd from human ſearch on high, O God, thy counſels are!
Who is ſo great a God as ours? who can with him compare?
14 Long ſince a God of wonders thee thy reſcu'd people found:
15 Long ſince haſt thou thy choſen ſeed with ſtrong deliv'rance crown'd.
16 When thee, O God, the waters ſaw, the frighted billows ſhrunk;
The troubled depths themſelves, for fear, beneath their channels ſunk.
17 The clouds pour'd down, while rending ſkies did with their noiſe conſpire;
Thy arrows all abroad were ſent, wing'd with avenging fire.
18 Heav'n with thy thunder's voice was torn, whilſt all the lower world
With lightnings blaz'd, earth ſhook, and ſeem'd from her foundations hurl'd.
19 Through rolling ſtreams thou find'ſt thy way, thy paths in waters lie;
Thy wondrous paſſage, where no ſight thy footſteps can deſcry.
20 Thou ledd'ſt thy people like a flock, ſafe through the deſert land,
By Moſes, their meek ſkilful guide, and Aaron's ſacred hand.

PSALM LXXVIII.

HEAR, O my people; to my law devout attention lend;
Let the inſtruction of my mouth deep in your hearts deſcend.
2 My tongue, by inſpiration taught, ſhall parables unfold,
Dark oracles, but underſtood, and own'd for truths of old.
3 Which we from ſacred regiſters of ancient times have known,
And our forefathers' pious care to us have handed down.
4 We will not hide them from our ſons; our offspring ſhall be taught
The praiſes of the Lord, whoſe ſtrength has works of wonder wrought.
5 For Jacob he this law ordain'd; this league with Iſrael made;
With charge to be from age to age, from race to race convey'd:
6 That generations yet to come ſhould to their unborn heirs
Religiouſly tranſmit the ſame, and they again to theirs.
7 To teach them that in God alone their hope ſecurely ſtands;
That they ſhould ne'er his works forget, but keep his juſt commands.
8 Leſt, like their fathers, they might prove a ſtiff rebellious race,
Falſe-hearted, fickle to their God, unſteadfaſt in his grace.
9 Such were revolting Ephraim's ſons, who, though to warfare bred,
And ſkilful archers, arm'd with bows, from field ignobly fled.
10, 11 They falſified their league with God, his orders diſobey'd,
Forgot his works and miracles before their eyes diſplay'd.

12 Nor wonders which their fathers ſaw did they in mind retain;
Prodigious things in Egypt done, and Zoan's fertile plain.
13 He cut the ſeas to let them paſs, reſtrain'd the preſſing flood;
While, pil'd in heaps, on either ſide the ſolid waters ſtood.
14 A wondrous pillar led them on, compos'd of ſhade and light;
A ſhelt'ring cloud it prov'd by day, a leading fire by night.
15 When drought oppreſs'd them, where no ſtream the wilderneſs ſupply'd,
He cleft the rock, whoſe flinty breaſt diſſolv'd into a tide.
16 Streams from the ſolid rock he brought, which down in rivers fell,
That, trav'ling with their camp, each day renew'd the miracle.
17 Yet there they ſinn'd againſt him more, provoking the Moſt High,
In that ſame deſert, where he did their fainting ſouls ſupply.
18 They firſt incens'd him in their hearts, that did his pow'r diſtruſt,
And long'd for meat, not urg'd by want, but to indulge their luſt.
19 Then utter'd their blaſpheming doubts, "Can God (ſay they) prepare
"A table in the wilderneſs, ſet out with various fare?
20 "He ſmote the flinty rock, 'tis true, and guſhing ſtreams enſu'd;
"But can he corn and fleſh provide for ſuch a multitude?"
21 The Lord with indignation heard: from heav'n avenging flame
On Jacob fell, conſuming wrath on thankleſs Iſrael came.
22 Becauſe their unbelieving hearts in God would not confide,
Nor truſt his care, who had from heav'n their wants ſo oft ſupply'd.
23 Though he had made his clouds diſcharge proviſions down in ſhow'rs;
And, when earth fail'd, reliev'd their needs from his celeſtial ſtores.
24 Though taſteful manna was rain'd down, their hunger to relieve;
Though from the ſtores of heav'n they did ſuſtaining corn receive.
25 Thus man, with angels' ſacred food, ungrateful man, was fed;
Not ſparingly, for ſtill they found a plenteous table ſpread.
26 From heav'n he made an eaſt wind blow, then did the ſouth command,
27 To rain down fleſh, like duſt, and fowls like ſea's unnumber'd ſand.
28 Within their trenches he let fall the luſcious eaſy prey,
And all around their ſpreading camp the ready booty lay.
29 They fed, were fill'd: he gave them leave their appetites to feaſt;
30, 31 Yet ſtill their wanton luſt crav'd on, nor with their hunger ceas'd.
But whilſt in their luxurious mouths they did their dainties chew,
The wrath of God ſmote down their chiefs, and Iſrael's choſen ſlew.

The Second Part.

32 Yet ſtill they ſinn'd, nor would afford his miracles belief;
33 Therefore through fruitleſs travels he conſum'd their lives in grief.
34 When ſome were ſlain, the reſt return'd to God with early cry;
35 Own'd him the rock of their defence, their Saviour, God moſt high.
36 But this was feign'd ſubmiſſion all; their heart their tongue bely'd;
37 Their heart was ſtill perverſe, nor would firm in his league abide.
38 Yet, full of mercy, he forgave, nor did with death chaſtiſe;
But turn'd his kindled wrath aſide, nor would not let it riſe.
39 For he remember'd they were fleſh that could not long remain;
A murm'ring wind that's quickly paſt, and ne'er returns again.
40 How oft did they provoke him there, how oft his patience grieve,
In that ſame deſert where he did their fainting ſouls relieve!
41 They tempted him by turning back, and wickedly repin'd,
When Iſrael's God refus'd to be by their deſires confin'd.

42 Nor call'd to mind the hand and day that their redemption brought;
43 His ſigns in Egypt, wondrous works in Zoan's valley wrought.
44 He turn'd their rivers into blood, that man and beaſt forbore,
And rather choſe to die of thirſt, than drink the putrid gore.
45 He ſent devouring ſwarms of flies; hoarſe frogs annoy'd their ſoil;
46 Locuſts and caterpillars reap'd the harveſt of their toil.
47 Their vines with batt'ring hail were broke, with froſt the fig-tree dies;
48 Lightning and hail made flocks and herds one general ſacrifice.
49 He turn'd his anger looſe, and ſet no time for it to ceaſe;
And, with their plagues, bad angels ſent their torments to increaſe.
50 He clear'd a paſſage for his wrath to ravage uncontroll'd;
The murrain on their firſtlings ſeiz'd in ev'ry field and fold.
51 The deadly peſt from beaſt to man, from field to city came;
It ſlew their heirs, their eldeſt hopes, through all the tents of Ham.
52 But his own tribe, like folded ſheep, he brought from their diſtreſs,
And them conducted like a flock throughout the wilderneſs.
53 He led them on, and in their way no cauſe of fear they found;
But march'd ſecurely through thoſe deeps, in which their foes were drown'd.
54 Nor ceas'd his care till them he brought ſafe to his promis'd land,
And to his holy mount, the prize of his victorious hand.
55 To them the outcaſt heathen's land he did by lot divide;
And in their foes' abandon'd tents made Iſrael's tribes reſide.

The Third Part.

56 Yet ſtill they tempted, ſtill provok'd the wrath of God moſt high;
Nor would to practiſe his commands their ſtubborn hearts apply.
57 But in their faithleſs fathers' ſteps perverſely choſe to go;
They turn aſide, like arrows ſhot from ſome deceitful bow.
58 For him to fury they provok'd with altars ſet on high;
And with their graven images inflam'd his jealouſy.
59 When God heard this, on Iſrael's tribes his wrath and hatred fell;
60 He quitted Shilo, and the tents where once he choſe to dwell.
61 To vile captivity his ark, his glory to diſdain,
62 His people to the ſword he gave, nor would his wrath reſtrain.
63 Deſtructive war their ableſt youth untimely did confound;
No virgin was to th' altar led with nuptial garlands crown'd.
64 In fight the ſacrificer fell, the prieſt a victim bled;
And widows, who their death ſhould mourn, themſelves of grief were dead.
65 Then, as a giant rous'd from ſleep, whom wine had throughly warm'd,
Shouts out aloud, the Lord awak'd, and his proud foe alarm'd.
66 He ſmote their hoſts, that from the field a ſcatter'd remnant came,
With wounds imprinted on their backs of everlaſting ſhame.
67 With conqueſts crown'd, he Joſeph's tents and Ephraim's tribe forſook;
68 But Judah choſe, and Sion's mount for his lov'd dwelling took.
69 His temple he erected there, with ſpires exalted high,
While deep and fix'd, as that of earth, the ſtrong foundations lie.
70 His faithful ſervant David too he for his choice did own,
And from the ſheepfolds him advanc'd to ſit on Judah's throne.
71 From tending on the teeming ewes, he brought him forth to feed
His own inheritance, the tribes of Iſrael's choſen ſeed.
72 Exalted thus the monarch prov'd a faithful ſhepherd ſtill;
He fed them with an upright heart, and guided them with ſkill.

PSALM LXXIX, LXXX.

PSALM LXXIX.

BEHOLD, O God, how heathen hosts have thy possession seiz'd;
Thy sacred house they have defil'd, thy holy city raz'd.
2 The mangled bodies of thy saints abroad unbury'd lay;
Their flesh expos'd to savage beasts, and rav'nous birds of prey.
3 Quite through Jerus'lem was their blood like common water shed;
And none were left alive to pay last duties to the dead.
4 The neighb'ring lands our small remains with loud reproaches wound;
And we a laughing-stock are made to all the nations round.
5 How long wilt thou be angry, Lord; must we for ever mourn?
Shall thy devouring jealous rage, like fire, for ever burn?
6 On foreign lands, that know not thee, thy heavy vengeance show'r;
Those sinful kingdoms let it crush, that have not own'd thy pow'r.
7 For their devouring jaws have prey'd on Jacob's chosen race;
And to a barren desert turn'd their fruitful dwelling-place.
8 O think not on our former sins, but speedily prevent
The utter ruin of thy saints, almost with sorrow spent.
9 Thou God of our salvation, help, and free our souls from blame;
So shall our pardon and defence exalt thy glorious Name.
10 Let infidels, that scoffing say, Where is the God they boast?
In vengeance for thy slaughter'd saints, perceive thee to their cost.
11 Lord, hear the sighing pris'ner's moan, thy saving pow'r extend;
Preserve the wretches, doom'd to die, from that untimely end.
12 On them who us oppress let all our suff'rings be repaid;
Make their confusion seven times more than what on us they laid.
13 So we, thy people and thy flock, shall ever praise thy Name;
And with glad hearts our grateful thanks from age to age proclaim.

PSALM LXXX.

O Israel's Shepherd, Joseph's Guide, our pray'rs to thee vouchsafe to hear;
Thou that dost on the cherubs ride, again in solemn state appear.
2 Behold, how Benjamin expects, with Ephraim and Manasseh join'd,
In our deliv'rance, the effects of thy resistless strength to find.
3 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou the lustre of thy face display;
And all the ills we suffer now like scatter'd clouds shall pass away.
4 O thou, whom heav'nly hosts obey, how long shall thy fierce anger burn?
How long thy suff'ring people pray, and to their pray'rs have no return?
5 When hungry, we are forc'd to drench our scanty food in floods of woe;
When dry, our raging thirst we quench with streams of tears that largely flow.
6 For us the heathen nations round, as for a common prey contest;
Our foes with spiteful joy abound, and at our lost condition jest.
7 Do thou convert us, Lord; do thou the lustre of thy face display;
And all the ills we suffer now like scatter'd clouds shall pass away.

The Second Part.

8 Thou brought'st a vine from Egypt's land, and, casting out the heathen race,
Didst plant it with thine own right hand, and firmly fix'd it in their place.
9 Before it thou prepar'st the way, and mad'st it take a lasting root;
Which, blest with thy indulgent ray, o'er all the land did widely shoot.
10, 11 The hills were cover'd with its shade, its goodly bows did cedars seem;
Its branches to the sea were spread, and reach'd to proud Euphrates' stream.

12 Why then haſt thou its hedge o'erthrown, which thou hadſt made ſo firm and
Whilſt all its grapes, defenceleſs grown, are pluck'd by thoſe that paſs along. [ſtrong?
13 See how the briſtling foreſt boar with dreadful fury lays it waſte;
Hark, how the ſavage monſters roar, and to their helpleſs prey make haſte.

The Third Part.

14 To thee, O God of hoſts, we pray; thy wonted goodneſs, Lord, renew;
From heav'n, thy throne, this vine ſurvey, and her ſad ſtate with pity view.
15 Behold the vineyard made by thee, which thy right hand did guard ſo long;
And keep that branch from danger free, which for thyſelf thou mad'ſt ſo ſtrong.
16 To waſting flames 'tis made a prey, and all its ſpreading boughs cut down,
At thy rebuke they ſoon decay, and periſh at thy dreadful frown.
17 Crown thou the king with good ſucceſs, by thy right hand ſecur'd from wrong:
The ſon of man in mercy bleſs, whom for thyſelf thou mad'ſt ſo ſtrong.
18 So ſhall we ſtill continue free from whatſoe'er deſerves thy blame;
And, if once more reviv'd by thee, will always praiſe thy holy Name.
19 Do thou convert us, Lord; do thou the luſtre of thy face diſplay;
And all the ills we ſuffer now, like ſcatter'd clouds, ſhall paſs away.

PSALM LXXXI.

TO God, our never-failing ſtrength, with loud applauſes ſing;
And jointly make a cheerful noiſe to Jacob's awful King.
2 Compoſe a hymn of praiſe, and touch your inſtruments of joy,
Let pſalteries and pleaſant harps your grateful ſkill employ.
3 Let trumpets at the great new moon their joyful voices raiſe,
To celebrate th' appointed time, the ſolemn day of praiſe.
4 For this a ſtatute was of old, which Jacob's God decreed,
To be with pious care obſerv'd by Iſrael's choſen ſeed.
5 This he for a memorial fix'd, when freed from Egypt's land;
Strange nations' barb'rous ſpeech we heard, but could not underſtand.
6 "Your burden'd ſhoulders I reliev'd, (thus ſeems our God to ſay,)
"Your ſervile hands by me were freed from lab'ring in the clay.
7 "Your anceſtors, with wrongs oppreſs'd, to me for aid did call;
"With pity I their ſuff'rings ſaw, and ſet them free from all.
"They ſought for me, and from the cloud in thunder I reply'd;
"At Meribah's contentious ſtream their faith and duty try'd.

The Second Part.

8 "While I my ſolemn will declare, my choſen people, hear:
"If thou, O Iſrael, to my words wilt lend thy liſt'ning ear;
9 "Then ſhall no god beſides myſelf within thy coaſts be found;
"Nor ſhalt thou worſhip any god of all the nations round.
10 "The Lord thy God am I, who thee brought forth from Egypt's land:
"'Tis I that all thy juſt deſires ſupply with lib'ral hand.
11 "But they, my choſen race, refus'd to hearken to my voice;
"Nor would rebellious Iſrael's ſons make me their happy choice."
12 So I, provok'd, reſign'd them up to ev'ry luſt a prey,
And in their own perverſe deſigns permitted them to ſtray.
13 O that my people wiſely would my juſt commandments heed!
And Iſrael in my righteous ways with pious care proceed!
14 Then ſhould my heavy judgments fall on all that them oppoſe,
And my avenging hand be turn'd againſt their num'rous foes.
15 Their enemies and mine ſhould all before my footſtool bend;
But as for them, their happy ſtate ſhould never know an end.
16 All parts with plenty ſhould abound; with fineſt wheat their field:
The barren rocks, to pleaſe their taſte, ſhould richeſt honey yield.

PSALM LXXXII, LXXXIII.

PSALM LXXXII.

GOD in the great aſſembly ſtands,
In ſtate ſurveys the earthly gods,
2, 3 How dare you then unjuſtly judge,
Defend the orphans and the poor,
4 Protect the humble helpleſs man,
And let not him become a prey
5 They neither know, nor will they learn,
Juſtice and truth, the world's ſupport,
6 Well then might God in anger ſay,
"I've ſaid, Y'are gods, the ſons and heirs
7 "But ne'ertheleſs your unjuſt deeds
"You all ſhall die like common men,
8 Ariſe, and thy juſt judgments, Lord,
And all the nations of the world

where his impartial eye
and does their judgments try.
or be to ſinners kind?
let ſuch your juſtice find.
reduc'd to deep diſtreſs,
to ſuch as would oppreſs.
but blindly rove and ſtray;
through all the land decay.
"I've call'd you by my Name;
of my immortal fame.
to ſtrict account I'll call;
like other tyrants fall."
throughout the earth diſplay;
ſhall own thy righteous ſway.

PSALM LXXXIII.

HOLD not thy peace, O Lord our God, no longer ſilent be;
Nor with conſenting quiet looks
2 For lo! the tumults of thy foes
And thoſe who hate thy ſaints and thee
3 Againſt thy zealous people, Lord,
And to deſtroy thy choſen ſaints
4 "Come, let us cut them off, ſay they,
"That no remembrance may remain
5 Thus they againſt thy people's peace
And diff'ring nations, jointly leagued,
6 The Iſhmaelites, that dwell in tents,
And Moab's ſons our ruin vow,
7 Proud Ammon's offspring, Gebal too,
The lords of Paleſtine, and all
8 All theſe the ſtrong Aſſyrian king
Who with a pow'rful army aids

our ruin calmly ſee.
o'er all the land are ſpread;
lift up their threat'ning head,
they craftily combine;
have laid their cloſe deſign.
their nation quite deface;
of Iſrael's hated race."
conſult with one conſent;
their common malice vent.
with warlike Edom join'd,
with Hagar's race combin'd.
with Amalek conſpire;
the wealthy ſons of Tyre.
their firm ally have got;
th' inceſtuous race of Lot.

The Second Part.

9 But let ſuch vengeance come to them,
To Jabin and proud Siſera,
10 When thy right hand their num'rous hoſts
And left their carcaſes for dung
11 Let all their mighty men the fate
As Zeba and Zalmunna, ſo
12 Who, with the ſame deſign inſpir'd,
"In firm poſſeſſion for ourſelves
13 To ruin let them haſte, like wheels
Like chaff before the winds, let all
14, 15 As flames conſume dry wood or heath
So let thy fierce purſuing wrath
16, 17 Lord, ſhroud their faces with diſgrace,
Or them confound, whoſe harden'd hearts
18 So ſhall the wond'ring world confeſs,
Jehovah's Name, o'er all the earth

as once to Midian came;
at Kiſhon's fatal ſtream.
near Endor did confound;
to feed the hungry ground.
of Zeb and Oreb ſhare;
let all their princes fare.
thus vainly boaſting ſpake,
let us God's houſes take."
which downwards ſwiftly move;
their ſcatter'd forces prove.
that on parch'd mountains grows,
with terror ſtrike thy foes.
that they may own thy Name;
thy gentler means diſclaim.
that thou, who claim'ſt alone
haſt rais'd thy lofty throne.

PSALM LXXXIV, LXXXV.

PSALM LXXXIV.

O God of hoſts, the mighty Lord, how lovely is the place,
Where thou, enthron'd in glory, ſhew'ſt the brightneſs of thy face!
2 My longing ſoul faints with deſire to view thy bleſt abode;
My panting heart and fleſh cry out for thee, the living God.
3 The birds, more happy far than I, around thy temple throng;
Securely there they build, and there ſecurely hatch their young.
4 O Lord of hoſts, my King and God, how highly bleſt are they,
Who in thy temple always dwell, and there thy praiſe diſplay!
5 Thrice happy they, whoſe choice has thee their ſure protection made;
Who long to tread the ſacred ways that to thy dwelling lead!
6 Who paſs through Baca's thirſty vale, yet no refreſhment want;
Their pools are fill'd with rain, which thou at their requeſt doſt grant.
7 Thus they proceed from ſtrength to ſtrength, and ſtill approach more near,
Till all on Sion's holy mount before their God appear.
8 O Lord, the mighty God of hoſts, my juſt requeſt regard;
Thou God of Jacob, let my pray'r be ſtill with favour heard.
9 Behold, O God, for thou alone canſt timely aid diſpenſe;
On thy anointed ſervant look, be thou his ſtrong defence:
10 For in thy courts one ſingle day 'tis better to attend,
Than, Lord, in any place beſides a thouſand days to ſpend.
11 Much rather in God's houſe will I the meaneſt office take,
Than in the wealthy tents of ſin my pompous dwelling make.
12 For God, who is our ſun and ſhield, will grace and glory give;
And no good thing will he withhold from them that juſtly live.
13 Thou God, whom heav'nly hoſts obey, how highly bleſt is he,
Whoſe hope and truſt, ſecurely plac'd, is ſtill repos'd on thee!

PSALM LXXXV.

LORD, thou haſt granted to thy land the favours we implor'd,
And faithful Jacob's captive race haſt graciouſly reſtor'd.
2, 3 Thy people's ſins thou haſt abſolv'd, and all their guilt defac'd;
Thou haſt not let thy wrath flame on, nor thy fierce anger laſt.
4 O God our Saviour, all our hearts to thy obedience turn;
That, quench'd with our repenting tears, thy wrath no more may burn.
5, 6 For why ſhould'ſt thou be angry ſtill, and wrath ſo long retain?
Revive us, Lord, and let thy ſaints thy wonted comfort gain.
7 Thy gracious favour, Lord, diſplay, which we have long implor'd;
And, for thy wondrous mercy's ſake, thy wonted aid afford.
8 God's anſwer patiently I'll wait; for he with glad ſucceſs,
(If they no more to folly turn,) his mourning ſaints will bleſs.
9 To all that fear his holy Name his ſure ſalvation's near;
And in its former happy ſtate our nation ſhall appear.
10 For mercy now with truth is join'd, and righteouſneſs with peace,
Like kind companions abſent long, with friendly arms embrace.
11, 12 Truth from the earth ſhall ſpring, whilſt heav'n ſhall ſtreams of juſtice pour;
And God, from whom all goodneſs flows, ſhall endleſs plenty ſhow'r.
13 Before him righteouſneſs ſhall march, and his juſt paths prepare;
Whilſt we his holy ſteps purſue, with conſtant zeal and care.

PSALM LXXXVI.

TO my complaint, O Lord my God, thy gracious ear incline;
Hear me, diſtreſs'd and deſtitute of all relief but thine!
2 Do thou, O God, preſerve my ſoul, that does thy Name adore;
Thy ſervant keep, and him, whoſe truſt relies on thee, reſtore.
3 To me, who daily thee invoke, thy mercy, Lord, extend;
4 Refreſh thy ſervant's ſoul, whoſe hopes on thee alone depend.
5 Thou, Lord, art good; nor only good, but prompt to pardon too;
Of plenteous mercy to all thoſe who for thy mercy ſue.
6 To my repeated humble pray'r, O Lord, attentive be;
7 When troubled I on thee will call, for thou wilt anſwer me.
8 Among the gods there's none like thee, O Lord, alone divine!
To thee as much inferior they, as are their works to thine.
9 Therefore their great Creator thee, the nation ſhall adore,
Their long miſguided pray'rs and praiſe to thy bleſt Name reſtore.
10 All ſhall confeſs thee great, and great the wonders thou haſt done:
Confeſs thee God, the God ſupreme; confeſs thee God alone.

The Second Part.

11 Teach me thy way, O Lord, and I from truth ſhall ne'er depart;
In rev'rence to thy ſacred Name devoutly fix my heart.
12 Thee will I praiſe, O Lord my God, praiſe thee with heart ſincere,
And to thy everlaſting Name eternal trophies rear.
13 Thy boundleſs mercies ſhown to me tranſcend my pow'r to tell,
For thou haſt oft redeem'd my ſoul from loweſt depths of hell.
14 O God, the ſons of pride and ſtrife have my deſtruction ſought,
Regardleſs of thy pow'r, that oft has my deliv'rance wrought.
15 But thou thy conſtant goodneſs didſt to my aſſiſtance bring;
Of patience, mercy, and of truth, thou everlaſting ſpring!
16 O bounteous Lord, thy grace and ſtrength to me thy ſervant ſhow;
Thy kind protection, Lord, on me, thine handmaid's ſon, beſtow.
17 Some ſignal give, which my proud foes may ſee with ſhame and rage,
When thou, O Lord, for my relief and comfort doſt engage.

PSALM LXXXVII.

GOD's temple crowns the holy mount, the Lord there condeſcends to dwell;
2 His Sion's gates, in his account, our Iſrael's faireſt tents excel.
3 Fame glorious things of thee ſhall ſing, O city of th' Almighty King!
4 I'll mention Rahab with due praiſe, in Babylon's applauſes join,
The fame of Ethiopia raiſe, with that of Tyre and Paleſtine;
And grant that ſome amongſt them born their age and country did adorn.
5, 6 But ſtill of Sion I'll aver, that many ſuch from her proceed;
Th' Almighty ſhall eſtabliſh her: his gen'ral liſt ſhall ſhew, when read,
That ſuch a perſon there was born, and ſuch did ſuch an age adorn.
7 He'll Sion find with numbers fill'd of ſuch as merit high renown;
For hand and voice muſicians ſkill'd, and (her tranſcending fame to crown)
Of ſuch ſhe ſhall ſucceſſions bring, like waters from a living ſpring.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

TO thee, my God and Saviour, I by day and night addreſs my cry;
2 Vouchſafe my mournful voice to hear, to my diſtreſs incline thine ear:
3 For ſeas of trouble me invade, my ſoul draws nigh to death's cold ſhade.
4 Like one whoſe ſtrength and hopes are fled, they number me among the dead.

5 Like thoſe who, ſhrouded in the grave, from thee no more remembrance have;
6 Caſt off from thy ſuſtaining care down to the confines of deſpair.
7 Thy wrath has hard upon me lain, afflicting me with reſtleſs pain:
Me all thy mountain waves have preſt, too weak, alas! to bear the leaſt.
8 Remov'd from friends, I ſigh alone in a loath'd dungeon laid, where none
A viſit will vouchſafe to me, confin'd, paſt hopes of liberty.
9 My eyes from weeping never ceaſe, they waſte, but ſtill my griefs increaſe;
Yet daily, Lord, to thee I pray'd, with out-ſtretch'd hands invok'd thy aid.
10 Wilt thou by miracle revive the dead, whom thou forſook'ſt alive?
From death reſtore, thy praiſe to ſing, whom thou from priſon would'ſt not bring?
11 Shall the mute grave thy love confeſs? a mould'ring tomb thy faithfulneſs?
12 Thy truth and pow'r renown obtain, where darkneſs and oblivion reign?
13 To thee, O Lord, I cry forlorn: my pray'r prevents the early morn.
14 Why haſt thou, Lord, my ſoul forſook, nor once vouchſaf'd a gracious look?
15 Prevailing ſorrows bear me down, which from my youth with me have grown;
Thy terrors paſt diſtract my mind, and fears of blacker days behind.
16 Thy wrath hath burſt upon my head, thy terrors fill my ſoul with dread;
17 Environ'd as with waves combin'd, and for a gen'ral deluge join'd.
18 My lovers, friends, familiars, all remov'd from ſight, and out of call;
To dark oblivion all retir'd, dead, or at leaſt to me expir'd.

PSALM LXXXIX.

THY mercies, Lord, ſhall be my ſong, my ſong on them ſhall ever dwell;
To ages yet unborn my tongue thy never-failing truth ſhall tell.
2 I have affirm'd, and ſtill maintain, thy mercy ſhall for ever laſt;
Thy truth, that does the heav'ns ſuſtain, like them ſhall ſtand for ever faſt.
3 Thus ſpak'ſt thou by the prophet's voice, "With David I a league have made;
"To him, my ſervant and my choice, by ſolemn oath this grant convey'd:
4 "While earth, and ſeas, and ſkies endure, thy ſeed ſhall in my ſight remain;
"To them thy throne I will inſure; they ſhall to endleſs ages reign."
5 For ſuch ſtupendous truth and love both heav'n and earth juſt praiſes owe,
By choirs of angels ſung above, and by aſſembled ſaints below.
6 What ſeraph of celeſtial birth to vie with Iſrael's God ſhall dare?
Or who among the gods of earth with our Almighty Lord compare?
7 With rev'rence and religious dread his ſaints ſhould to his temple preſs;
His fear through all their hearts ſhould ſpread, who his Almighty Name confeſs.
8 Lord God of armies, who can boaſt of ſtrength or pow'r like thine renown'd?
Of ſuch a num'rous faithful hoſt, as that which does thy throne ſurround.
9 Thou doſt the lawleſs ſea control, and change the proſpect of the deep;
Thou mak'ſt the ſleeping billows roll; Thou mak'ſt the rolling billows ſleep.
10 Thou brak'ſt in pieces Rahab's pride, and didſt oppreſſing pow'r diſarm;
Thy ſcatter'd foes have dearly try'd the force of thy reſiſtleſs arm.
11 In thee the ſov'reign right remains of earth and heav'n; thee, Lord, alone,
The world, and all that it contains, their maker and preſerver own.
12 The poles on which the globe doth reſt were form'd by thy creating voice;
Tabor and Hermon, eaſt and weſt, in thy ſuſtaining pow'r rejoice.
13 Thy arm is mighty, ſtrong thy hand, yet, Lord, thou doſt with juſtice reign;
14 Poſſeſs'd of abſolute command, thou truth and mercy doſt maintain.
15 Happy, thrice happy, they who hear thy ſacred trumpet's joyful ſound;
Who may at feſtivals appear, with thy moſt glorious preſence crown'd!

16 Thy ſaints ſhall always be o'erjoy'd, who on thy ſacred Name rely;
And, in thy righteouſneſs employ'd, above their foes be rais'd on high.
17 For in thy ſtrength they ſhall advance, whoſe conqueſts from thy favour ſpring;
18 The Lord of hoſts is our defence, and Iſrael's God our Iſrael's King.
19 Thus ſpak'ſt thou by the prophet's voice: "A mighty champion I will ſend;
"From Judah's tribe have I made choice of one who ſhall the reſt defend.
20 "My ſervant David I have found, with holy oil anointed him;
21 "Him ſhall the hand ſupport that crown'd, and guard that gave the diadem.
22 "No prince from him ſhall tribute force, no ſon of ſtrife ſhall him annoy;
23 "His ſpiteful foes I will diſperſe, and them before his face deſtroy.
24 "My truth and grace ſhall him ſuſtain; his armies, in well order'd ranks,
25 "Shall conquer from the Tyrian main, to Tigris and Euphrates' banks.
26 "Me for his father he ſhall take, his God and rock of ſafety call;
27 "Him I my firſt-born ſon will make, and earthly kings his ſubjects all.
28 "To him my mercy I'll ſecure, my cov'nant make for ever faſt:
29 "His ſeed for ever ſhall endure; his throne, till heav'n diſſolves, ſhall laſt.

The Second Part.

30 "But if his heirs my law forſake, and from my ſacred precepts ſtray;
31 "If they my righteous ſtatutes break, nor ſtrictly my commands obey:
32 "Their ſins I'll viſit with a rod, and for their folly make them ſmart;
33 "Yet will not ceaſe to be their God, nor from my truth, like them, depart.
34 "My cov'nant I will ne'er revoke, but in remembrance faſt retain:
"The thing that once my lips have ſpoke ſhall in eternal force remain.
35 "Once have I ſworn, but once for all, and made my holineſs the tie,
"That I my grant will ne'er recall, nor to my ſervant David lie.
36 "Whoſe throne and race the conſtant ſun ſhall, like his courſe, eſtabliſh'd ſee;
37 "Of this my oath, thou conſcious moon, in heav'n my faithful witneſs be."
38 Such was thy gracious promiſe, Lord; but thou haſt now our tribes forſook;
Thy own anointed haſt abhorr'd, and turn'd on him thy wrathful look.
39 Thou ſeemeſt to have render'd void the cov'nant with thy ſervant made;
Thou haſt his dignity deſtroy'd, and in the duſt his honour laid.
40 Of ſtrong holds thou haſt him bereft, and brought his bulwarks to decay;
41 His frontier coaſts defenceleſs left, a publick ſcorn and common prey.
42 His ruin does glad triumphs yield to foes advanc'd by thee to might;
43 Thou haſt his conqu'ring ſword unſteel'd, his valour turn'd to ſhameful flight.
44 His glory is to darkneſs fled, his throne is levell'd with the ground; [drown'd.
45 His youth to wretched bondage led, with ſhame o'erwhelm'd and ſorrow
46 How long ſhall we thy abſence mourn? wilt thou for ever, Lord, retire?
Shall thy conſuming anger burn, till that and we at once expire?
47 Conſider, Lord, how ſhort a ſpace thou doſt for mortal life ordain;
No method to prolong the race, but loading it with grief and pain.
48 What man is he that can control death's ſtrict unalterable doom?
Or reſcue from the grave his ſoul, the grave that muſt mankind entomb?
49 Lord, where's thy love, thy boundleſs grace, the oath to which thy truth did ſeal,
Conſign'd to David and his race, the grant which time ſhould ne'er repeal?
50 See how thy ſervants treated are with infamy, reproach, and ſpite;
Which in my ſilent breaſt I bear from nations of licentious might.
51 How they, reproaching thy great Name, have made thy ſervant's hope their jeſt,
52 Yet thy juſt praiſes we'll proclaim, and ever ſing, "The Lord be bleſt."

Amen, Amen.

PSALM XC, XCI.

PSALM XC.

O Lord, the ſaviour and defence of us thy choſen race,
From age to age thou ſtill haſt been our ſure abiding-place.
2 Before thou brought'ſt the mountains forth, or th' earth and world didſt frame,
Thou always wert the mighty God, and ever art the ſame.
3 Thou turneſt man, O Lord, to duſt, of which he firſt was made;
And when thou ſpeak'ſt the word, "Return," 'tis inſtantly obey'd.
4 For in thy ſight a thouſand years are like a day that's paſt,
Or like a watch in dead of night, whoſe hours unminded waſte.
5 Thou ſweep'ſt us off as with a flood, we vaniſh hence like dreams;
At firſt we grow like graſs that feels the ſun's reviving beams:
6 But howſoever freſh and fair its morning beauty ſhews;
'Tis all cut down and wither'd quite before the ev'ning cloſe.
7, 8 We by thine anger are conſum'd, and by thy wrath diſmay'd:
Our publick crimes and ſecret ſins before thy ſight are laid.
9 Beneath thy anger's ſad effects our drooping days we ſpend;
Our unregarded years break off, like tales that quickly end.
10 Our term of life is ſeventy years, an age that few ſurvive;
But if, with more than common ſtrength, to eighty we arrive;
Yet then our boaſted ſtrength decays, to ſorrow turn'd, and pain:
So ſoon the ſlender thread is cut, and we no more remain.

The Second Part.

11 But who thy anger's dread effects does, as he ought, revere?
And yet thy wrath does fall or riſe, as more or leſs we fear.
12 So teach us, Lord, th' uncertain ſum of our ſhort days to mind,
That to true wiſdom all our hearts may ever be inclin'd.
13 O to thy ſervants, Lord, return, and ſpeedily relent!
As we of our miſdeeds, do thou of our juſt doom repent.
14 To ſatisfy and cheer our ſouls thy early mercy ſend;
That we may all our days to come in joy and comfort ſpend.
15 Let happy times, with large amends, dry up our former tears,
Or equal at the leaſt the term of our afflicted years.
16 To all thy ſervants, Lord, let this thy wondrous work be known,
And to our offſpring yet unborn thy glorious pow'r be ſhown.
17 Let thy bright rays upon us ſhine; give thou our work ſucceſs:
The glorious work we have in hand do thou vouchſafe to bleſs.

PSALM XCI.

HE that has God his guardian made, ſhall under the Almighty ſhade
Secure and undiſturb'd abide.
2 Thus to my ſoul of him I'll ſay, He is my fortreſs and my ſtay,
My God, in whom I will confide.
3 His tender love and watchful care ſhall free thee from the fowler's ſnare,
And from the noiſome peſtilence:
4 He over thee his wings ſhall ſpread, and cover thy unguarded head;
His truth ſhall be thy ſtrong defence.
5 No terrors that ſurpriſe by night ſhall thy undaunted courage fright,
Nor deadly ſhafts that fly by day;
6 Nor plague of unknown riſe, that kills in darkneſs, nor infectious ills
That in the hotteſt ſeaſon ſlay.

7 A thouſand at thy ſide ſhall die, at thy right hand ten thouſand lie,
While thy firm health untouch'd remains;
8 Thou only ſhalt look on and ſee the wicked's diſmal tragedy,
And count the ſinner's mournful gains.
9 Becauſe (with well-plac'd confidence) thou mak'ſt the Lord thy ſure defence,
And on the Higheſt doſt rely;
10 Therefore no ill ſhall thee befall, nor to thy healthful dwelling ſhall
Any infectious plague draw nigh.
11 For he, throughout thy happy days, to keep thee ſafe in all thy ways
Shall give his angels ſtrict commands; [feet,
12 And they, leſt thou ſhould'ſt chance to meet with ſome rough ſtone to wound thy
Shall bear thee ſafely in their hands.
13 Dragons and aſps, that thirſt for blood, and lions roaring for their food,
Beneath his conqu'ring feet ſhall lie;
14 Becauſe he lov'd and honour'd me, therefore, ſays God, I'll ſet him free,
And fix his glorious throne on high.
15 He'll call; I'll anſwer, when he calls, and reſcue him when ill befalls;
Increaſe his honour and his wealth:
16 And when with undiſturb'd content his long and happy life is ſpent,
His end I'll crown with ſaving health.

PSALM XCII.

HOW good and pleaſant muſt it be to thank the Lord moſt high;
And with repeated hymns of praiſe his Name to magnify!
2 With every morning's early dawn his goodneſs to relate;
And of his conſtant truth each night the glad effects repeat!
3 To ten-ſtring'd inſtruments we'll ſing, with tuneful pſalt'ries join'd;
And to the harp with ſolemn ſounds, for ſacred uſe deſign'd.
4 For through thy wondrous works, O Lord, thou mak'ſt my heart rejoice;
The thoughts of them ſhall make me glad, and ſhout with cheerful voice.
5, 6 How wondrous are thy works, O Lord! how deep are thy decrees!
Whoſe winding tracks, in ſecret laid, no ſtupid ſinner ſees.
7 He little thinks, when wicked men, like graſs, look freſh and gay,
How ſoon their ſhort-liv'd ſplendour muſt for ever paſs away.
8, 9 But thou, my God, art ſtill moſt high, and all thy lofty foes,
Who thought they might ſecurely ſin, ſhall be o'erwhelm'd with woes.
10 Whilſt thou exalt'ſt my ſov'reign pow'r, and mak'ſt it largely ſpread;
And with refreſhing oil anoint'ſt my conſecrated head;
11 I ſoon ſhall ſee my ſtubborn foes to utter ruin brought,
And hear the diſmal end of thoſe who have againſt me fought.
12 But righteous men, like fruitful palms, ſhall make a glorious ſhow;
As cedars that in Lebanon in ſtately order grow.
13, 14 Theſe, planted in the houſe of God, within his courts ſhall thrive;
Their vigour and their luſtre both ſhall in old age revive.
15 Thus will the Lord his juſtice ſhow; and God, my ſtrong defence,
Shall due rewards to all the world impartially diſpenſe.

PSALM XCIII.

WITH glory clad, with ſtrength array'd, the Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundations ſtrongly laid, and the vaſt fabrick ſtill ſuſtains.
2 How ſurely ſtabliſh'd is thy throne, which ſhall no change or period ſee!
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone, art God from all eternity.

3, 4 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice, and toſs the troubled waves on high;
But God above can ſtill their noiſe, and make the angry ſea comply.
5 Thy promiſe, Lord, is ever ſure, and they that in thy houſe would dwell,
That happy ſtation to ſecure, muſt ſtill in holineſs excel.

PSALM XCIV.

1, 2 O God, to whom revenge belongs, thy vengeance now diſcloſe;
Ariſe, thou Judge of all the earth, and cruſh thy haughty foes.
3, 4 How long, O Lord, ſhall ſinful men their ſolemn triumphs make?
How long their wicked actions boaſt, and inſolently ſpeak?
5, 6 Not only they thy ſaints oppreſs, but unprovok'd they ſpill
The widow's and the ſtranger's blood, and helpleſs orphans kill.
7 "And yet the Lord ſhall ne'er perceive," (profanely thus they ſpeak,)
"Nor any notice of our deeds the God of Jacob take."
8 At length, ye ſtupid fools, your wants endeavour to diſcern;
In folly will you ſtill proceed, and wiſdom never learn?
9, 10 Can he be deaf, who form'd the ear? or blind, who fram'd the eye?
Shall earth's great Judge not puniſh thoſe who his known will defy?
11 He fathoms all the thoughts of men, to him their hearts lie bare;
His eye ſurveys them all, and ſees how vain their counſels are.

The Second Part.

12 Bleſs'd is the man, whom thou, O Lord, in kindneſs doſt chaſtiſe,
And by thy ſacred rules to walk doſt lovingly adviſe.
13 This man ſhall reſt and ſafety find in ſeaſons of diſtreſs,
Whilſt God prepares a pit for thoſe that ſtubbornly tranſgreſs.
14 For God will never from his ſaints his favour wholly take;
His own poſſeſſion and his lot he will not quite forſake.
15 The world ſhall then confeſs thee juſt in all that thou haſt done;
And thoſe that chooſe thy upright ways ſhall in thoſe paths go on.
16 Who will appear in my behalf when wicked men invade?
Or who, when ſinners would oppreſs, my righteous cauſe ſhall plead?
17, 18, 19 Long ſince had I in ſilence ſlept, but that the Lord was near,
To ſtay me when I ſlipt: when ſad, my troubled heart to cheer.
20 Wilt thou, who art a God moſt juſt, their ſinful throne ſuſtain,
Who make the law a fair pretence their wicked ends to gain?
21 Againſt the lives of righteous men they form their cloſe deſign;
And, blood of innocents to ſpill, in ſolemn league combine.
22 But my defence is firmly plac'd in God the Lord moſt high;
He is my rock, to which I may for refuge always fly.
23 The Lord ſhall cauſe their ill deſigns on their own heads to fall;
He in their ſins ſhall cut them off, our God ſhall ſlay them all.

PSALM XCV.

O Come, loud anthems let us ſing, loud thanks to our Almighty King;
For we our voices high ſhould raiſe when our ſalvation's rock we praiſe.
2 Into his preſence let us haſte, to thank him for his favours paſt;
To him addreſs, in joyful ſongs, the praiſe that to his Name belongs.
3 For God, the Lord, enthron'd in ſtate is with unrivall'd glory great;
A King, ſuperior far to all, whom gods the heathen falſely call.
4 The depths of earth are in his hand, her ſecret wealth at his command;
The ſtrength of hills that reach the ſkies ſubjected to his empire lies.

5 The rolling ocean's vaſt abyſs by the ſame ſov'reign right is his:
'Tis mov'd by his Almighty hand, that form'd and fix'd the ſolid land.
6 O let us to his courts repair, and bow with adoration there;
Down on our knees devoutly all before the Lord our Maker fall.
7 For he's our God, our ſhepherd he, his flock and paſture ſheep are we;
If then you'll (like his flock) draw near, to-day if you his voice will hear,
8 Let not your harden'd hearts renew your fathers' crimes and judgments too;
Nor here provoke my wrath, as they in deſert plains of Meribah.
9 When through the wilderneſs they mov'd, and me with freſh temptations prov'd,
They ſtill, through unbelief, rebell'd, while they my wondrous works beheld.
10, 11 They forty years my patience griev'd, though daily I their wants reliev'd;
Then,—'Tis a faithleſs race, I ſaid, whoſe heart from me has always ſtray'd.
12 They ne'er will tread my righteous path; therefore to them, in ſettled wrath,
Since they deſpis'd my reſt, I ſware that they ſhould never enter there.

PSALM XCVI.

SING to the Lord a new-made ſong; let earth, in one aſſembled throng,
Her common Patron's praiſe reſound.
2 Sing to the Lord, and bleſs his Name, from day to day his praiſe proclaim,
Who us has with ſalvation crown'd.
3 To heathen lands his fame rehearſe, his wonders to the univerſe.
4 He's great, and greatly to be prais'd; in majeſty and glory rais'd
Above all other deities.
5 For pageantry and idols all are they whom gods the heathen call;
He only rules who made the ſkies.
6 With majeſty and honour crown'd, beauty and ſtrength his throne ſurround.
7 Be therefore both to him reſtor'd, by you who have falſe gods ador'd;
Aſcribe due honour to his Name:
8 Peace off'rings on his altar lay, before his throne your homage pay,
Which he, and he alone, can claim.
9 To worſhip at his ſacred court let all the trembling world reſort.
10 Proclaim aloud, Jehovah reigns, whoſe pow'r the univerſe ſuſtains,
And baniſh'd juſtice will reſtore.
11 Let therefore heav'n new joys confeſs, and heav'nly mirth let earth expreſs;
Its loud applauſe the ocean roar:
Its mute inhabitants rejoice, and for this triumph find a voice.
12 For joy let fertile vallies ſing, the cheerful groves their tribute bring;
The tuneful choir of birds awake,
13 The Lord's approach to celebrate; who now ſets out with awful ſtate,
His circuit through the earth to take.
From heav'n to judge the world he's come, with juſtice to reward and doom.

PSALM XCVII.

JEHOVAH reigns, let all the earth in his juſt government rejoice;
Let all the iſles, with ſacred mirth, in his applauſe unite their voice.
2 Darkneſs and clouds of awful ſhade his dazzling glory ſhroud in ſtate;
Juſtice and truth his guards are made, and, fix'd by his pavilion, wait.
3 Devouring fire before his face his foes around with vengeance ſtruck;
4 His lightnings ſet the world on blaze; earth ſaw it, and with terror ſhook.
5 The proudeſt hills his preſence felt, their height nor ſtrength could help afford;
The proudeſt hills like wax did melt in preſence of th' Almighty Lord.
6 The heav'ns, his righteouſneſs to ſhow, with ſtorms of fire our foes purſu'd;
And all the trembling world below have his deſcending glory view'd.

7 Confounded be their impious hoſts, who make the gods to whom they pray;
All who of pageant idols boaſt, to him, ye gods, your worſhip pay.
8 Glad Sion of thy triumph heard, and Judah's daughters were o'erjoy'd;
Becauſe thy righteous judgments, Lord, have Pagan pride and pow'r deſtroy'd.
9 For thou, O God, art ſeated high, above earth's potentates enthron'd;
Thou, Lord, unrivall'd in the ſky, ſupreme by all the gods art own'd.
10 You, who to ſerve this Lord aſpire, abhor what's ill, and truth eſteem;
He'll keep his ſervants' ſouls entire, and them from wicked hands redeem.
11 For ſeeds are ſown of glorious light, a future harveſt for the juſt;
And gladneſs for the heart that's right, to recompenſe its pious truſt.
12 Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord: memorials of his holineſs
Deep in your faithful breaſts record, and with your thankful tongues confeſs.

PSALM XCVIII.

SING to the Lord a new made ſong, who wondrous things has done;
With his right hand and holy arm the conqueſt he has won.
2 The Lord has through th' aſtoniſh'd world diſplay'd his ſaving might,
And made his righteous acts appear in all the heathen's ſight.
3 Of Iſrael's houſe his love and truth have ever mindful been;
Wide earth's remoteſt parts the pow'r of Iſrael's God have ſeen.
4 Let therefore earth's inhabitants their cheerful voices raiſe,
And all with univerſal joy reſound their Maker's praiſe.
5 With harp and hymn's ſoft melody into the concert bring,
6 The trumpet and ſhrill cornet's ſound, before th' Almighty King.
7 Let the loud ocean roar her joy, with all that ſeas contain;
The earth and her inhabitants join concert with the main.
8 With joy let riv'lets ſwell to ſtreams, to ſpreading torrents they;
And echoing vales from hill to hill redoubled ſhouts convey;
9 To welcome down the world's great Judge, who does with juſtice come,
And with impartial equity both to reward and doom.

PSALM XCIX.

JEHOVAH reigns, let therefore all the guilty nations quake:
On cherubs' wings he ſits enthron'd; let earth's foundations ſhake.
2 On Sion's hill he keeps his court, his palace makes her tow'rs;
Yet thence his ſov'reignty extends ſupreme o'er earthly pow'rs.
3 Let therefore all with praiſe addreſs his great and dreadful Name;
And with his unreſiſted might his holineſs proclaim.
4 For truth and juſtice in his reign of ſtrength and pow'r take place;
His judgments are with righteouſneſs diſpens'd to Jacob's race.
5 Therefore exalt the Lord our God, before his footſtool fall;
And with his unreſiſted might his holineſs extol.
6 Moſes and Aaron thus of old among his prieſts ador'd;
Among his prophets Samuel thus his ſacred Name implor'd.
Diſtreſs'd, upon the Lord they call'd, who ne'er their ſuit deny'd;
But, as with rev'rence they implor'd, he graciouſly reply'd.
7 For with their camp, to guide their march, the cloudy pillar mov'd:
They kept his laws, and to his will obedient ſervants prov'd.
8 He anſwer'd them, forgiving oft his people for their ſake;
And thoſe who raſhly them oppos'd, did ſad examples make.
9 With worſhip at his ſacred courts exalt our God and Lord;
For he, who only holy is, alone ſhould be ador'd.

PSALM C.

1, 2 WITH one conſent let all the earth to God their cheerful voices raiſe;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth, and ſing before him ſongs of praiſe.
3 Convinc'd that he is God alone, from whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom he chooſes for his own, the flock that he vouchſafes to feed.
4 O enter then his temple gate, thence to his courts devoutly preſs,
And ſtill your grateful hymns repeat, and ſtill his Name with praiſes bleſs.
5 For he's the Lord, ſupremely good, his mercy is for ever ſure:
His truth, which always firmly ſtood, to endleſs ages ſhall endure.

PSALM CI.

OF mercy's never-failing ſpring, and ſteadfaſt judgment I will ſing;
And ſince they both to thee belong, to thee, O Lord, addreſs my ſong.
2 When, Lord, thou ſhalt with me reſide, wiſe diſcipline my reign ſhall guide;
With blameleſs life myſelf I'll make a pattern for my court to take.
3 No ill deſign will I purſue, nor thoſe my fav'rites make that do.
4 Who to reproof bears no regard, him will I totally diſcard.
5 The private ſlanderer ſhall be in publick juſtice doom'd by me.
From haughty looks I'll turn aſide, and mortify the heart of pride.
6 But honeſty, call'd from her cell, in ſplendour at my court ſhall dwell:
Who virtue's practice make their care, ſhall have the firſt preferments there.
7 No politicks ſhall recommend his country's foe to be my friend:
None e'er ſhall to my favour riſe by flatt'ring or malicious lies.
8 All thoſe who wicked courſes take an early ſacrifice I'll make;
Cut off, deſtroy, till none remain God's holy city to profane.

PSALM CII.

WHEN I pour out my ſoul in pray'r, do thou, O Lord, attend;
To thy eternal throne of grace let my ſad cry aſcend.
2 O hide not thou thy glorious face in times of deep diſtreſs;
Incline thine ear, and, when I call, my ſorrows ſoon redreſs.
3 Each cloudy portion of my life like ſcatter'd ſmoke expires;
My ſhrivell'd bones are like a hearth parch'd with continual fires.
4 My heart, like graſs that feels the blaſt of ſome infectious wind,
Does languiſh ſo with grief, that ſcarce my needful food I mind.
5 By reaſon of my ſad eſtate I ſpend my breath in groans;
My fleſh is worn away, my ſkin ſcarce hides my ſtarting bones.
6 I'm like a pelican become, that does in deſerts mourn;
Or like an owl, that ſits all day on barren trees forlorn.
7 In watchings or in reſtleſs dreams the night by me is ſpent,
As by thoſe ſolitary birds that loneſome roofs frequent.
8 All day by railing foes I'm made the ſubject of their ſcorn;
Who all, poſſeſs'd with furious rage, have my deſtruction ſworn.
9 When grov'ling on the ground I lie, oppreſs'd with grief and fears,
My bread is ſtrew'd with aſhes o'er, my drink is mix'd with tears.
10 Becauſe on me with double weight thy heavy wrath doth lie;
For thou, to make my fall more great, didſt lift me up on high.
11 My days, juſt haſt'ning to their end, are like an ev'ning ſhade;
My beauty does, like wither'd graſs, with waning luſtre fade.
12 But thy eternal ſtate, O Lord, no length of time ſhall waſte;
The mem'ry of thy wondrous works from age to age ſhall laſt.

13 Thou ſhalt ariſe, and Sion view — with an unclouded face;
For now her time is come, thy own — appointed day of grace.
14 Her ſcatter'd ruins by thy ſaints — with pity are ſurvey'd;
They grieve to ſee her lofty ſpires — in duſt and rubbiſh laid.
15, 16 The Name and glory of the Lord — all heathen kings ſhall fear;
When he ſhall Sion build again, — and in full ſtate appear.
17, 18 When he regards the poor's requeſt, — nor ſlights their earneſt pray'r;
Our ſons, for this recorded grace, — ſhall his juſt praiſe declare.
19 For God, from his abode on high, — his gracious beams diſplay'd:
The Lord from heav'n, his lofty throne, — has all the earth ſurvey'd.
20 He liſten'd to the captives' moans, — he heard their mournful cry,
And freed by his reſiſtleſs pow'r — the wretches doom'd to die.
21 That they in Sion, where he dwells, — might celebrate his fame,
And through the holy city ſing — loud praiſes to his Name.
22 When all the tribes aſſembling there — their ſolemn vows addreſs,
And neighb'ring lands, with glad conſent, — the Lord their God confeſs.
23 But, ere my race is run, my ſtrength — through his fierce wrath decays;
He has, when all my wiſhes bloom'd, — cut ſhort my hopeful days.
24 Lord, end not thou my life, ſaid I, — when half is ſcarcely paſt:
Thy years, from worldly changes free, — to endleſs ages laſt.
25 The ſtrong foundations of the earth — of old by thee were laid;
Thy hands the beauteous arch of heav'n — with wondrous ſkill have made.
26, 27 Whilſt thou for ever ſhalt endure, — they ſoon ſhall paſs away;
And, like a garment often worn, — ſhall tarniſh and decay.
Like that, when thou ordain'ſt their change, — to thy command they bend:
But thou continu'ſt ſtill the ſame, — nor have thy years an end.
28 Thou to the children of thy ſaints — ſhall laſting quiet give;
Whoſe happy race, ſecurely fix'd, — ſhall in thy preſence live.

PSALM CIII.

1, 2 MY ſoul, inſpir'd with ſacred love, — God's holy Name for ever bleſs;
Of all his favours mindful prove, — and ſtill thy grateful thanks expreſs.
3, 4 'Tis he that all thy ſins forgives, — and after ſickneſs makes thee ſound;
From danger he thy life retrieves, — by him with grace and mercy crown'd.
5, 6 He with good things thy mouth ſupplies; — thy vigour, eagle-like, renews:
He, when the guiltleſs ſuff'rer cries, — his foe with juſt revenge purſues.
7 God made of old his righteous ways — to Moſes and our fathers known;
His works, to his eternal praiſe, — were to the ſons of Jacob ſhown.
8 The Lord abounds with tender love, — and unexampled acts of grace;
His waken'd wrath does ſlowly move, — his willing mercy flows apace.
9, 10 God will not always harſhly chide, — but with his anger quickly part;
And loves his puniſhments to guide — more by his love than our deſert.
11 As high as heav'n its arch extends — above this little ſpot of clay,
So much his boundleſs love tranſcends — the ſmall reſpects that we can pay.
12, 13 As far as 'tis from eaſt to weſt, — ſo far has he our ſins remov'd,
Who with a father's tender breaſt — has ſuch as fear him always lov'd.
14, 15 For God, who all our frame ſurveys, — conſiders that we are but clay;
How freſh ſoe'er we ſeem, our days — like graſs or flowers muſt fade away.
16, 17 Whilſt they are nipt with ſudden blaſts, — nor can we find their former place;
God's faithful mercy ever laſts — to thoſe that fear him, and their race.
18 This ſhall attend on ſuch as ſtill — proceed in his appointed way;
And who not only know his will, — but to it juſt obedience pay.

19, 20 The Lord, the univerſal King, in heav'n has fix'd his lofty throne;
To him, ye angels, praiſes ſing, in whoſe great ſtrength his pow'r is ſhown.
Ye that his juſt commands obey, and hear and do his ſacred will,
21 Ye hoſts of his, this tribute pay, who ſtill what he ordains fulfil.
22 Let ev'ry creature jointly bleſs the mighty Lord: and thou, my heart,
With grateful joy thy thanks expreſs, and in this concert bear thy part.

PSALM CIV.

BLESS God, my ſoul; thou, Lord, alone poſſeſſeſt empire without bounds;
With honour thou art crown'd, thy throne eternal majeſty ſurrounds.
2 With light thou doſt thyſelf enrobe, and glory for a garment take;
Heav'n's curtains ſtretch beyond the globe, thy canopy of ſtate to make.
3 God builds on liquid air, and forms his palace chambers in the ſkies;
The clouds his chariot are, and ſtorms the ſwift-wing'd ſteeds with which he flies.
4 As bright as flame, and ſwift as wind, his miniſters heaven's palace fill,
To have their ſundry taſks aſſign'd; all proud to ſerve their ſov'reign's will.
5, 6 Earth on her centre fix'd he ſet, her face with waters overſpread,
Nor proudeſt mountains dar'd, as yet, to lift above the waves their head.
7 But when thy awful face appear'd, th' inſulting waves diſpers'd; they fled,
When once thy thunder's voice they heard, and by their haſte confeſs'd their dread.
8 Thence up by ſecret tracks they creep, and, guſhing from the mountain's ſide,
Through vallies travel to the deep, appointed to receive their tide.
9 There haſt thou fix'd the ocean's bounds, the threat'ning ſurges to repel;
That they no more o'erpaſs their mounds, nor to a ſecond deluge ſwell.

The Second Part.

10 Yet thence, in ſmaller parties drawn, the ſea recovers her loſt hills;
And ſtarting ſprings from ev'ry lawn ſurpriſe the vales with plenteous rills.
11 The fields' tame beaſts are thither led, weary with labour, faint with drought:
And aſſes, on wild mountains bred, have ſenſe to find theſe currents out.
12 Their ſhady trees, from ſcorching beams, yield ſhelter to the feather'd throng;
They drink, and to the bounteous ſtreams return the tribute of their ſong.
13 His rains from heav'n parch'd hills recruit, that ſoon tranſmit the liquid ſtore,
Till earth is burden'd with her fruit, and nature's lap can hold no more.
14 Graſs for our cattle to devour, he makes the growth of ev'ry field;
Herbs for man's uſe, of various pow'r, that either food or phyſick yield.
15 With cluſter'd grapes he crowns the vine, to cheer man's heart, oppreſs'd with cares;
Gives oil that makes his face to ſhine, and corn that waſted ſtrength repairs.

The Third Part.

16 The trees of God, without the care or art of man, with ſap are fed;
The mountain cedar looks as fair as thoſe in royal gardens bred.
17 Safe in the lofty cedar's arms the wand'rers of the air may reſt;
The hoſpitable pine from harms protects the ſtork, her pious gueſt.
18 Wild goats the craggy rocks aſcend, its tow'ring heights their fortreſs make,
Whoſe cells in labyrinths extend, where feebler creatures refuge take.
19 The moon's inconſtant aſpect ſhows th' appointed ſeaſons of the year;
Th' inſtructed ſun his duty knows, his hours to riſe and diſappear.
20, 21 Darkneſs he makes the earth to ſhroud, when foreſt beaſts ſecurely ſtray;
Young lions roar their wants aloud to Providence, that ſends them prey.
22 They range all night, on ſlaughter bent, till, ſummon'd by the riſing morn,
To ſculk in dens, with one conſent, the conſcious ravagers return.

23 Forth to the tillage of his ſoil the huſbandman ſecurely goes,
Commencing with the ſun his toil, with him returns to his repoſe.
24 How various, Lord, thy works are found, for which thy wiſdom we adore;
The earth is with thy treaſure crown'd, till nature's hand can graſp no more!

The Fourth Part.

25 But ſtill the vaſt unfathom'd main of wonders a new ſcene ſupplies;
Whoſe depths inhabitants contain of ev'ry form and ev'ry ſize.
26 Full-freighted ſhips from ev'ry port there cut their unmoleſted way;
Leviathan, whom there to ſport thou mad'ſt, has compaſs there to play.

27 Theſe various troops of ſea and land in ſenſe of common want agree:
All wait on thy diſpenſing hand, and have their daily alms from thee.
28 They gather what thy ſtores diſperſe, without their trouble to provide:
Thou op'ſt thy hand, the univerſe, the craving world, is all ſupply'd.
29 Thou for a moment hid'ſt thy face, the num'rous ranks of creatures mourn;
Thou tak'ſt their breath, all nature's race forthwith to mother earth return.
30 Again thou ſend'ſt thy Spirit forth t' inſpire the maſs with vital ſeed;
Nature's reſtor'd, and parent earth ſmiles on her new-created breed.
31 Thus through ſucceſſive ages ſtands, firm fix'd, thy providential care;
Pleas'd with the work of thy own hands, thou doſt the waſtes of time repair.
32 One look of thine, one wrathful look, earth's panting breaſt with terror fills;
One touch from thee, with clouds of ſmoke in darkneſs ſhrouds the proudeſt hills.

33 In praiſing God, while he prolongs my breath, I will that breath employ;
34 And join devotion to my ſongs, ſincere as is in him my joy.
35 While ſinners from earth's face are hurl'd, my ſoul, praiſe thou his holy Name,
Till with my ſong the liſt'ning world join concert, and his praiſe proclaim.

PSALM CV.

O Render thanks, and bleſs the Lord; invoke his ſacred Name;
Acquaint the nations with his deeds, his matchleſs deeds proclaim.
2 Sing to his praiſe, in lofty hymns his wondrous works rehearſe;
Make them the theme of your diſcourſe, and ſubject of your verſe.
3 Rejoice in his Almighty Name, alone to be ador'd;
And let their heart o'erflow with joy that humbly ſeek the Lord.
4 Seek ye the Lord, his ſaving ſtrength devoutly ſtill implore;
And, where he's ever preſent, ſeek his face for evermore.
5 The wonders that his hands have wrought keep thankfully in mind;
The righteous ſtatutes of his mouth, and laws to us aſſign'd.
6 Know ye, his ſervant Abr'am's ſeed, and Jacob's choſen race;
7 He's ſtill our God, his judgments ſtill throughout the earth take place.
8 His cov'nant he hath kept in mind for num'rous ages paſt;
Which yet for thouſand ages more in equal force ſhall laſt.
9 Firſt ſign'd to Abr'am, next by oath to Iſaac made ſecure;
10 To Jacob and his heirs a law for ever to endure.
11 That Canaan's land ſhould be their lot, when yet but few they were;
12 But few in number, and thoſe few all friendleſs ſtrangers there.
13 In pilgrimage from realm to realm ſecurely they remov'd;
14 Whilſt proudeſt monarchs for their ſakes ſeverely he reprov'd.
15 "Theſe mine anointed are, (ſaid he,) let none my ſervants wrong;
"Nor treat the pooreſt prophet ill, that does to me belong."
16 A dearth at laſt, by his command, did through the land prevail;
Till corn, the chief ſupport of life, ſuſtaining corn did fail.

17 But his indulgent providence had pious Joſeph ſent,
Sold into Egypt, but their death who ſold him to prevent.
18 His feet with heavy chains were cruſh'd, with calumny his fame;
19 Till God's appointed time and word to his deliv'rance came.
20 The king his ſov'reign orders ſent, and reſcu'd him with ſpeed;
Whom private malice had confin'd, the people's ruler freed.
21 His court, revenues, realm, were all ſubjected to his will;
22 His greateſt princes to control, and teach his ſtateſmen ſkill.

The Second Part.

23 To Egypt then, invited gueſts, half-famiſh'd Iſrael came;
And Jacob held, by royal grant, the fertile ſoil of Ham.
24 Th' Almighty there with ſuch increaſe his people multiply'd,
Till with their proud oppreſſors they in ſtrength and number vy'd.
25 Their vaſt increaſe th' Egyptians' hearts with jealous anger fir'd,
Till they his ſervants to deſtroy by treach'rous arts conſpir'd.
26 His ſervant Moſes then he ſent, his choſen Aaron too;
27 Empower'd with ſigns and miracles to prove their miſſion true.
28 He call'd for darkneſs, darkneſs came; nature his ſummons knew;
29 Each ſtream and lake, transform'd to blood, the wand'ring fiſhes ſlew.
30 In putrid floods, throughout the land, the peſt of frogs was bred;
From noiſome fens ſent up to croak at Pharaoh's board and bed.
31 He gave the ſign, and ſwarms of flies came down in cloudy hoſts,
Whilſt earth's enliven'd duſt below bred lice through all their coaſts.
32 He ſent them batt'ring hail for rain, and fire for cooling dew;
33 He ſmote their vines and foreſt plants, and garden's pride o'erthrew.
34 He ſpake the word, and locuſts came, with caterpillars join'd;
They prey'd upon the poor remains the ſtorm had left behind.
35 From trees to herbage they deſcend, no verdant thing they ſpare;
But, like the naked fallow field, leave all the paſtures bare.
36 From fields to villages and towns commiſſion'd vengeance flew;
One fatal ſtroke their eldeſt hopes and ſtrength of Egypt ſlew.
37 He brought his ſervants forth, enrich'd with Egypt's borrow'd wealth;
And, what tranſcends all treaſures elſe, enrich'd with vig'rous health.
38 Egypt rejoic'd, in hopes to find her plagues with them remov'd;
Taught dearly now to fear worſe ills by thoſe already prov'd.
39 Their ſhrouding canopy by day a journeying cloud was ſpread;
A fiery pillar all the night their deſert marches led.
40 They long'd for fleſh; with ev'ning quails he furniſh'd ev'ry tent;
From heav'n's own granary, each morn, the bread of angels ſent.
41 He ſmote the rock, whoſe flinty breaſt pour'd forth a guſhing tide;
Whoſe flowing ſtreams, where'er they march'd, the deſert's drought ſupply'd.
42 For ſtill he did on Abr'am's faith an ancient league reflect;
43 He brought his people forth with joy, with triumph his elect.
44 Quite rooting out their heathen foes from Canaan's fertile ſoil,
To them in cheap poſſeſſion gave the fruit of others' toil.
45 That they his ſtatutes might obſerve, his ſacred laws obey;
For benefits ſo vaſt let us our ſongs of praiſe repay.

PSALM CVI.

O Render thanks to God above, the fountain of eternal love;
Whoſe mercy firm through ages paſt has ſtood, and ſhall for ever laſt.
2 Who can his mighty deeds expreſs, not only vaſt but numberleſs?
What mortal eloquence can raiſe his tribute of immortal praiſe?

3 Happy are they, and only they, who from thy judgments never ſtray:
Who know what's right, nor only ſo, but always practiſe what they know.
4 Extend to me that favour, Lord, thou to thy choſen doſt afford:
When thou return'ſt to ſet them free, let thy ſalvation viſit me.
5 O may I worthy prove to ſee thy ſaints in full proſperity;
That I the joyful choir may join, and count thy people's triumph mine.
6 But ah! can we expect ſuch grace, of parents vile the viler race;
Who their miſdeeds have acted o'er, and with new crimes increas'd the ſcore?
7 Ungrateful, they no longer thought on all his works in Egypt wrought;
The Red ſea they no ſooner view'd but they their baſe diſtruſt renew'd.
8 Yet he, to vindicate his Name, once more to their deliv'rance came,
To make his ſov'reign pow'r be known, that he is God, and he alone.
9 To right and left, at his command, the parting deep diſclos'd her ſand;
Where firm and dry the paſſage lay, as through ſome parch'd and deſert way.
10 Thus reſcu'd from their foes they were, who cloſely preſs'd upon their rear;
11 Whoſe rage purſu'd them to thoſe waves, that prov'd the raſh purſuers' graves.
12 The wat'ry mountain's ſudden fall o'erwhelm'd proud Pharaoh, hoſt and all;
This proof did ſtupid Iſrael move to own God's truth, and praiſe his love.

The Second Part.

13 But ſoon theſe wonders they forgot, and for his counſel waited not;
14 But, luſting in the wilderneſs, did him with freſh temptations preſs.
15 Strong food at their requeſt he ſent, but made their ſin their puniſhment;
16 Yet ſtill his ſaints they did oppoſe, the prieſt and prophet whom he choſe.
17 But earth, the quarrel to decide, her vengeful jaws extending wide,
Raſh Dathan to her centre drew, with proud Abiram's factious crew.
18 The reſt of thoſe who did conſpire to kindle wild ſedition's fire,
With all their impious train, became a prey to heav'n's devouring flame.
19 Near Horeb's mount a calf they made, and to the molten image pray'd;
20 Adoring what their hands did frame, they chang'd their glory to their ſhame.
21 Their God and Saviour they forgot, and all his works in Egypt wrought;
22 His ſigns in Ham's aſtoniſh'd coaſt, and where proud Pharaoh's troops were loſt.
23 Thus urg'd, his vengeful hand he rear'd, but Moſes in the breach appear'd;
The ſaint did for the rebels pray, and turn'd heav'n's kindled wrath away.
24 Yet they his pleaſant land deſpis'd, nor his repeated promiſe priz'd;
25 Nor did th' Almighty's voice obey, but when God ſaid, Go up, would ſtay.
26, 27 This ſeal'd their doom without redreſs, to periſh in the wilderneſs;
Or elſe to be by heathen hands o'erthrown, and ſcatter'd thro' the lands.

The Third Part.

28 Yet, unreclaim'd, this ſtubborn race Baal-peor's worſhip did embrace;
Became his impious gueſts, and fed on ſacrifices to the dead.
29 Thus they perſiſted to provoke God's vengeance to the final ſtroke;
'Tis come;—the deadly peſt is come, to execute their gen'ral doom.
30 But Phinehas, fir'd with holy rage, (th' Almighty vengeance to aſſwage,)
Did, by two bold offenders' fall, th' atonement make that ranſom'd all.
31 As him a heav'nly zeal had mov'd, ſo Heav'n the zealous act approv'd;
To him confirming, and his race, the prieſthood he ſo well did grace.
32 At Meribah God's wrath they mov'd, who Moſes for their ſakes reprov'd;
33 Whoſe patient ſoul they did provoke, till raſhly the meek prophet ſpoke.
34 Nor, when poſſeſs'd of Canaan's land, did they perform their Lord's command;
Nor his commiſſion'd ſword employ the guilty nations to deſtroy.

35 Nor only ſpar'd the Pagan crew, but, mingling, learnt their vices too;
36 And worſhip to thoſe idols paid, which them to fatal ſnares betray'd.
37, 38 To devils they did ſacrifice their children with relentleſs eyes;
Approach'd their altars through a flood of their own ſons' and daughters' blood.
No cheaper victims would appeaſe Canaan's remorſeleſs deities;
No blood her idols reconcile, but that which did the land defile.

The Fourth Part.

39 Nor did theſe ſavage cruelties the harden'd reprobates ſuffice;
For after their hearts' luſt they went, and daily did new crimes invent.
40 But ſins of ſuch infernal hue God's wrath againſt his people drew,
Till he, their once indulgent Lord, his own inheritance abhorr'd.
41 He them, defenceleſs, did expoſe to their inſulting heathen foes;
And made them on the triumphs wait of thoſe who bore them greateſt hate.
42 Nor thus his indignation ceas'd: their liſt of tyrants he increas'd,
Till they, who God's mild ſway declin'd, were made the vaſſals of mankind.
43 Yet when diſtreſs'd they did repent, his anger did as oft relent;
But freed, they did his wrath provoke, renew'd their ſins, and he their yoke.
44 Nor yet implacable he prov'd, nor heard their wretched cries unmov'd;
45 But did to mind his promiſe bring, and mercy's inexhauſted ſpring.
46 Compaſſion too he did impart e'en to their foes' obdurate heart,
And pity for their ſuff'rings bred in thoſe, who them to bondage led.
47 Still ſave us, Lord, and Iſrael's bands together bring from heathen lands,
So to thy Name our thanks we'll raiſe, and ever triumph in thy praiſe.
48 Let Iſrael's God be ever bleſs'd, his name eternally confeſs'd:
Let all his ſaints, with full accord, ſing loud Amens—Praiſe ye the Lord.

PSALM CVII.

TO God your grateful voices raiſe, who does your daily patron prove;
And let your never-ceaſing praiſe attend on his eternal love.
2, 3 Let thoſe give thanks whom he from bands of proud oppreſſing foes releas'd;
And brought them back from diſtant lands, from north and ſouth, and weſt and eaſt.
4, 5 Through lonely deſert ways they went, nor could a peopled city find;
Till, quite with thirſt and hunger ſpent, their fainting ſoul within them pin'd.
6 Then ſoon to God's indulgent ear did they their mournful cry addreſs;
Who graciouſly vouchſaf'd to hear, and freed them from their deep diſtreſs.
7 From crooked paths he led them forth, and in the certain way did guide
To wealthy towns of great reſort, where all their wants were well ſupply'd.
8 O then that all the earth with me would God for this his goodneſs praiſe,
And for the mighty works which he throughout the wond'ring world diſplays!
9 For he from heav'n the ſad eſtate of longing ſouls with pity views;
To hungry ſouls that pant for meat, his goodneſs daily food renews.

The Second Part.

10 Some lie with darkneſs compaſs'd round, in death's uncomfortable ſhade,
And with unwieldy fetters bound, by preſſing cares more heavy made.
11, 12 Becauſe God's counſel they defy'd, and lightly priz'd his holy word,
With theſe afflictions they were try'd: they fell, and none could help afford.
13 Then ſoon to God's indulgent ear did they their mournful cry addreſs;
Who graciouſly vouchſaf'd to hear, and freed them from their deep diſtreſs.
14 From diſmal dungeons, dark as night, and ſhades as black as death's abode,
He brought them forth to cheerful light, and welcome liberty beſtow'd.

15 O then that all the earth with me would God for this his goodneſs praiſe,
And for the mighty works which he throughout the wond'ring world diſplays!
16 For he with his Almighty hand the gates of braſs in pieces broke;
Nor could the maſſy bars withſtand, or temper'd ſteel reſiſt his ſtroke.

The Third Part.

17 Remorſeleſs wretches, void of ſenſe, with bold tranſgreſſions God defy,
And, for their multiply'd offence, oppreſs'd with ſore diſeaſes lie.
18 Their ſoul, a prey to pain and fear, abhors to taſte the choiceſt meats;
And they by faint degrees draw near to death's inhoſpitable gates.
19 Then ſtraight to God's indulgent ear do they their mournful cry addreſs,
Who graciouſly vouchſafes to hear, and frees them from their deep diſtreſs.
20 He all their ſad diſtempers heals, his word both health and ſafety gives;
And, when all human ſuccour fails, from near deſtruction them retrieves.
21 O then that all the earth with me would God for this his goodneſs praiſe,
And for the mighty works which he throughout the wond'ring world diſplays!
22 With off'rings let his altar flame, whilſt they their grateful thanks expreſs,
And with loud joy his holy Name for all his acts of wonder bleſs.

The Fourth Part.

23, 24 They that in ſhips, with courage bold, o'er ſwelling waves their trade purſue,
Do God's amazing works behold, and in the deep his wonders view.
25 No ſooner his command is paſt, but forth the dreadful tempeſt flies,
Which ſweeps the ſea with rapid haſte, and makes the ſtormy billows riſe.
26 Sometimes the ſhips, toſs'd up to heav'n, on tops of mounting waves appear;
Then down the ſteep abyſs are driven; whilſt ev'ry ſoul diſſolves with fear.
27 They reel and ſtagger to and fro, like men with fumes of wine oppreſt;
Nor do the ſkilful ſeamen know which way to ſteer, what courſe is beſt.
28 Then ſtraight to God's indulgent ear they do their mournful cry addreſs;
Who graciouſly vouchſafes to hear, and frees them from their deep diſtreſs.
29, 30 He does the raging ſtorm appeaſe, and makes the billows calm and ſtill;
With joy they ſee their fury ceaſe, and their intended courſe fulfil.
31 O then that all the earth with me would God for this his goodneſs praiſe,
And for the mighty works which he throughout the wond'ring world diſplays!
32 Let them, where all the tribes reſort, advance to heav'n his glorious Name,
And in the elders' ſov'reign court, with one conſent his praiſe proclaim!

The Fifth Part.

33, 34 A fruitful land, where ſtreams abound, God's juſt revenge, if people ſin,
Will turn to dry and barren ground, to puniſh thoſe that dwell therein.
35, 36 The parch'd and deſert heath he makes to flow with ſtreams and ſpringing wells,
Which for his lot the hungry takes, and in ſtrong cities ſafely dwells.
37, 38 He ſows the field, the vineyard plants, which gratefully his toil repay;
Nor can, whilſt God his bleſſing grants, his fruitful ſeed or ſtock decay.
39 But when his ſins heav'n's wrath provoke, his health and ſubſtance fade away;
He feels th' oppreſſor's galling yoke, and is of grief the wretched prey. [throne;
40 The prince who ſlights what God commands, expos'd to ſcorn, muſt quit his
And over wild and deſert lands, where no path offers, ſtray alone.
41 Whilſt God, from all afflicting cares, ſets up the humble man on high,
And makes in time his num'rous heirs with his increaſing flocks to vie.
42, 43 Then ſinners ſhall have nought to ſay, the juſt a decent joy ſhall ſhow;
The wiſe theſe ſtrange events ſhall weigh, and thence God's goodneſs fully know.

PSALM CVIII.

O God, my heart is fully bent — to magnify thy Name;
My tongue with cheerful ſongs of praiſe ſhall celebrate thy fame.
2 Awake, my lute; nor thou, my harp, — thy warbling notes delay;
Whilſt I with early hymns of joy — prevent the dawning day.
3 To all the liſt'ning tribes, O Lord, — thy wonders I will tell;
And to thoſe nations ſing thy praiſe — that round about us dwell.
4 Becauſe thy mercy's boundleſs height — the higheſt heav'n tranſcends,
And far beyond th' aſpiring clouds — thy faithful truth extends.
5 Be thou, O God, exalted high — above the ſtarry frame;
And let the earth, with one conſent, — confeſs thy glorious Name.
6 That all thy choſen people thee — their Saviour may declare:
Let thy right hand protect me ſtill, — and anſwer thou my pray'r.
7 Since God himſelf has ſaid the word, — whoſe promiſe cannot fail,
With joy I Shechem ſhall divide, — and meaſure Succoth's vale.
8 Gilead is mine, Manaſſeh too, — and Ephraim owns my cauſe:
Their ſtrength my regal pow'r ſupports, — and Judah gives my laws.
9 Moab I'll make my ſervile drudge, — on vanquiſh'd Edom tread;
And through the proud Philiſtine lands — my conqu'ring banners ſpread.
10 By whoſe ſupport and aid ſhall I — their well-fenc'd city gain?
Who will my troops ſecurely lead — through Edom's guarded plain?
11 Lord, wilt not thou aſſiſt our arms, — which late thou didſt forſake?
And wilt not thou of theſe our hoſts — once more the guidance take?
12 O, to thy ſervants in diſtreſs — thy ſpeedy ſuccour ſend;
For vain it is on human aid — for ſafety to depend.
13 Then valiant acts ſhall we perform, — if thou thy pow'r diſcloſe;
For God it is, and God alone, — that treads down all our foes.

PSALM CIX.

O God, whoſe former mercies make — my conſtant praiſe thy due,
Hold not thy peace, but my ſad ſtate — with wonted favour view.
2 For ſinful men, with lying lips, — deceitful ſpeeches frame,
And with their ſtudied ſlanders ſeek — to wound my ſpotleſs fame.
3 Their reſtleſs hatred prompts them ſtill — malicious lies to ſpread;
And all againſt my life combine, — by cauſeleſs fury led.
4 Thoſe whom with tend'reſt love I us'd, — my chief oppoſers are;
Whilſt I, of other friends bereft, — reſort to thee by pray'r.
5 Since miſchief for the good I did — their ſtrange reward does prove,
And hatred's the return they make — for undiſſembled love:
6 Their guilty leader ſhall be made — to ſome ill man a ſlave;
And, when he's tried, his mortal foe — for his accuſer have.
7 His guilt, when ſentence is pronounc'd, — ſhall meet a dreadful fate,
Whilſt his rejected pray'r but ſerves — his crimes to aggravate.
8 He, ſnatch'd by ſome untimely fate, — ſha'n't live out half his days;
Another, by divine decree, — ſhall on his office ſeize.
9, 10 His ſeed ſhall orphans be, his wife — a widow plung'd in grief;
His vagrant children beg their bread, — where none can give relief.
11 His ill-got riches ſhall be made — to uſurers a prey;
The fruit of all his toil ſhall be — by ſtrangers borne away.
12 None ſhall be found that to his wants — their mercy will extend,
Or to his helpleſs orphan ſeed — the leaſt aſſiſtance lend.

13 A ſwift deſtruction ſoon ſhall ſeize on his unhappy race;
And the next age his hated name ſhall utterly deface.
14 The vengeance of his father's ſins upon his head ſhall fall;
God on his mother's crimes ſhall think, and puniſh him for all.
15 All theſe, in horrid order rank'd, before the Lord ſhall ſtand,
Till his fierce anger quite cuts off their mem'ry from the land.

The Second Part.

16 Becauſe he never mercy ſhow'd, but ſtill the poor oppreſs'd;
And ſought to ſlay the helpleſs man, with heavy woes diſtreſs'd:
17 Therefore the curſe he lov'd to vent ſhall his own portion prove;
And bleſſing, which he ſtill abhorr'd, ſhall far from him remove.
18 Since he in curſing took ſuch pride, like water it ſhall ſpread
Through all his veins, and ſtick like oil, with which his bones are fed.
19 This, like a poiſon'd robe, ſhall ſtill his conſtant cov'ring be,
Or an envenom'd belt, from which he never ſhall be free.
20 Thus ſhall the Lord reward all thoſe that ill to me deſign,
That with malicious falſe reports againſt my life combine.
21 But for thy glorious Name, O God, do thou deliver me;
And for thy gracious mercy's ſake preſerve and ſet me free.
22 For I, to utmoſt ſtraits reduc'd, am void of all relief;
My heart is wounded with diſtreſs, and quite pierc'd through with grief.
23 I, like an ev'ning ſhade, decline, which vaniſhes apace:
Like locuſts, up and down I'm toſs'd, and have no certain place.
24, 25 My knees with faſting are grown weak, my body lank and lean;
All that behold me ſhake their heads, and treat me with diſdain.
26, 27 But for thy mercy's ſake, O Lord, do thou my foes withſtand;
That all may ſee 'tis thine own act, the work of thy right hand.
28 Then let them curſe, ſo thou but bleſs; let ſhame the portion be
Of all that my deſtruction ſeek; while I rejoice in thee.
29 My foe ſhall with diſgrace be cloth'd, and, ſpite of all his pride,
His own confuſion, like a cloke, the guilty wretch ſhall hide.
30 But I to God, in grateful thanks, my cheerful voice will raiſe;
And, where the great aſſembly meets, ſet forth his noble praiſe.
31 For him the poor ſhall always find their ſure and conſtant friend;
And he ſhall from unrighteous dooms their guiltleſs ſouls defend.

PSALM CX.

THE Lord unto my Lord thus ſpake: "Till I thy foes thy footſtool make,
"Sit thou in ſtate at my right hand;
2 "Supreme in Sion thou ſhalt be, and all thy proud oppoſers ſee
"Subjected to thy juſt command.
3 "Thee, in thy pow'r's triumphant day, the willing nations ſhall obey:
"And, when thy riſing beams they view,
"Shall all (redeem'd from error's night) appear as numberleſs and bright
"As cryſtal drops of morning dew."
4 The Lord has ſworn, nor ſworn in vain, that, like Melchiſedech's, thy reign
And prieſthood ſhall no period know:
5 No proud competitor to ſit at thy right hand will he permit,
But in his wrath crown'd heads o'erthrow.
6 The ſentenc'd heathen he ſhall ſlay, and fill with carcaſes his way,
Till he hath ſtruck earth's tyrants dead:
7 But in the high-way brooks ſhall firſt, like a poor pilgrim, ſlake his thirſt,
And then in triumph raiſe his head.

PSALM CXI.

PRAISE ye the Lord; our God to praiſe my ſoul her utmoſt pow'r ſhall raiſe,
With private friends, and in the throng of ſaints, his praiſe ſhall be my ſong.
2 His works for greatneſs though renown'd, his wondrous works with eaſe are found
By thoſe who ſeek for them aright, and in the pious ſearch delight.
3 His works are all of matchleſs fame, and univerſal glory claim;
His truth, confirm'd through ages paſt, ſhall to eternal ages laſt.
4 By precept he has us enjoin'd to keep his wondrous works in mind;
And to poſterity record, that good and gracious is our Lord.
5 His bounty, like a flowing tide, has all his ſervants' wants ſupply'd;
And he will ever keep in mind his cov'nant with our fathers ſign'd.
6 At once aſtoniſh'd and o'erjoy'd, they ſaw his matchleſs pow'r employ'd;
Whereby the heathen were ſuppreſs'd, and we their heritage poſſeſs'd.
7 Juſt are the dealings of his hands, immutable are his commands;
8 By truth and equity ſuſtain'd, and for eternal rules ordain'd.
9 He ſet his ſaints from bondage free, and then eſtabliſh'd his decree,
For ever to remain the ſame; holy and rev'rend is his Name.
10 Who wiſdom's ſacred prize would win, muſt with the fear of God begin;
Immortal praiſe and heavenly ſkill have they, who know and do his will.

PSALM CXII.

HALLELUJAH.

THAT man is bleſs'd, who ſtands in awe of God, and loves his ſacred law:
2 His ſeed on earth ſhall be renown'd, and with ſucceſſive honours crown'd.
3 His houſe, the ſeat of wealth, ſhall be an inexhauſted treaſury;
His juſtice, free from all decay, ſhall bleſſings to his heirs convey.
4 The ſoul that's fill'd with virtue's light ſhines brighteſt in affliction's night:
To pity the diſtreſs'd inclin'd, as well as juſt to all mankind.
5 His lib'ral favours he extends, to ſome he gives, to others lends;
Yet what his charity impairs, he ſaves by prudence in affairs.
6 Beſet with threat'ning dangers round, unmov'd ſhall he maintain his ground;
The ſweet remembrance of the juſt ſhall flouriſh when he ſleeps in duſt.
7 Ill tidings never can ſurpriſe his heart, that fix'd on God relies:
8 On ſafety's rock he ſits, and ſees the ſhipwreck of his enemies.
9 His hands, while they his alms beſtow'd, his glory's future harveſt ſow'd;
Whence he ſhall reap wealth, fame, renown, a temp'ral and eternal crown.
10 The wicked ſhall his triumph ſee, and gnaſh their teeth in agony:
While their unrighteous hopes decay, and vaniſh with themſelves away.

PSALM CXIII.

YE ſaints and ſervants of the Lord, the triumphs of his Name record;
2 His ſacred Name for ever bleſs.
3 Where'er the circling ſun diſplays his riſing beams or ſetting rays,
Due praiſe to his great Name addreſs.
4 God through the world extends his ſway, the regions of eternal day
But ſhadows of his glory are.
5 With him, whoſe majeſty excels, who made the heav'n in which he dwells,
Let no created pow'r compare.
6 Though 'tis beneath his ſtate to view in higheſt heav'n what angels do,
Yet he to earth vouchſafes his care:
He takes the needy from his cell, advancing him in courts to dwell,
Companion to the greateſt there.

7 When childleſs families deſpair, he ſends the bleſſing of an heir,
To reſcue their expiring name;
Makes her that barren was to bear, and joyfully her fruit to rear:
O then extol his matchleſs fame!

PSALM CXIV.

WHEN Iſrael, by th' Almighty led, (enrich'd by their oppreſſors' ſpoil,)
From Egypt march'd, and Jacob's ſeed from bondage in a foreign ſoil;
2 Jehovah, for his reſidence, choſe out imperial Judah's tent,
His manſion royal, and from thence through Iſrael's camp his orders ſent.
3 The diſtant ſea with terror ſaw, and from th' Almighty's preſence fled;
Old Jordan's ſtreams, ſurpris'd with awe, retreated to their fountain's head.
4 The taller mountains ſkipp'd like rams, when danger near the fold they hear;
The hills ſkipp'd after them like lambs, affrighted by their leader's fear.
5 O ſea, what made your tide withdraw, and naked leave your oozy bed?
Why, Jordan, againſt nature's law, recoil'dſt thou to thy fountain's head?
6 Why, mountains, did ye ſkip like rams, when danger does approach the fold?
Why after you the hills, like lambs, when they their leader's flight behold?
7 Earth, tremble on; well may'ſt thou fear thy Lord and Maker's face to ſee;
When Jacob's awful God draws near, 'tis time for earth and ſeas to flee.
8 To flee from God, who nature's law confirms and cancels at his will;
Who ſprings from flinty rocks can draw, and thirſty vales with water fill.

PSALM CXV.

LORD, not to us, we claim no ſhare, but to thy ſacred Name
Give glory for thy mercy's ſake, and truth's eternal fame.
2 Why ſhould the heathen cry, Where's now the God whom we adore?
3 Convince them that in heav'n thou art, and uncontroll'd thy pow'r.
4 Their gods but gold and ſilver are, the works of mortal hands;
5 With ſpeechleſs mouth and ſightleſs eyes the molten idol ſtands.
6 The pageant has both ears and noſe, but neither hears nor ſmells;
7 Its hands and feet nor feel nor move, no life within it dwells.
8 Such ſenſeleſs ſtocks they are, that we can nothing like them find,
But thoſe who on their help rely, and them for gods deſign'd.
9 O Iſrael, make the Lord your truſt, who is your help and ſhield:
10 Prieſts, Levites, truſt in him alone, who only help can yield.
11 Let all, who truly fear the Lord, on him they fear rely:
Who them in danger can defend, and all their wants ſupply.
12, 13 Of us he oft has mindful been, and Iſrael's houſe will bleſs;
Prieſts, Levites, Proſelytes, e'en all who his great Name confeſs.
14 On you, and on your heirs, he will increaſe of bleſſings bring;
15 Thrice happy you, who fav'rites are of this almighty King!
16 Heav'n's higheſt orb of glory he his empire's ſeat deſign'd;
And gave this lower globe of earth a portion to mankind.
17 They who in death and ſilence ſleep to him no praiſe afford:
18 But we will bleſs for evermore our ever-living Lord.

PSALM CXVI.

MY ſoul with grateful thoughts of love entirely is poſſeſt,
Becauſe the Lord vouchſaf'd to hear the voice of my requeſt.
2 Since he has now his ear inclin'd, I never will deſpair;
But ſtill in all the ſtraits of life to him addreſs my pray'r.

3 With deadly ſorrows compaſs'd round, with pains of hell oppreſt,
When troubles ſeiz'd my aching heart, and anguiſh rack'd my breaſt;
4 On God's Almighty Name I call'd, and thus to him I pray'd:
"Lord, I beſeech thee, ſave my ſoul, with ſorrows quite diſmay'd."
5, 6 How juſt and merciful is God! how gracious is the Lord!
Who ſaves the harmleſs, and to me does timely help afford.
7 Then, free from penſive cares, my ſoul, reſume thy wonted reſt;
For God has wondrouſly to thee his bounteous love expreſt.
8 When death alarm'd me, he remov'd my dangers and my fears:
My feet from falling he ſecur'd, and dry'd my eyes from tears.
9 Therefore my life's remaining years, which God to me ſhall lend,
Will I in praiſes to his Name, and in his ſervice ſpend.
10, 11 In God I truſted, and of him in greateſt ſtraits did boaſt;
(For, in my flight, all hopes of aid from faithleſs men were loſt.)
12, 13 Then what return to him ſhall I for all his goodneſs make?
I'll praiſe his Name, and with glad zeal the cup of bleſſing take.
14, 15 I'll pay my vows amongſt his ſaints, whoſe blood (howe'er deſpis'd
By wicked men) in God's account is always highly priz'd.
16 By various ties, O Lord, muſt I to thy dominion bow;
Thy humble handmaid's ſon before, thy ranſom'd captive now.
17, 18 To thee I'll off'rings bring of praiſe; and, whilſt I bleſs thy Name,
The juſt performance of my vows to all thy ſaints proclaim.
19 They in Jeruſalem ſhall meet, and in thy houſe ſhall join,
To bleſs thy Name with one conſent, and mix their ſongs with mine.

PSALM CXVII.

WITH cheerful notes let all the earth to heav'n their voices raiſe:
Let all, inſpir'd with godly mirth, ſing ſolemn hymns of praiſe.
2 God's tender mercy knows no bound, his truth ſhall ne'er decay:
Then let the willing nations round their grateful tribute pay.

PSALM CXVIII.

1, 2 O Praiſe the Lord, for he is good, his mercies ne'er decay:
That his kind favours ever laſt, let thankful Iſrael ſay.
3, 4 Their ſenſe of his eternal love let Aaron's houſe expreſs;
And, that it never fails, let all that fear the Lord confeſs.
5 To God I made my humble moan, with troubles quite oppreſt;
And he releas'd me from my ſtraits, and granted my requeſt.
6 Since therefore God does on my ſide ſo graciouſly appear,
Why ſhould the vain attempts of men poſſeſs my ſoul with fear?
7 Since God, with thoſe that aid my cauſe, vouchſafes my part to take,
To all my foes I need not doubt a juſt return to make.
8, 9 For better 'tis to truſt in God, and have the Lord our friend,
Than on the greateſt human pow'r for ſafety to depend.
10, 11 Though many nations, cloſely leagu'd, did oft beſet me round;
Yet, by his boundleſs pow'r ſuſtain'd, I did their ſtrength confound.
12 They ſwarm'd like bees, and yet their rage was but a ſhort-liv'd blaze;
For whilſt on God I ſtill rely'd, I vanquiſh'd them with eaſe.
13 When all united preſs'd me hard, in hopes to make me fall,
The Lord vouchſaf'd to take my part, and ſav'd me from them all.
14 The honour of my ſtrange eſcape to him alone belongs;
He is my Saviour and my ſtrength, he only claims my ſongs.

15 Joy fills the dwelling of the juſt, whom God has ſav'd from harm;
For wondrous things are brought to paſs by his Almighty arm.
16 He, by his own reſiſtleſs pow'r, has endleſs honour won;
The ſaving ſtrength of his right hand amazing works has done.
17 God will not ſuffer me to fall, but ſtill prolongs my days;
That, by declaring all his works, I may advance his praiſe.
18 When God had ſorely me chaſtis'd, till quite of hopes bereav'd,
His mercy from the gates of death my fainting life repriev'd.
19 Then open wide the temple gates to which the juſt repair,
That I may enter in, and praiſe my great deliv'rer there.
20, 21 Within thoſe gates of God's abode, to which the righteous preſs;
Since thou haſt heard, and ſet me ſafe, thy holy Name I'll bleſs.
22, 23 That which the builders once refus'd is now the corner-ſtone:
This is the wondrous work of God, the work of God alone.
24, 25 This day is God's; let all the land exalt their cheerful voice:
Lord, we beſeech thee, ſave us now, and make us ſtill rejoice.
26 Him that approaches in God's Name let all th' aſſembly bleſs;
"We, that belong to God's own houſe, have wiſh'd you good ſucceſs."
27 God is the Lord, through whom we all both light and comfort find;
Faſt to the altar's horn with cords the choſen victim bind.
28 Thou art my Lord, O God, and ſtill I'll praiſe thy holy Name:
Becauſe thou only art my God, I'll celebrate thy fame.
29 O then with me give thanks to God, who ſtill does gracious prove;
And let the tribute of our praiſe be endleſs as his love.

PSALM CXIX.

ALEPH.

HOW bleſs'd are they who always keep the pure and perfect way;
Who never from the ſacred paths of God's commandments ſtray!
2 How bleſs'd, who to his righteous laws have ſtill obedient been;
And have with fervent humble zeal his favour ſought to win!
3 Such men their utmoſt caution uſe to ſhun each wicked deed:
But in the path which he directs with conſtant care proceed.
4 Thou ſtrictly haſt enjoin'd us, Lord, to learn thy ſacred will;
And all our diligence employ thy ſtatutes to fulfil.
5 O then that thy moſt holy will might o'er my ways preſide!
And I the courſe of all my life by thy direction guide!
6 Then with aſſurance ſhould I walk, from all confuſion free;
Convinc'd, with joy, that all my ways with thy commands agree.
7 My upright heart ſhall my glad mouth with cheerful praiſes fill;
When, by thy righteous judgments taught, I ſhall have learnt thy will.
8 So to thy ſacred laws ſhall I all due obſervance pay:
O then forſake me not, my God, nor caſt me quite away.

BETH.

9 How ſhall the young preſerve their ways from all pollution free?
By making ſtill their courſe of life with thy commands agree.
10 With hearty zeal for thee I ſeek, to thee for ſuccour pray;
O ſuffer not my careleſs ſteps from thy right paths to ſtray.
11 Safe in my heart, and cloſely hid, thy word, my treaſure, lies;
To ſuccour me with timely aid, when ſinful thoughts ariſe.
12 Secur'd by that my grateful ſoul ſhall ever bleſs thy Name:
O teach me then by thy juſt laws, my future life to frame.

13 My lips, unlock'd by pious zeal, to others have declar'd,
How well the judgments of thy mouth deſerve our beſt regard.
14 Whilſt in the way of thy commands more ſolid joy I found,
Than had I been with vaſt increaſe of envied riches crown'd.
15 Therefore thy juſt and upright laws ſhall always fill my mind;
And thoſe ſound rules which thou preſcrib'ſt all due reſpect ſhall find.
16 To keep thy ſtatutes undefac'd ſhall be my conſtant joy;
The ſtrict remembrance of thy word ſhall all my thoughts employ.

GIMEL.

17 Be gracious to thy ſervant, Lord, do thou my life defend,
That I, according to thy word, my future time may ſpend.
18 Enlighten both my eyes and mind, that ſo I may diſcern
The wondrous things which they behold, who thy juſt precepts learn.
19 Though like a ſtranger in the land from place to place I ſtray,
Thy righteous judgments from my ſight remove not thou away.
20 My fainting ſoul is almoſt pin'd, with earneſt longing ſpent,
Whilſt always on the eager ſearch of thy juſt will intent.
21 Thy ſharp rebuke ſhall cruſh the proud, whom ſtill thy curſe purſues;
Since they to walk in thy right ways preſumptuouſly refuſe.
22 But far from me do thou, O Lord, contempt and ſhame remove;
For I thy ſacred laws affect with undiſſembled love.
23 Though princes oft, in council met, againſt thy ſervant ſpake;
Yet I thy ſtatutes to obſerve my conſtant buſineſs make.
24 For thy commands have always been my comfort and delight;
By them I learn, with prudent care, to guide my ſteps aright.

DALETH.

25 My ſoul, oppreſs'd will deadly care, cloſe to the duſt does cleave;
Revive me, Lord, and let me now thy promis'd aid receive.
26 To thee I ſtill declar'd my ways, who didſt incline thine ear:
O teach me then my future life by thy juſt laws to ſteer.
27 If thou wilt make me know thy laws, and by their guidance walk,
The wondrous works which thou haſt done ſhall be my conſtant talk.
28 But ſee, my ſoul within me ſinks, preſs'd down with weighty care;
Do thou, according to thy word, my waſted ſtrength repair.
29 Far, far from me be all falſe ways and lying arts remov'd!
But kindly grant I ſtill may keep the path by thee approv'd.
30 Thy faithful ways, thou God of truth, my happy choice I've made;
Thy judgments, as my rule of life, before me always laid.
31 My care has been to make my life with thy commands agree;
O then preſerve thy ſervant, Lord, from ſhame and ruin free.
32 So in the way of thy commands ſhall I with pleaſure run,
And, with a heart enlarg'd with joy, ſucceſsfully go on.

HE.

33 Inſtruct me in thy ſtatutes, Lord, thy righteous paths diſplay;
And I from them, through all my life, will never go aſtray.
34 If thou true wiſdom from above wilt graciouſly impart,
To keep thy perfect laws I will devote my zealous heart.
35 Direct me in the ſacred ways to which thy precepts lead;
Becauſe my chief delight has been thy righteous paths to tread.
36 Do thou to thy moſt juſt commands incline my willing heart,
Let no deſire of worldly wealth from thee my thoughts divert.

37 From thoſe vain objects turn my eyes, which this falſe world diſplays;
But give me lively pow'r and ſtrength to keep thy righteous ways.
38 Confirm the promiſe which thou mad'ſt, and give thy ſervant aid,
Who to tranſgreſs thy ſacred laws is awfully afraid.
39 The foul diſgrace I juſtly fear, in mercy, Lord, remove;
For all the judgments thou ordain'ſt are full of grace and love.
40 Thou know'ſt how after thy commands my longing heart does pant;
O then make haſte to raiſe me up, and promis'd ſuccour grant.

VAU.

41 Thy conſtant bleſſing, Lord, beſtow to cheer my drooping heart;
To me, according to thy word, thy ſaving health impart.
42 So ſhall I, when my foes upbraid, this ready anſwer make;
"In God I truſt, who never will his faithful promiſe break."
43 Then let not quite the word of truth be from my mouth remov'd;
Since ſtill my ground of ſteadfaſt hope thy juſt decrees have prov'd.
44 So I to keep thy righteous laws will all my ſtudy bend;
From age to age my time to come in their obſervance ſpend.
45 Ere long I truſt to walk at large, from all incumbrance free;
Since I reſolve to make my life with thy commands agree.
46 Thy laws ſhall be my conſtant talk, and princes ſhall attend,
Whilſt I the juſtice of thy ways with confidence defend.
47 My longing heart and raviſh'd ſoul ſhall both o'erflow with joy,
When in thy lov'd commandments I my happy hours employ.
48 Then will I to thy juſt decrees lift up my willing hands;
My care and buſineſs then ſhall be to ſtudy thy commands.

ZAIN.

49 According to thy promis'd grace, thy favour, Lord, extend:
Make good to me the word, on which thy ſervant's hopes depend.
50 That only comfort in diſtreſs did all my griefs control;
Thy word, when troubles hemm'd me round, reviv'd my fainting ſoul.
51 Inſulting foes did proudly mock, and all my hopes deride;
Yet from thy law not all their ſcoffs could make me turn aſide.
52 Thy judgments then of ancient date I quickly call'd to mind,
Till, raviſh'd with ſuch thoughts, my ſoul did ſpeedy comfort find.
53 Sometimes I ſtand amaz'd like one with deadly horror ſtruck,
To think how all my ſinful foes have thy juſt laws forſook.
54 But I thy ſtatutes and decrees my cheerful anthems made;
Whilſt through ſtrange lands and deſert wilds I like a pilgrim ſtray'd.
55 Thy Name, that cheer'd my heart by day, has fill'd my thoughts by night;
I then reſolv'd by thy juſt laws to guide my ſteps aright.
56 That peace of mind, which has my ſoul in deep diſtreſs ſuſtain'd,
By ſtrict obedience to thy will I happily obtain'd.

CHETH.

57 O Lord, my God, my portion thou and ſure poſſeſſion art;
Thy words I ſteadfaſtly reſolve to treaſure in my heart.
58 With all the ſtrength of warm deſires I did thy grace implore;
Diſcloſe, according to thy word, thy mercy's boundleſs ſtore.
59 With due reflection and ſtrict care on all my ways I thought;
And ſo, reclaim'd to thy juſt paths, my wand'ring ſteps I brought.
60 I loſt no time, but made great haſte, reſolv'd without delay
To watch, that I might never more from thy commandments ſtray.

61 Though num'rous troops of sinful men to rob me have combin'd,
Yet I thy pure and righteous laws have ever kept in mind.
62 In dead of night I will arise to sing thy solemn praise;
Convinc'd how much I always ought to love thy righteous ways.
63 To such as fear thy holy Name myself I closely join;
To all who their obedient wills to thy commands resign.
64 O'er all the earth thy mercy, Lord, abundantly is shed;
O make me then exactly learn thy sacred paths to tread.

TETH.

65 With me, thy servant, thou hast dealt most graciously, O Lord;
Repeated benefits bestow'd, according to thy word.
66 Teach me the sacred skill, by which right judgment is attain'd,
Who in belief of thy commands have steadfastly remain'd.
67 Before affliction stopp'd my course, my footsteps went astray;
But I have since been disciplin'd thy precepts to obey.
68 Thou art, O Lord, supremely good, and all thou dost is so;
On me, thy statutes to discern, thy saving skill bestow.
69 The proud have forg'd malicious lies, my spotless fame to stain;
But my fix'd heart, without reserve, thy precepts shall retain.
70 While pamper'd they, with prosp'rous ills, in sensual pleasures live,
My soul can relish no delight but what thy precepts give.
71 'Tis good for me that I have felt affliction's chast'ning rod,
That I might duly learn and keep the statutes of my God.
72 The law that from thy mouth proceeds of more esteem I hold
Than untouch'd mines, than thousand mines of silver and of gold.

JOD.

73 To me, who am the workmanship of thy Almighty hands,
The heav'nly understanding give to learn thy just commands.
74 My preservation to thy saints strong comfort will afford,
To see success attend my hopes, who trusted in thy word.
75 That right thy judgments are, I now by sure experience see;
And that in faithfulness, O Lord, thou hast afflicted me.
76 O let thy tender mercy now afford me needful aid;
According to thy promise, Lord, to me, thy servant, made.
77 To me thy saving grace restore, that I again may live;
Whose soul can relish no delight but what thy precepts give.
78 Defeat the proud, who, unprovok'd, to ruin me have sought,
Who only on thy sacred laws employ my harmless thought.
79 Let those that fear thy Name espouse my cause, and those alone,
Who have by strict and pious search thy sacred precepts known.
80 In thy blest statutes let my heart continue always sound;
That guilt and shame, the sinner's lot, may never me confound.

CAPH.

81 My soul with long expectance faints to see thy saving grace;
Yet still on thy unerring word my confidence I place.
82 My very eyes consume and fail with waiting for thy word;
O when wilt thou thy kind relief and promis'd aid afford?
83 My skin like shrivell'd parchment shows, that long in smoke is set;
Yet no affliction me can force thy statutes to forget.
84 How many days must I endure of sorrow and distress?
When wilt thou judgment execute on them who me oppress?

85 The proud have digg'd a pit for me, that have no other foes,
But ſuch as are averſe to thee, and thy juſt laws oppoſe.
86 With ſacred truth's eternal laws all thy commands agree:
Men perſecute me without cauſe; thou, Lord, my helper be.
87 With cloſe deſigns againſt my life they had almoſt prevail'd;
But in obedience to thy will my duty never fail'd.
88 Thy wonted kindneſs, Lord, reſtore, my drooping heart to cheer;
That, by thy righteous ſtatutes, I my life's whole courſe may ſteer.

LAMED.

89 For ever, and for ever, Lord, unchang'd thou doſt remain:
Thy word eſtabliſh'd in the heav'ns does all their orbs ſuſtain.
90 Through circling ages, Lord, thy truth immoveable ſhall ſtand,
As doth the earth, which thou uphold'ſt by thy Almighty hand.
91 All things the courſe by thee ordain'd e'en to this day fulfil;
They are the faithful ſubjects all, and ſervants of thy will.
92 Unleſs thy ſacred law had been my comfort and delight,
I muſt have fainted and expir'd in dark affliction's night.
93 Thy precepts therefore from my thoughts ſhall never, Lord, depart;
For thou by them haſt to new life reſtor'd my dying heart.
94 As I am thine, entirely thine, protect me, Lord, from harm;
Who have thy precepts ſought to know, and carefully perform.
95 The wicked have their ambuſh laid my guiltleſs life to take;
But in the midſt of danger I thy word my ſtudy make.
96 I've ſeen an end of what we call perfection here below:
But thy commandments, like thyſelf, no change or period know.

MEM.

97 The love that to thy laws I bear no language can diſplay;
They with freſh wonders entertain my raviſh'd thoughts all day.
98 Through thy commands I wiſer grow than all my ſubtle foes;
For thy ſure word doth me direct, and all my ways diſpoſe.
99 From me my former teachers now may abler counſel take,
Becauſe thy ſacred precepts I my conſtant ſtudy make.
100 In underſtanding I excel the ſages of our days;
Becauſe by thy unerring rules I order all my ways.
101 My feet with care I have refrain'd from ev'ry ſinful way,
That to thy ſacred word I might entire obedience pay.
102 I have not from thy judgments ſtray'd, by vain deſires miſled;
For, Lord, thou haſt inſtructed me thy righteous paths to tread.
103 How ſweet are all thy words to me! O what divine repaſt!
How much more grateful to my ſoul than honey to my taſte!
104 Taught by thy ſacred precepts, I with heav'nly ſkill am bleſt:
Through which the treach'rous ways of ſin I utterly deteſt.

NUN.

105 Thy word is to my feet a lamp, the way of truth to ſhow;
A watch-light to point out the path in which I ought to go.
106 I ſware, (and from my ſolemn oath will never ſtart aſide,)
That in thy righteous judgments I will ſteadfaſtly abide.
107 Since I with griefs am ſo oppreſt, that I can bear no more,
According to thy word do thou my fainting ſoul reſtore.
108 Let ſtill my ſacrifice of praiſe with thee acceptance find;
And in thy righteous judgments, Lord, inſtruct my willing mind.

109 Though ghaſtly dangers me ſurround, my ſoul they cannot awe;
Nor with continual terrors keep from thinking on thy law.
110 My wicked and invet'rate foes for me their ſnares have laid;
Yet I have kept the upright path, nor from thy precepts ſtray'd.
111 Thy teſtimonies I have made my heritage and choice;
For they, when other comforts fail, my drooping heart rejoice.
112 My heart with early zeal began thy ſtatutes to obey;
And, till my courſe of life is done, ſhall keep thy upright way.

SAMECH.

113 Deceitful thoughts and practices I utterly deteſt;
But to thy law affection bear too great to be expreſt.
114 My hiding-place, my refuge-tow'r, and ſhield art thou, O Lord;
I firmly anchor all my hopes on thy unerring word.
115 Hence ye that trade in wickedneſs, approach not my abode;
For firmly I reſolve to keep the precepts of my God.
116 According to thy gracious word from danger ſet me free;
Nor make me of thoſe hopes aſham'd that I repoſe on thee.
117 Uphold me, ſo ſhall I be ſafe, and reſcu'd from diſtreſs;
To thy decrees continually my juſt reſpect addreſs.
118 The wicked thou haſt trod to earth, who from thy ſtatutes ſtray'd;
Their vile deceit the juſt reward of their own falſehood made.
119 The wicked from thy holy land thou doſt like droſs remove;
I therefore, with ſuch juſtice charm'd, thy teſtimonies love.
120 Yet with that love they make me dread, leſt I ſhould ſo offend,
When on tranſgreſſors I behold thy judgments thus deſcend.

AIN.

121 Judgment and juſtice I have lov'd; O therefore, Lord, engage
In my defence, nor give me up to my oppreſſors' rage.
122 Do thou be ſurety, Lord, for me, and ſo ſhall this diſtreſs
Prove good for me; nor ſhall the proud my guiltleſs ſoul oppreſs.
123 My eyes, alas! begin to fail, in long expectance held;
Till thy ſalvation they behold, and righteous word fulfill'd.
124 To me, thy ſervant in diſtreſs, thy wonted grace diſplay,
And diſcipline my willing heart thy ſtatutes to obey.
125 On me, devoted to thy fear, thy ſacred ſkill beſtow,
That of thy teſtimonies I the full extent may know.
126 'Tis time, high time, for thee, O Lord, thy vengeance to employ,
When men with open violence thy ſacred law deſtroy.
127 Yet their contempt of thy commands but makes their value riſe
In my eſteem, who pureſt gold compar'd with them deſpiſe.
128 Thy precepts therefore I account in all reſpects divine;
They teach me to diſcern the right, and all falſe ways decline.

PE.

129 The wonders which thy laws contain no words can repreſent;
Therefore to learn and practiſe them my zealous heart is bent.
130 The very entrance to thy word celeſtial light diſplays;
And knowledge of true happineſs to ſimpleſt minds conveys.
131 With eager hopes I waiting ſtood, and fainted with deſire,
That of thy wiſe commands I might the ſacred ſkill acquire.
132 With favour, Lord, look down on me, who thy relief implore;
As thou art wont to viſit thoſe who thy bleſs'd Name adore.

133 Directed by thy heav'nly word let all my footſteps be;
Nor wickedneſs of any kind dominion have o'er me.
134 Releaſe, entirely ſet me free from perſecuting hands,
That, unmoleſted, I may learn and practiſe thy commands.
135 On me, devoted to thy fear, Lord, make thy face to ſhine:
Thy ſtatutes both to know and keep my heart with zeal incline.
136 My eyes to weeping fountains turn, whence briny rivers flow,
To ſee mankind againſt thy laws in bold defiance go.

TSADDI.

137 Thou art the righteous Judge, in whom wrong'd innocence may truſt;
And, like thyſelf, thy judgments, Lord, in all reſpects are juſt.
138 Moſt juſt and true thoſe ſtatutes were, which thou didſt firſt decree;
And all with faithfulneſs perform'd ſucceeding times ſhall ſee.
139 With zeal my fleſh conſumes away, my ſoul with anguiſh frets,
To ſee my foes contemn at once thy promiſes and threats.
140 Yet each neglected word of thine, howe'er by them deſpis'd,
Is pure, and for eternal truth by me, thy ſervant, priz'd.
141 Brought, for thy ſake, to low eſtate, contempt from all I find;
Yet no affronts or wrongs can drive thy precepts from my mind.
142 Thy righteouſneſs ſhall then endure, when time itſelf is paſt;
Thy law is truth itſelf, that truth which ſhall for ever laſt.
143 Though trouble, anguiſh, doubts, and dread, to compaſs me unite;
Beſet with danger, ſtill I make thy precepts my delight.
144 Eternal and unerring rules thy teſtimonies give;
Teach me the wiſdom that will make my ſoul for ever live.

KOPH.

145 With my whole heart to God I call'd, Lord, hear my earneſt cry;
And I thy ſtatutes to perform will all my care apply.
146 Again more fervently I pray'd, O ſave me, that I may
Thy teſtimonies throughly know, and ſteadfaſtly obey.
147 My earlier pray'r the dawning day prevented, while I cried
To him, on whoſe engaging word my hope alone relied.
148 With zeal have I awak'd before the midnight watch was ſet,
That I of thy myſterious word might perfect knowledge get.
149 Lord, hear my ſupplicating voice, and wonted favour ſhew;
O quicken me, and ſo approve thy judgments ever true.
150 My perſecuting foes advance, and hourly nearer draw;
What treatment can I hope from them who violate thy law?
151 Though they draw nigh, my comfort is, thou, Lord, art yet more near;
Thou, whoſe commands are righteous all, thy promiſes ſincere.
152 Concerning thy divine decrees my ſoul has known of old,
That they were true, and ſhall their truth to endleſs ages hold.

RESCH.

153 Conſider my affliction, Lord, and me from bondage draw;
Think on thy ſervant in diſtreſs, who ne'er forgets thy law.
154 Plead thou my cauſe; to that and me thy timely aid afford;
With beams of mercy quicken me according to thy word.
155 From harden'd ſinners thou remov'ſt ſalvation far away;
'Tis juſt thou ſhould'ſt withdraw from them who from thy ſtatutes ſtray.
156 Since great thy tender mercies are to all who thee adore;
According to thy judgments, Lord, my fainting hopes reſtore.

157 A num'rous hoſt of ſpiteful foes againſt my life combine;
But all too few to force my ſoul thy ſtatutes to decline.
158 Thoſe bold tranſgreſſors I beheld, and was with grief oppreſs'd,
To ſee with what audacious pride thy cov'nant they tranſgreſs'd.
159 Yet while they ſlight, conſider, Lord, how I thy precepts love;
O therefore quicken me with beams of mercy from above.
160 As from the birth of time thy truth has held through ages paſt,
So ſhall thy righteous judgments firm to endleſs ages laſt.

SCHIN.

161 Though mighty tyrants, without cauſe, conſpire my blood to ſhed,
Thy ſacred word has pow'r alone to fill my heart with dread.
162 And yet that word my joyful breaſt with heav'nly rapture warms;
Nor conqueſt, nor the ſpoils of war, have ſuch tranſporting charms.
163 Perfidious practices and lies I utterly deteſt;
But to thy laws affection bear, too vaſt to be expreſt.
164 Sev'n times a day, with grateful voice, thy praiſes I reſound,
Becauſe I find thy judgments all with truth and juſtice crown'd.
165 Secure, ſubſtantial peace have they who truly love thy law;
No ſmiling miſchief them can tempt, nor frowning danger awe.
166 For thy ſalvation I have hop'd, and, though ſo long delay'd,
With cheerful zeal and ſtricteſt care all thy commands obey'd.
167 Thy teſtimonies I have kept, and conſtantly obey'd;
Becauſe the love I bore to them the ſervice eaſy made.
168 From ſtrict obſervance of thy laws I never yet withdrew;
Convinc'd that my moſt ſecret ways are open to thy view.

TAU.

169 To my requeſt and earneſt cry attend, O gracious Lord;
Inſpire my heart with heav'nly ſkill, according to thy word.
170 Let my repeated pray'r at laſt before thy throne appear;
According to thy plighted word, for my relief draw near.
171 Then ſhall my grateful lips return the tribute of thy praiſe,
When thou thy counſels haſt reveal'd, and taught me thy juſt ways.
172 My tongue the praiſes of thy word ſhall thankfully reſound,
Becauſe thy promiſes are all with truth and juſtice crown'd.
173 Let thy almighty arm appear, and bring me timely aid,
For I the laws thou haſt ordain'd my heart's free choice have made.
174 My ſoul has waited long to ſee thy ſaving grace reſtor'd;
Nor comfort knew, but what thy laws, thy heav'nly laws, afford.
175 Prolong my life, that I may ſing my great Reſtorer's praiſe;
Whoſe juſtice from the depth of woes my fainting ſoul ſhall raiſe.
176 Like ſome loſt ſheep I've ſtray'd, till I deſpair my way to find;
Thou, therefore, Lord, thy ſervant ſeek, who keeps thy laws in mind.

PSALM CXX.

IN deep diſtreſs I oft have cried to God, who never yet denied
To reſcue me, oppreſs'd with wrongs.
2 Once more, O Lord, deliv'rance ſend, from lying lips my ſoul defend,
And from the rage of ſland'ring tongues.
3 What little profit can accrue, and yet what heavy wrath is due,
O thou perfidious tongue, to thee!
4 Thy ſting upon thyſelf ſhall turn; of laſting flames that fiercely burn,
The conſtant fuel thou ſhalt be.

5 But O how wretched is my doom, who am a ſojourner become
In barren Meſech's deſert ſoil!
With Kedar's wicked tents inclos'd, to lawleſs ſavages expos'd,
Who live on nought but theft and ſpoil.
6 My hapleſs dwelling is with thoſe who peace and amity oppoſe,
And pleaſure take in others' harms:
7 Sweet peace is all I court and ſeek; but when to them of peace I ſpeak,
They ſtraight cry out, "To arms, to arms!"

PSALM CXXI.

TO Sion's hill I lift my eyes, from thence expecting aid;
2 From Sion's hill, and Sion's God, who heav'n and earth has made.
3 Then thou, my ſoul, in ſafety reſt, thy Guardian will not ſleep;
4 His watchful care, that Iſrael guards, will Iſrael's monarch keep.
5 Shelter'd beneath th' Almighty's wings thou ſhalt ſecurely reſt,
6 Where neither ſun nor moon ſhall thee by day or night moleſt.
7 From common accidents of life his care ſhall guard thee ſtill;
8 From the blind ſtrokes of chance, and foes that lie in wait to kill.
9 At home, abroad, in peace, in war, thy God ſhall thee defend;
Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage ſafe to thy journey's end.

PSALM CXXII.

O 'Twas a joyful ſound to hear our tribes devoutly ſay,
Up, Iſrael, to the temple haſte, and keep your feſtal day.
2 At Salem's courts we muſt appear with our aſſembled pow'rs,
3 In ſtrong and beauteous order rang'd, like her united tow'rs.
4 'Tis thither, by divine command, the tribes of God repair,
Before his ark to celebrate his Name with praiſe and pray'r.
5 Tribunals ſtand erected there, where equity takes place;
There ſtand the courts and palaces of royal David's race.
6 O pray we then for Salem's peace, for they ſhall proſp'rous be,
(Thou holy city of our God!) who bear true love to thee.
7 May peace within thy ſacred walls a conſtant gueſt be found,
With plenty and proſperity thy palaces be crown'd.
8 For my dear brethren's ſake, and friends no leſs than brethren dear,
I'll pray,—May peace in Salem's tow'rs a conſtant gueſt appear.
9 But moſt of all I'll ſeek thy good, and ever wiſh thee well,
For Sion and the temple's ſake, where God vouchſafes to dwell.

PSALM CXXIII.

ON thee, who dwell'ſt above the ſkies, for mercy wait my longing eyes;
2 As ſervants watch their maſters' hands, and maids their miſtreſſes' commands.
3, 4 O then have mercy on us, Lord, thy gracious aid to us afford;
To us, whom cruel foes oppreſs, grown rich and proud by our diſtreſs.

PSALM CXXIV.

HAD not the Lord (may Iſrael ſay) been pleas'd to interpoſe;
2 Had he not then eſpous'd our cauſe, when men againſt us roſe:
3, 4, 5 Their wrath had ſwallow'd us alive, and rag'd without control;
Their ſpite and pride's united floods had quite o'erwhelm'd our ſoul.
6 But prais'd be our eternal Lord, who reſcu'd us that day,
Nor to their ſavage jaws gave up our threaten'd lives a prey.

7 Our ſoul is like a bird eſcap'd from out the fowler's net;
The ſnare is broke, their hopes are croſs'd, and we at freedom ſet.
8 Secure in his Almighty name our confidence remains,
Who, as he made both heav'n and earth, of both ſole monarch reigns.

PSALM CXXV.

WHO place on Sion's God their truſt, like Sion's rock ſhall ſtand;
Like her immovably be fix'd by his Almighty hand.
2 Look how the hills on ev'ry ſide Jeruſalem incloſe;
So ſtands the Lord around his ſaints, to guard them from their foes.
3 The wicked may afflict the juſt, but ne'er too long oppreſs,
Nor force him by deſpair to ſeek baſe means for his redreſs.
4 Be good, O righteous God, to thoſe who righteous deeds affect;
The heart that innocence retains let innocence protect.
5 All thoſe who walk in crooked paths the Lord ſhall ſoon deſtroy;
Cut off th' unjuſt, but crown the ſaints with laſting peace and joy.

PSALM CXXVI.

WHEN Sion's God her ſons recall'd from long captivity,
It ſeem'd at firſt a pleaſing dream of what we wiſh'd to ſee.
2 But ſoon in an accuſtom'd mirth we did our voice employ,
And ſung our great Reſtorer's praiſe in thankful hymns of joy.
Our heathen foes repining ſtood, yet were compell'd to own,
That great and wondrous was the work our God for us had done.
3 'Twas great, ſay they; 'twas wondrous great, much more ſhould we confeſs;
The Lord has done great things, whereof we reap the glad ſucceſs.
4 To us bring back the remnant, Lord, of Iſrael's captive bands,
More welcome than refreſhing ſhow'rs to parch'd and thirſty lands.
5 That we, whoſe work commenc'd in tears, may ſee our labours thrive,
Till finiſh'd with ſucceſs, to make our drooping hearts revive.
6 Though he deſpond that ſows his grain, yet doubtleſs he ſhall come
To bind his full-ear'd ſheaves, and bring the joyful harveſt home.

PSALM CXXVII.

WE build with fruitleſs coſt, unleſs the Lord the pile ſuſtain;
Unleſs the Lord the city keep the watchman wakes in vain.
2 In vain we riſe before the day, and late to reſt repair,
Allow no reſpite to our toil, and eat the bread of care.
3 Supplies of life, with eaſe to them, he on his ſaints beſtows;
He crowns their labour with ſucceſs, their nights with ſound repoſe.
4 Children, thoſe comforts of our life, are preſents from the Lord;
He gives a num'rous race of heirs, as piety's reward.
5 As arrows in a giant's hand, when marching forth to war,
E'en ſo the ſons of ſprightly youth their parents' ſafeguard are.
6 Happy the man whoſe quiver's fill'd with theſe prevailing arms;
He needs not fear to meet his foe 'at law, or war's alarms.

PSALM CXXVIII.

THE man is bleſt who fears the Lord, nor only worſhip pays,
But keeps his ſteps confin'd with care to his appointed ways.
2 He ſhall upon the ſweet returns of his own labour feed;
Without dependence live, and ſee his wiſhes all ſucceed.
3 His wife, like a fair fertile vine, her lovely fruit ſhall bring;
His children, like young olive plants, about his table ſpring.

4, 5 Who fears the Lord ſhall proſper thus; him Sion's God ſhall bleſs,
And grant him all his days to ſee Jeruſalem's ſucceſs.
6 He ſhall live on, till heirs from him deſcend with vaſt increaſe;
Much bleſs'd in his own proſp'rous ſtate, and more in Iſrael's peace.

PSALM CXXIX.

FROM my youth up, may Iſrael ſay, they oft have me aſſail'd;
2 Reduc'd me oft to heavy ſtraits, but never quite prevail'd.
3 They oft have plow'd my patient back with furrows deep and long;
4 But our juſt God has broke their chains, and reſcu'd us from wrong.
5 Defeat, confuſion, ſhameful rout be ſtill the doom of thoſe,
Their righteous doom, who Sion hate, and Sion's God oppoſe.
6 Like corn upon our houſes' tops, untimely let them fade,
Which too much heat, and want of root, has blaſted in the blade:
7 Which in his arms no reaper takes, but unregarded leaves;
Nor binder thinks it worth his pains to fold it into ſheaves.
8 No traveller that paſſes by vouchſafes a minute's ſtop,
To give it one kind look, or crave Heav'n's bleſſing on the crop.

PSALM CXXX.

FROM loweſt depths of woe to God I ſent my cry;
2 Lord, hear my ſupplicating voice, and graciouſly reply.
3 Should'ſt thou ſeverely judge, who can the trial bear?
4 But thou forgiv'ſt, leſt we deſpond, and quite renounce thy fear.
5 My ſoul with patience waits for thee, the living Lord;
My hopes are on thy promiſe built, thy never-failing word.
6 My longing eyes look out for thy enliv'ning ray,
More duly than the morning watch to ſpy the dawning day.
7 Let Iſrael truſt in God, no bounds his mercy knows;
The plenteous ſource and ſpring from whence eternal ſuccour flows.
8 Whoſe friendly ſtreams to us ſupplies in want convey;
A healing ſpring, a ſpring to cleanſe, and waſh our guilt away.

PSALM CXXXI.

O Lord, I am not proud of heart, nor caſt a ſcornful eye;
Nor my aſpiring thoughts employ in things for me too high.
2 With infant innocence thou know'ſt I have myſelf demean'd;
Compos'd to quiet, like a babe that from the breaſt is wean'd.
3 Like me let Iſrael hope in God, his aid alone implore:
Both now and ever truſt in him, who lives for evermore.

PSALM CXXXII.

LET David, Lord, a conſtant place in thy remembrance find:
Let all the ſorrows he endur'd be ever in thy mind.
2 Remember what a ſolemn oath to thee, his Lord, he ſwore;
How to the mighty God he vow'd, whom Jacob's ſons adore:
3, 4 I will not go into my houſe, nor to my bed aſcend;
No ſoft repoſe ſhall cloſe my eyes, nor ſleep my eyelids bend:
5 Till for the Lord's deſign'd abode I mark the deſtin'd ground;
Till I a decent place of reſt for Jacob's God have found.
6 Th' appointed place with ſhouts of joy at Ephrata we found,
And made the woods and neighb'ring fields our glad applauſe reſound.
7 O with due rev'rence let us then to his abode repair;
And, proſtrate at his footſtool fall'n, pour out our humble pray'r.

8 Ariſe, O Lord, and now poſſeſs thy conſtant place of reſt;
Be that, not only with thy ark, but with thy preſence bleſt.
9, 10 Clothe thou thy prieſts with righteouſneſs, make thou thy ſaints rejoice;
And, for thy ſervant David's ſake, hear thy anointed's voice.
11 God ſware to David in his truth, nor ſhall his oath be vain,
One of thy offspring, after thee, upon thy throne ſhall reign.
12 And if thy ſeed my cov'nant keep, and to my laws ſubmit,
Their children too upon thy throne for evermore ſhall ſit.
13, 14 For Sion does in God's eſteem all other ſeats excel;
His place of everlaſting reſt, where he deſires to dwell.
15, 16 Her ſtores, ſays he, I will increaſe, her poor with plenty bleſs;
Her ſaints ſhall ſhout for joy, her prieſts my ſaving health confeſs.
17 There David's pow'r ſhall long remain in his ſucceſſive line,
And my anointed ſervant there ſhall with freſh luſtre ſhine.
18 The faces of his vanquiſh'd foes confuſion ſhall o'erſpread,
Whilſt, with confirm'd ſucceſs, his crown ſhall flouriſh on his head.

PSALM CXXXIII.

HOW vaſt muſt their advantage be! how great their pleaſure prove!
Who live like brethren, and conſent in offices of love!
2 True love is like that precious oil, which, pour'd on Aaron's head,
Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes its coſtly moiſture ſhed.
3 'Tis like refreſhing dew, which does on Hermon's top diſtil;
Or like the early drops that fall on Sion's fruitful hill.
4 For Sion is the choſen ſeat, where the Almighty King
The promis'd bleſſing has ordain'd, and life's eternal ſpring.

PSALM CXXXIV.

BLESS God, ye servants that attend upon his ſolemn ſtate,
That in his temple, night by night, with humble rev'rence wait:
2, 3 Within his houſe lift up your hands, and bleſs his holy Name;
From Sion bleſs thy Iſrael, Lord, who heav'n and earth didſt frame.

PSALM CXXXV.

O Praiſe the Lord with one conſent, and magnify his Name;
Let all the ſervants of the Lord his worthy praiſe proclaim.
2 Praiſe him all ye that in his houſe attend with conſtant care;
With thoſe that to his outmoſt courts with humble zeal repair.
3 For this our trueſt int'reſt is, glad hymns of praiſe to ſing;
And with loud ſongs to bleſs his Name, a moſt delightful thing.
4 For God his own peculiar choice the ſons of Jacob makes;
And Iſrael's offspring for his own moſt valued treaſure takes.
5 That God is great we often have by glad experience found;
And ſeen how he with wondrous pow'r above all gods is crown'd.
6 For he with unreſiſted ſtrength performs his ſov'reign will,
In heav'n and earth, and wat'ry ſtores, that earth's deep caverns fill.
7 He raiſes vapours from the ground, which, pois'd in liquid air,
Fall down at laſt in ſhow'rs, through which his dreadful lightnings glare.
8 He from his ſtorehouſe brings the wind; and he with vengeful hand
The firſt-born ſlew of man and beaſt through Egypt's mourning land.
9 He dreadful ſigns and wonders ſhew'd through ſtubborn Egypt's coaſts;
Nor Pharaoh could his plagues eſcape, nor all his num'rous hoſts.
10, 11 'Twas he that various nations ſmote, and mighty kings ſuppreſs'd;
Sihon and Og, and all beſides who Canaan's land poſſeſs'd.

12, 13 Their land upon his choſen race he firmly did entail;
For which his fame ſhall always laſt, his praiſe ſhall never fail.
14 For God ſhall ſoon his people's cauſe with pitying eyes ſurvey;
Repent him of his wrath, and turn his kindled rage away.
15 Thoſe idols, whoſe falſe worſhip ſpreads o'er all the heathen lands,
Are made of ſilver and of gold, the work of human hands.
16, 17 They move not their fictitious tongues, nor ſee with poliſh'd eyes;
Their counterfeited ears are deaf, no breath their mouth ſupplies.
18 As ſenſeleſs as themſelves are they that all their ſkill apply
To make them, or in dang'rous times on them for aid rely.
19 Their juſt returns of thanks to God let grateful Iſrael pay;
Nor let the prieſts of Aaron's race to bleſs the Lord delay.
20 Their ſenſe of his unbounded love let Levi's houſe expreſs;
And let all thoſe that fear the Lord his Name for ever bleſs.
21 Let all with thanks his wond'rous works in Sion's courts proclaim;
Let them in Salem, where he dwells, exalt his holy Name.

PSALM CXXXVI.

TO God, the mighty Lord, your joyful thanks repeat;
To him due praiſe afford, as good as he is great.
For God does prove our conſtant friend;
His boundleſs love ſhall never end.

2, 3 To him whoſe wondrous pow'r all other gods obey,
Whom earthly kings adore, this grateful homage pay.
For God, &c.

4, 5 By his almighty hand amazing works are wrought;
The heav'ns by his command were to perfection brought.
For God, &c.

6 He ſpread the ocean round about the ſpacious land;
And made the riſing ground above the waters ſtand.
For God, &c.

7, 8, 9 Through heav'n he did diſplay his num'rous hoſts of light;
The ſun to rule by day, the moon and ſtars by night.
For God, &c.

10, 11, 12 He ſtruck the firſt-born dead of Egypt's ſtubborn land;
And thence his people led with his reſiſtleſs hand.
For God, &c.

13, 14 By him the raging ſea, as if in pieces rent,
Diſclos'd a middle way, through which his people went.
For God, &c.

15 Where ſoon he overthrew proud Pharaoh and his hoſt,
Who, daring to purſue, were in the billows loſt.
For God, &c.

16, 17, 18 Through deſerts vaſt and wild he led the choſen ſeed;
And famous princes foil'd, and made great monarchs bleed.
For God, &c.

19, 20 Sihon, whoſe potent hand great Ammon's ſceptre ſway'd;
And Og, whoſe ſtern command rich Baſhan's land obey'd.
For God, &c.

21, 22 And of his wondrous grace, their lands, whom he deſtroy'd,
He gave to Iſrael's race, to be by them enjoy'd.
For God, &c.

23, 24 He, in our depth of woes, on us with favour thought,
And from our cruel foes in peace and safety brought.
For God, &c.

25, 26 He does the food supply on which all creatures live:
To God who reigns on high eternal praises give.
For God will prove our constant friend;
His boundless love shall never end.

PSALM CXXXVII.

WHEN we, our wearied limbs to rest, sat down by proud Euphrates' stream,
We wept, with doleful thoughts oppress, and Sion was our mournful theme.
2 Our harps, that when with joy we sung, were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
With silent strings neglected hung on willow trees that wither'd there.
3 Meanwhile our foes, who all conspir'd to triumph in our slavish wrongs,
Musick and mirth of us requir'd; "Come, sing us one of Sion's songs."
4 How shall we tune our voice to sing? or touch our harps with skilful hands?
Shall hymns of joy to God our King be sung by slaves in foreign lands?
5 O Salem, our once happy seat, when I of thee forgetful prove,
Let then my trembling hand forget the speaking strings with art to move.
6 If I to mention thee forbear, eternal silence seize my tongue;
Or if I sing one cheerful air, till thy deliv'rance is my song.
7 Remember, Lord, how Edom's race, in thy own city's fatal day,
Cried out, "Her stately walls deface, and with the ground quite level lay."
8 Proud Babel's daughter, doom'd to be of grief and woe the wretched prey;
Blest is the man who shall to thee the wrongs thou lay'st on us repay.
9 Thrice blest, who with just rage possest, and deaf to all the parents' moans,
Shall snatch thy infants from the breast, and dash their heads against the stones.

PSALM CXXXVIII.

WITH my whole heart, my God and King, thy praise I will proclaim;
Before the gods with joy I'll sing, and bless thy holy Name.
2 I'll worship at thy sacred seat; and, with thy love inspir'd,
The praises of thy truth repeat, o'er all thy works admir'd.
3 Thou graciously inclin'dst thine ear, when I to thee did cry;
And, when my soul was press'd with fear, didst inward strength supply.
4 Therefore shall ev'ry earthly prince thy Name with praise pursue,
Whom these admir'd events convince that all thy works are true.
5 They all thy wondrous ways, O Lord, with cheerful songs shall bless;
And all thy glorious acts record, thy awful pow'r confess.
6 For God, although enthron'd on high, does thence the poor respect;
The proud far off his scornful eye beholds with just neglect.
7 Though I with troubles am oppress'd, he shall my foes disarm;
Relieve my soul when most distress'd, and keep me safe from harm.
8 The Lord, whose mercies ever last, shall fix my happy state;
And, mindful of his favours past, shall his own work complete.

PSALM CXXXIX.

THOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known my rising up and lying down;
2 My secret thoughts are known to thee, known long before conceiv'd by me.
3 Thine eye my bed and path surveys, my publick haunts and private ways;
4 Thou know'st what 'tis my lips would vent, my yet unutter'd words' intent.
5 Surrounded by thy pow'r I stand, on ev'ry side I find thy hand:
6 O skill, for human reach too high! too dazzling bright for mortal eye!

7 O could I ſo perfidious be, to think of once deſerting thee,
Where, Lord, could I thy influence ſhun? or whither from thy preſence run?
8 If up to heav'n I take my flight, 'tis there thou dwell'ſt enthron'd in light;
Or dive to hell's infernal plains, 'tis there Almighty vengeance reigns.
9 If I the morning's wings could gain, and fly beyond the weſtern main,
10 Thy ſwifter hand would firſt arrive, and there arreſt thy fugitive.
11 Or ſhould I try to ſhun thy ſight beneath the ſable wings of night;
One glance from thee, one piercing ray, would kindle darkneſs into day.
12 The veil of night is no diſguiſe, no ſcreen from thy all-ſearching eyes;
Through midnight ſhades thou find'ſt thy way, as in the blazing noon of day.
13 Thou know'ſt the texture of my heart, my reins, and ev'ry vital part;
Each ſingle thread in nature's loom by thee was cover'd in the womb.
14 I'll praiſe thee, from whoſe hands I came, a work of ſuch a curious frame;
The wonders thou in me haſt ſhown, my ſoul with grateful joy muſt own.
15 Thine eyes my ſubſtance did ſurvey, while yet a lifeleſs maſs it lay;
In ſecret how exactly wrought, ere from its dark incloſure brought.
16 Thou didſt the ſhapeleſs embryo ſee, its parts were regiſter'd by thee;
Thou ſaw'ſt the daily growth they took, form'd by the model of thy book.
17 Let me acknowledge too, O God, that, ſince this maze of life I trod,
Thy thoughts of love to me ſurmount the pow'r of numbers to recount.
18 Far ſooner could I reckon o'er the ſands upon the ocean's ſhore;
Each morn, reviſing what I've done, I find th' account but new begun.
19 The wicked thou ſhalt ſlay, O God: depart from me, ye men of blood,
20 Whoſe tongues Heav'n's majeſty profane, and take th' Almighty's Name in vain.
21 Lord, hate not I their impious crew, who thee with enmity purſue?
And does not grief my heart oppreſs, when reprobates thy laws tranſgreſs?
22 Who practiſe enmity to thee ſhall utmoſt hatred have from me;
Such men I utterly deteſt, as if they were my foes profeſt.
23, 24 Search, try, O God, my thoughts and heart, if miſchief lurks in any part;
Correct me where I go aſtray, and guide me in thy perfect way.

PSALM CXL.

PRESERVE me, Lord, from crafty foes of treacherous intent;
2 And from the ſons of violence, on open miſchief bent.
3 Their ſland'ring tongue the ſerpent's ſting in ſharpneſs does exceed;
Between their lips the gall of aſps and adders' venom breed.
4 Preſerve me, Lord, from wicked hands, nor leave my ſoul forlorn,
A prey to ſons of violence, who have my ruin ſworn.
5 The proud for me have laid their ſnare, and ſpread their wily net;
With traps and gins, where'er I move, I find my ſteps beſet.
6 But thus environ'd with diſtreſs, thou art my God, I ſaid;
Lord, hear my ſupplicating voice, that calls to thee for aid.
7 O Lord, the God, whoſe ſaving ſtrength kind ſuccour did convey,
And cover'd my advent'rous head in battle's doubtful day:
8 Permit not their unjuſt deſigns to anſwer their deſire;
Leſt they, encourag'd by ſucceſs, to bolder crimes aſpire.
9 Let firſt their chiefs the ſad effects of their injuſtice mourn:
The blaſt of their envenom'd breath upon themſelves return.
10 Let them who kindled firſt the flame its ſacrifice become;
The pit they digg'd for me be made their own untimely tomb.
11 Though ſlander's breath may raiſe a ſtorm, it quickly will decay;
Their rage does but the torrent ſwell that bears themſelves away.
12 God will aſſert the poor man's cauſe, and ſpeedy ſuccour give;
The juſt ſhall celebrate his praiſe, and in his preſence live.

PSALM CXLI—CXLIII.

PSALM CXLI.

TO thee, O Lord, my cries aſcend,
And with accuſtom'd pity hear
2 Inſtead of off'rings, let my pray'r
My lifted hands ſupply the place
3 From haſty language curb my tongue,
Still keep the portal of my lips,
4 From wicked men's deſigns and deeds
Nor let me in the booty ſhare
5 Let upright men reprove my faults,
Like balm that heals a wounded head,
And, in return, my fervent pray'r
When they are tempted and reduc'd,
6 When ſculking in En-gedi's rock
If one reproachful word I ſpoke,
7 Yet us they perſecute to death;
As thick as from the hewer's axe
8 But, Lord, to thee I ſtill direct
O leave not deſtitute my ſoul,
9 Do thou preſerve me from the ſnares
Let them in their own nets be caught,
O haſte to my relief;
the accents of my grief.
like morning incenſe riſe;
of ev'ning ſacrifice.
and let a conſtant guard
with wary ſilence barr'd.
my heart and hands reſtrain;
of their unrighteous gain.
and I ſhall think them kind;
I their reproof ſhall find:
I ſhall for them addreſs,
like me, to ſore diſtreſs.
I to their chiefs appeal,
when I had pow'r to kill.
our ſcatter'd ruins lie
the ſever'd ſplinters fly.
my ſupplicating eyes;
whoſe truſt on thee relies.
that wicked hands have laid:
while my eſcape is made.

PSALM CXLII.

TO God, with mournful voice,
2 Made him the umpire of my cauſe,
3 Thou didſt my ſteps direct,
For where I thought to walk ſecure,
4 I look'd, but found no friend
All refuge fail'd, no man vouchſaf'd
5 To God at laſt I pray'd;
My portion in the land of life,
6 Reduc'd to greateſt ſtraits,
O ſave me from oppreſſing foes,
7 That I may praiſe thy Name,
Whilſt of thy kind regard to me
in deep diſtreſs I pray'd;
my wrongs before him laid.
when my griev'd ſoul deſpair'd;
they had their traps prepar'd.
to own me in diſtreſs:
his pity or redreſs.
thou, Lord, my refuge art,
till life itſelf depart.
to thee I make my moan:
for me too pow'rful grown.
my ſoul from priſon bring;
aſſembled ſaints ſhall ſing.

PSALM CXLIII.

LORD, hear my pray'r, and to my cry
In thy accuſtom'd faith and truth
2 Nor at thy ſtrict tribunal bring
For in thy ſight no living man
3 The ſpiteful foe purſues my life,
He drives me into caves as dark
4 My ſpirit therefore is o'erwhelm'd,
My mournful heart grows deſolate,
5 I call to mind the days of old,
My former dangers and eſcapes
6 To thee my hands in humble pray'r
My ſoul for thy refreſhment thirſts,
7 Hear me with ſpeed; my ſpirit fails;
Leſt I become forlorn, like them
8 Thy kindneſs early let me hear,
Teach me the way where I ſhould go;
thy wonted audience lend;
a gracious anſwer ſend.
thy ſervant to be tried;
can e'er be juſtified.
whoſe comforts all are fled;
as manſions of the dead.
and ſinks within my breaſt;
with heavy woes oppreſt.
and wonders thou haſt wrought:
employ my muſing thought.
I fervently ſtretch out;
like land oppreſs'd with drought.
thy face no longer hide,
that in the grave reſide.
whoſe truſt on thee depends;
my ſoul to thee aſcends.

9 Do thou, O Lord, from all my foes preſerve and ſet me free;
A ſafe retreat againſt their rage my ſoul implores from thee.
10 Thou art my God, thy righteous will inſtruct me to obey;
Let thy good Spirit lead and keep my ſoul in thy right way.
11 O! for the ſake of thy great Name, revive my drooping heart;
For thy truth's ſake, to me, diſtreſs'd, thy promis'd aid impart.
12 In pity to my ſuff'rings, Lord, reduce my foes to ſhame;
Slay them that perſecute a ſoul devoted to thy Name.

PSALM CXLIV.

FOR ever bleſs'd be God the Lord, who does his needful aid impart;
At once both ſtrength and ſkill afford to wield my arms with warlike art.
2 His goodneſs is my fort and tow'r, my ſtrong deliv'rance and my ſhield;
In him I truſt, whoſe matchleſs pow'r makes to my ſway fierce nations yield.
3 Lord, what's in man, that thou ſhould'ſt love of him ſuch tender care to take?
What in his offspring could thee move ſuch great account of him to make?
4 The life of man does quickly fade, his thoughts but empty are and vain;
His days are like a flying ſhade, of whoſe ſhort ſtay no ſigns remain.
5 In ſolemn ſtate, O God, deſcend, whilſt heav'n its lofty head inclines;
The ſmoaking hills aſunder rend, of thy approach the awful ſigns.
6 Diſcharge thy dreadful lightnings round, and make my ſcatter'd foes retreat;
Them with thy pointed arrows wound, and their deſtruction ſoon complete.
7, 8 Do thou, O Lord, from heav'n engage thy boundleſs pow'r my foes to quell,
And ſnatch me from the ſtormy rage of threat'ning waves, that proudly ſwell.
Fight thou againſt my foreign foes, who utter ſpeeches falſe and vain;
Who, though in ſolemn leagues they cloſe, their ſworn engagement ne'er maintain.
9 So I to thee, O King of kings, in joyful hymns my voice ſhall raiſe;
And inſtruments of various ſtrings ſhall help me thus to ſing thy praiſe.
10 "God does to kings his aid afford, to them his ſure ſalvation ſends;
"'Tis he that from the murd'ring ſword his ſervant David ſtill defends."
11 Fight thou againſt my foreign foes, who utter ſpeeches falſe and vain;
Who, though in ſolemn leagues they cloſe, their ſworn engagements ne'er maintain.
12 Then our young ſons like trees ſhall grow, well planted in ſome fruitful place;
Our daughters ſhall like pillars ſhow, deſign'd ſome royal court to grace.
13 Our garners, fill'd with various ſtore, ſhall us and our's with plenty feed;
Our ſheep, increaſing more and more, ſhall thouſands and ten thouſands breed.
14 Strong ſhall our lab'ring oxen grow, nor in their conſtant labour faint;
Whilſt we no war nor ſlav'ry know, and in our ſtreets hear no complaint.
15 Thrice happy is that people's caſe, whoſe various bleſſings thus abound;
Who God's true worſhip ſtill embrace, and are with his protection crown'd.

PSALM CXLV.

1, 2 THEE I'll extol, my God and King, thy endleſs praiſe proclaim;
This tribute daily I will bring, and ever bleſs thy Name.
3 Thou, Lord, beyond compare art great, and highly to be prais'd;
Thy majeſty, with boundleſs height, above our knowledge rais'd.
4 Renown'd for mighty acts, thy fame to future times extends;
From age to age thy glorious Name ſucceſſively deſcends.
5, 6 Whilſt I thy glory and renown, and wondrous works expreſs;
The world with me thy might ſhall own, and thy great pow'r confeſs.
7 The praiſe, that to thy love belongs, they ſhall with joy proclaim;
Thy truth of all their grateful ſongs ſhall be the conſtant theme.
8 The Lord is good, freſh acts of grace his pity ſtill ſupplies;
His anger moves with ſloweſt pace, his willing mercy flies.

9, 10 Thy love through earth extends its fame, to all thy works expreſs'd:
These ſhew thy praiſe, whilſt thy great Name is by thy ſervants bleſs'd.
11 They, with the glorious proſpect fir'd, ſhall of thy kingdom ſpeak;
And thy great pow'r, by all admir'd, their lofty ſubject make.
12 God's glorious works of ancient date ſhall thus to all be known;
And thus his kingdom's royal ſtate with publick ſplendor ſhown.
13 His ſteadfaſt throne, from changes free, ſhall ſtand for ever faſt;
His boundleſs ſway no end ſhall ſee, but time itſelf outlaſt.

The Second Part.

14, 15 The Lord does them ſupport that fall, and makes the proſtrate riſe;
For his kind aid all creatures call, who timely food ſupplies.
16 Whate'er their various wants require, with open hand he gives;
And ſo fulfils the juſt deſire of ev'ry thing that lives.
17, 18 How holy is the Lord, how juſt, how righteous all his ways!
How nigh to him, who with firm truſt for his aſſiſtance prays!
19 He grants the full deſires of thoſe who him with fear adore;
And will their troubles ſoon compoſe, when they his aid implore.
20 The Lord preſerves all thoſe with care whom grateful love employs;
But ſinners, who his vengeance dare, with furious rage deſtroys.
21 My time to come, in praiſes ſpent, ſhall ſtill advance his fame,
And all mankind, with one conſent, for ever bleſs his Name.

PSALM CXLVI.

1, 2 O Praiſe the Lord, and thou, my ſoul, for ever bleſs his Name;
His wondrous love, while life ſhall laſt, my conſtant praiſe ſhall claim.
3 On kings, the greateſt ſons of men, let none for aid rely;
They cannot ſave in dang'rous times, nor timely help apply.
4 Depriv'd of breath, to duſt they turn, and there neglected lie,
And all their thoughts and vain deſigns together with them die.
5 Then happy he, who Jacob's God for his protector takes;
Who ſtill with well-plac'd hope the Lord his conſtant refuge makes.
6 The Lord, who made both heav'n and earth, and all that they contain,
Will never quit his ſteadfaſt truth, nor make his promiſe vain.
7 The poor oppreſt from all their wrongs are eas'd by his decree;
He gives the hungry needful food, and ſets the pris'ners free.
8 By him the blind receive their ſight, the weak and fall'n he rears;
With kind regard and tender love he for the righteous cares.
9 The ſtrangers he preſerves from harm, the orphan kindly treats,
Defends the widow, and the wiles of wicked men defeats.
10 The God that does in Sion dwell is our eternal King:
From age to age his reign endures; let all his praiſes ſing.

PSALM CXLVII.

O Praiſe the Lord with hymns of joy, and celebrate his fame:
For pleaſant, good, and comely 'tis to praiſe his holy Name.
2 His holy city God will build, though levell'd with the ground;
Bring back his people, though diſpers'd through all the nations round.
3, 4 He kindly heals the broken hearts, and all their wounds doth cloſe;
He tells the number of the ſtars, their ſeveral names he knows.
5, 6 Great is the Lord, and great his pow'r, his wiſdom has no bound;
The meek he raiſes, but throws down the wicked to the ground.

7 To God, the Lord, a hymn of praiſe with grateful voices ſing;
To ſongs of triumph tune the harp, and ſtrike each warbling ſtring.
8 He covers heav'n with clouds, and thence refreſhing rain beſtows;
Through him, on mountain tops, the graſs with wondrous plenty grows.
9 He ſavage beaſts, that looſely range, with timely food ſupplies;
He feeds the raven's tender brood, and ſtops their hungry cries.
10 He values not the warlike ſteed, but doth his ſtrength diſdain;
The nimble foot, that ſwiftly runs, no prize from him can gain.
11 But he, to him that fears his Name, his tender love extends;
To him that on his boundleſs grace with ſteadfaſt hope depends.
12, 13 Let Sion and Jeruſalem to God their praiſe addreſs;
Who fenc'd their gates with maſſy bars, and does their children bleſs.
14, 15 Through all their borders he gives peace, with fineſt wheat they're fed;
He ſpeaks the word, and what he wills is done as ſoon as ſaid.
16 Large flakes of ſnow, like fleecy wool, deſcend at his command;
And hoary froſt, like aſhes ſpread, is ſcatter'd o'er the land.
17 When, join'd to theſe, he does his hail in little morſels break;
Who can againſt his piercing cold ſecure defences make?
18 He ſends his word, which melts the ice; he makes his wind to blow;
And ſoon the ſtreams, congeal'd before, in plenteous currents flow.
19 By him his ſtatutes and decrees to Jacob's ſons were ſhown;
And ſtill to Iſrael's choſen ſeed his righteous laws are known.
20 No other nation this can boaſt, nor did he e'er afford
To heathen lands his oracles, and knowledge of his word.

HALLELUJAH.

PSALM CXLVIII.

1, 2 YE boundleſs realms of joy, exalt your Maker's fame,
His praiſe your ſong employ above the ſtarry frame;
Your voices raiſe, ye cherubim
And ſeraphim, to ſing his praiſe.
3, 4 Thou moon, that rul'ſt the night, and ſun, that guid'ſt the day;
Ye glitt'ring ſtars of light, to him your homage pay;
His praiſe declare, ye heav'ns above,
And clouds that move in liquid air.
5, 6 Let them adore the Lord, and praiſe his holy Name,
By whoſe almighty word they all from nothing came;
And all ſhall laſt from changes free;
His firm decree ſtands ever faſt.
7, 8 Let earth her tribute pay; praiſe him, ye dreadful whales,
And fiſh, that through the ſea glide ſwift with glitt'ring ſcales;
Fire, hail, and ſnow, and miſty air,
And winds that, where he bids them, blow.
9, 10 By hills and mountains, (all in grateful concert join'd,)
By cedars ſtately tall, and trees for fruit deſign'd;
By ev'ry beaſt, and creeping thing,
And fowl of wing, his Name be bleſt.
11, 12 Let all of royal birth, with thoſe of humbler frame,
And judges of the earth, his matchleſs praiſe proclaim.
In this deſign let youths with maids,
And hoary heads with children join.

PSALM CXLIX, CL.

13 United zeal be ſhown — his wondrous fame to raiſe,
Whoſe glorious Name alone — deſerves our endleſs praiſe.
Earth's utmoſt ends — his pow'r obey;
His glorious ſway — the ſky tranſcends.
14 His choſen ſaints to grace, — he ſets them up on high,
And favours Iſrael's race, — who ſtill to him are nigh.
O therefore raiſe — your grateful voice,
And ſtill rejoice — the Lord to praiſe.

PSALM CXLIX.

1, 2 O Praiſe ye the Lord, — prepare your glad voice,
His praiſe in the great — aſſembly to ſing:
In our great Creator — let Iſrael rejoice;
And children of Sion — be glad in their king.
3, 4 Let them his great Name — extol in the dance;
With timbrel and harp — his praiſes expreſs:
Who always takes pleaſure — his ſaints to advance,
And with his ſalvation — the humble to bleſs.
5, 6 With glory adorn'd, — his people ſhall ſing
To God, who their beds — with ſafety does ſhield;
Their mouths fill'd with praiſes — of him their great King;
Whilſt a two-edged ſword — their right hand ſhall wield.
7, 8 Juſt vengeance to take — for injuries paſt;
To puniſh thoſe lands — for ruin deſign'd;
With chains, as their captives, — to tie their kings faſt,
With fetters of iron — their nobles to bind.
9 Thus ſhall they make good, — when them they deſtroy,
The dreadful decree — which God does proclaim:
Such honour and triumph — his ſaints ſhall enjoy;
O therefore for ever — exalt his great Name.

PSALM CL.

O Praiſe the Lord in that bleſt place, — from whence his goodneſs largely flows;
Praiſe him in heav'n, where he his face unveil'd in perfect glory ſhows.
2 Praiſe him for all the mighty acts — which he in our behalf hath done;
His kindneſs this return exacts, — with which our praiſe ſhould equal run.
3 Let the ſhrill trumpet's warlike voice — make rocks and hills his praiſe rebound;
Praiſe him with harp's melodious noiſe, — and gentle pſalt'ry's ſilver ſound.
4 Let virgin troops ſoft timbrels bring, — and ſome with graceful motion dance;
Let inſtruments of various ſtrings, — with organs join'd, his praiſe advance.
5 Let them, who joyful hymns compoſe, — to cymbals ſet their ſongs of praiſe;
Cymbals of common uſe, and thoſe — that loudly ſound on ſolemn days.
6 Let all that vital breath enjoy, — the breath he does to them afford,
In juſt returns of praiſe employ: — let ev'ry creature praiſe the Lord.

THE END OF THE PSALMS.

GLORIA PATRI.

Common Measure.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt, the God whom we adore,
Be glory; as it was, is now, and ſhall be evermore.

As the 25th Psalm.

To God the Father, Son, and Spirit, glory be;
As 'twas, and is, and ſhall be ſo to all eternity.

As the 100th Psalm.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt, the God whom earth and heav'n adore,
Be glory; as it was of old, is now, and ſhall be evermore.

As the old 112th, and the last part of the 123d Psalm.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt, the God whom heav'n's triumphant hoſt
And ſuff'ring ſaints on earth adore,
Be glory; as in ages paſt, as now it is, and ſo ſhall laſt,
When time itſelf ſhall be no more.

As the 148th Psalm.

To God the Father, Son, and Spirit, ever bleſt,
Eternal Three in One, all worſhip be addreſt;
As heretofore it was, is now,
And ſhall be ſo for evermore.

As the 149th Psalm.

By angels in heav'n of ev'ry degree,
And ſaints upon earth, all praiſe be addreſt
To God in Three Perſons, one God ever bleſt;
As it has been, now is, and always ſhall be.

HYMNS, &c.

VENI CREATOR.

First Metre.

COME, Holy Ghoſt; Creator, come, and viſit all the ſouls of thine:
Thou haſt inſpir'd our hearts with life; inſpire them now with life divine.
Thou art the Comforter, the gift of God moſt high; the fire of love,
The everlaſting ſpring of joy, and holy unction from above.
Thy gifts are manifold; thou writ'ſt God's laws in ev'ry faithful heart;
The promiſe of the Father, thou doſt heav'nly eloquence impart.
Enlighten our dark ſouls, till they thy love, thy heav'nly love embrace;
And (ſince we are by nature frail) aſſiſt us with thy ſaving grace.
Drive far from us the mortal foe, and grant us to have peace within;
That, with thy light and guidance bleſt, we may eſcape the ſnares of ſin.
Teach us the Father to confeſs, and Son, who from the grave reviv'd;
And, with the Father and the Son, the Holy Ghoſt, from both deriv'd.
With thee, O Father, therefore may the Son, who was from death reſtor'd,
And ſacred Comforter, one God, to endleſs ages be ador'd!

VENI CREATOR.

Second Metre.

COME, Holy Ghoſt; Creator, come, inſpire the ſouls of thine;
Till ev'ry heart which thou haſt made is fill'd with grace divine.
Thou art the Comforter, the gift of God, and fire of love;
The everlaſting ſpring of joy, and unction from above.

Thy gifts are manifold, thou writ'st — God's laws in each true heart;
The promise of the Father, thou — dost heav'nly speech impart.
Enlighten our dark souls, till they — thy sacred love embrace;
Assist our minds, by nature frail, — with thy celestial grace.
Drive far from us the mortal foe, — and give us peace within;
That, by thy guidance bless'd, we may — escape the snares of sin.
Teach us the Father to confess, — and Son, from death reviv'd;
And, with them both, the Holy Ghost, — who art from both deriv'd.
With thee, O Father, therefore, may — the Son, from death restor'd,
And sacred Comforter, one God, — devoutly be ador'd:
As in all ages heretofore — has constantly been done,
As now it is, and shall be so — when time his course has run.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

The First Part.

O God, we praise thee, and confess — that thou the only Lord
And everlasting Father art, — by all the earth ador'd.
To thee all Angels cry aloud; — to thee the powers on high,
Both Cherubim and Seraphim, — continually do cry,
O holy, holy, holy Lord, — whom heav'nly hosts obey;
The world is with the glory fill'd — of thy majestic ray.
Th' Apostles' glorious company, — and Prophets crown'd with light,
With all the Martyrs' noble host, — thy constant praise recite.
The holy Church throughout the world, — O Lord, confesses thee;
That thou eternal Father art, — of boundless majesty.
Thy honour'd, true, and only Son, — and Holy Ghost the spring
Of never-ceasing joy: O Christ, — of glory thou art King.
The Father's everlasting Son, — thou from on high didst come
To save mankind, and didst not then — disdain the Virgin's womb.
And, having overcome the sting — of death, thou open'dst wide
The gates of heav'n to all, who firm — in thy belief abide.

The Second Part.

Crown'd with the Father's glory, thou — at God's right hand doth sit;
Whence thou shalt come to be our Judge, — to sentence or acquit.
O therefore save thy servants, Lord, — whose souls so dearly cost;
Nor let the purchase of thy blood, — thy precious blood, be lost.
We magnify thee day by day, — and ever worship thee:
Vouchsafe to keep us, Lord, this day — from sin and danger free.
Have mercy, mercy on us, Lord, — to us thy grace extend;
According as for mercy we — on thee alone depend!
In thee I have repos'd my trust, — and ever shall do so;
Preserve me then from ruin here, — and from eternal woe.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, — the God whom we adore,
Be glory; as it was, is now, — and shall be evermore.

FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

Morning Service.

HIGH let us swell our tuneful notes, — and join th' angelic throng,
For angels no such love have known, — t' awake a cheerful song.
Good-will to sinful men is shown, — and peace on earth is given;
For, lo! th' incarnate Saviour comes — with messages from heaven.
Justice and grace, with sweet accord, — his rising beams adorn;
Let heav'n and earth in concert join, — to us a Child is born.

Glory to God in highest strains, in highest worlds be paid;
His glory by our lips proclaim'd, and by our lives display'd.
When shall we reach those blissful realms where Christ exalted reigns?
And learn of the celestial choir their own immortal strains?

Evening Service.

HARK, the herald angels sing, Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild, God and sinners reconcil'd:
Joyful all ye nations rise, join the triumph of the skies,
With th' angelic host proclaim, Christ is born in Bethlehem.
Hark, the herald angels sing, Glory to the new-born King.

Christ by highest heav'n ador'd, Christ the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold him come, offspring of a virgin's womb:
Veil'd in flesh the Godhead he, hail th' incarnate Deity:
Pleas'd as man with man appear, Jesus our Immanuel here.
Hark, the herald, &c.

Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! hail the Sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings, ris'n with healing in his wings:
Mild he lays his glory by, born that man no more may die:
Born to raise the sons of earth, born to give them second birth.
Hark, the herald, &c.

FOR EASTER DAY.

First Hymn.

SINCE Christ, our passover, is slain a sacrifice for all;
Let all with thankful hearts agree to keep the festival:
Not with the leaven, as of old, of sin and malice fed;
But with unfeign'd sincerity, and truth's unleaven'd bread.
Christ, being rais'd by pow'r divine, and rescu'd from the grave,
Shall die no more; death shall on him no more dominion have.
For that he died, 'twas for our sins he once vouchsaf'd to die;
But that he lives, he lives to God for all eternity.
So count yourselves as dead to sin, but graciously restor'd,
And made henceforth alive to God, through Jesus Christ our Lord.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, the God whom we adore,
Be glory; as it was, is now, and shall be evermore.

FOR EASTER DAY.

Second Hymn.

CHRIST from the dead is rais'd, and made the firstfruits of the tomb;
For as by man came death, by man did resurrection come.
For as in Adam all mankind did guilt and death derive,
So by the righteousness of Christ shall all be made alive.
If then ye risen are with Christ, seek only how to get
The things that are above, where Christ at God's right hand doth sit.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, the God whom heav'n's triumphant host,
And suff'ring saints on earth adore,
Be glory; as in ages past, as now it is, and so shall last,
When time itself shall be no more.

FOR THE SACRAMENT.

MY God, and is thy table spread, and doth thy cup with love o'erflow!
Thither be all thy children led, and let them all thy sweetness know.
Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes, rich banquet of his flesh and blood!
Thrice happy he who here partakes that sacred stream, that heav'nly food.

Why are its dainties all in vain before unwilling hearts display'd?
Was not for you the victim slain? are you forbid the children's bread?
O! let thy table honour'd be, and furnish'd well with joyful guests!
And may each soul salvation see, that here its sacred pledges tastes.
Let crowds approach, with hearts prepar'd, with hearts inflam'd let all attend;
Nor, when we leave our Father's board, the pleasure or the profit end.
Receive thy dying churches, Lord, and bid our drooping graces live;
And more, that energy afford, a Saviour's blood alone can give.

FOR THE MORNING.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise to pay thy morning sacrifice.
Redeem thy mispent moments past, and live this day as if the last;
Thy talents to improve take care; for the great day thyself prepare.
Let all thy converse be sincere, thy conscience as the noon-day clear;
For God's all-seeing eye surveys thy secret thoughts, thy works and ways.
Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart, and with the angels bear thy part;
Who all night long unwearied sing high glory to th' eternal King.
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, angelic host; praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

BENEDICTUS;

Or, The SONG of *Zacharias*, Luke i. 68.

NOW bless'd be Israel's Lord and God, whose mercy at our need
Has visited his people's grief, and them from bondage freed;
And rais'd in faithful David's house salvation, which of old,
E'er since the world itself began, his prophets had foretold.
To save us from our spiteful foes, and keep his oath in mind,
Which he to Abr'am heretofore, and to our fathers sign'd;
That we, from fear and danger freed, his temple may frequent;
And all our days, as in his sight, in holy life be spent.
And thou, O child, shalt then be call'd God's prophet, to declare
His message, and before his face his passage to prepare:
To give them light, who now in shades of night and death abide;
And in the way that leads to peace our footsteps safely guide.

MAGNIFICAT;

Or, The SONG of the *Blessed Virgin*, Luke i. 46.

MY soul and spirit, fill'd with joy, my God and Saviour praise,
Whose goodness did from poor estate his humble handmaid raise.
Me bless'd of God, the God of pow'r, all ages shall confess;
Whose name is holy, and whose love his saints shall ever bless.
The proud, and all their vain designs, he quickly did confound;
He cast the mighty from their seat, the meek and humble crown'd.
The hungry with good things were fill'd, the rich with hunger pin'd;
He sent his servant Israel help, and call'd his love to mind;
Which to our fathers heretofore by oath he did insure,
To Abr'am and his chosen seed for ever to endure.

GLORIA PATRI.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, the God whom we adore,
Be glory; as it was, is now, and shall be evermore.

NUNC DIMITTIS;

Or, The SONG of *St. Simeon*, Luke ii. 29.

LORD, let thy servant now depart
Since my expecting eyes have been
Which till this time thy favour'd saints
Long since prepar'd, but now set forth
A light to shew the heathen world
But, O! the light and glory both
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be glory; as it was, is now,
into thy promis'd rest,
with thy salvation blest:
and prophets only knew;
in all the people's view.
the way to saving grace;
of Israel's chosen race.
the God whom we adore,
and shall be evermore.

THE CREED.

I Steadfastly believe in God,
Who made this lower world, and all
And I believe in Jesus Christ,
Th' Almighty Father's only Son,
Conceiv'd by th' Holy Ghost, and of
By Pontius Pilate doom'd to bear
Was crucify'd, and for a time,
Descended into hell; and rose
Ascended up to heav'n; and there
From whence he shall return to judge
I likewise firmly do believe,
The holy universal Church,
Forgiveness of repented sins,
The resurrection of the dead,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be glory; as it was, is now,
the Father of all might;
the glorious worlds of light.
the everlasting Word;
and our most gracious Lord.
the Virgin Mary born;
most bitter pains and scorn;
both dead and bury'd lay;
to life on the third day;
at God's right hand is plac'd;
the quick and dead at last.
O Holy Ghost, in thee;
and saints' community.
(through Christ, our sacrifice,)
and life that never dies.
the God whom we adore,
and shall be evermore.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

First Metre.

OUR Father, who in heaven art,
Thy kingdom come: may we fulfil,
With equal cheerfulness and love,
Give us this day our daily bread:
But with thy grace preserve us still
For thine the kingdom, and the pow'r,
thy Name be hallow'd in each heart.
who dwell on earth, thy heav'nly will,
as saints and angels do above.
us into no temptation lead:
from sin, and ev'ry thing that's ill;
and glory are for evermore.

GLORIA PATRI.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Of saints and angels do adore,
It was, is now, and so shall be
the God whom all the sacred host
all glory be; as heretofore
to ages of eternity.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Second Metre.

OUR Father, who in heaven art,
Thy kingdom come; thy will be done
As cheerfully as 'tis by those
Lord, let thy bounty day by day
As we forgive our enemies,
Into temptation lead us not,
For kingdom, pow'r, and glory, all
Thine from eternity they were,
all hallow'd be thy Name;
throughout this earthly frame,
who dwell with thee on high;
our daily food supply.
thy pardon, Lord, we crave;
but us from evil save.
belong, O Lord, to thee;
and thine shall ever be.

THE LAMENTATION OF A SINNER.

O Lord, turn not thy face from me,
Lamenting all my sinful life
A gate which opens wide to those
Shut not that gate against me, Lord,
And call me not to strict account,
For then my guilty conscience knows
I need not to confess my life
What I have been, and what I am;
The circumstances of my crimes,
Thou know'st them all; and more, much more than I can call to mind:
Therefore, with tears, I come to beg
For pardon, like a child that dreads
So come I to thy mercy-gate,
Imploring pardon for my sin,
O Lord, I need not to repeat
Thou know'st, O Lord, before I ask,
Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask,
For mercy, Lord, is all my suit;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be glory; as it was, is now,

who lie in woeful state,
before thy mercy-gate;
that do lament their sin:
but let me enter in.
how I have sojourn'd here;
how vile I shall appear.
to thee, who best can tell
I know thou know'st it well.
their number and their kind,
of my offended God,
his angry parent's rod.
where mercy doth abound,
to heal my deadly wound.
the comfort I would have:
the blessing I do crave.
this is the total sum;
Lord, let thy mercy come!
the God whom we adore,
and shall be evermore.

SONG OF THE ANGELS,

At the *Nativity* of our *Blessed Saviour*, Luke ii. 8—15.

WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, all seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down, and glory shone around.
"Fear not," said he, (for mighty dread
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
"To you, in David's town, this day
"The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;—
"The heav'nly Babe you there shall find
"All meanly wrapt in swathing-bands,
Thus spake the Seraph, and forthwith
Of angels, praising God, and thus
"All glory be to God on high,
"Good-will henceforth from Heav'n to men begin, and never cease."

had seiz'd their troubled mind,)
to you and all mankind.
is born of David's line,
and this shall be the sign:
to human view display'd,
and in a manger laid."
appear'd a shining throng
address'd their joyful song:
and to the earth be peace;

THREE HYMNS FOR THE HOLY COMMUNION.

HYMN I. Out of the *Revelation* of *St. John*.

THOU, God, all glory, honour, pow'r, art worthy to receive;
Since all things by thy power were made, and by thy bounty live.
And worthy is the Lamb, all pow'r,
Glory and strength; who for our sins
All worthy thou, who hast redeem'd
From ev'ry nation, ev'ry coast,
Blessing and honour, glory, pow'r,
To him that sits upon the throne,

honour, and wealth to gain,
a sacrifice was slain.
and ransom'd us to God,
by thy most precious blood.
by all in earth and heav'n,
and to the Lamb be giv'n.

HYMN II. *Revelation*, Chap. xix.

ALL ye who faithful servants are
Both high and low, and small and great, his praise devoutly sing!
Let us rejoice and render thanks
Rejoice, rejoice! for now is come

of our Almighty King,
to his most holy Name;
the marriage of the Lamb.

His bride herself has ready made, how pure and white her dress!
Which is her saints' integrity, and spotless holiness.
O therefore bless'd is every one, who to the marriage feast,
And holy supper of the Lamb, is made a welcome guest!

HYMN III. *The Thanksgiving in the Church Communion Service.*

TO God be glory, peace on earth, to all mankind good-will;
We bless, we praise, we worship thee, and glorify thee still.
And thanks for thy great glory give, that fills our souls with light;
O Lord! God! heav'nly King! the God and Father of all might.
And thou, begotten Son of God, before all time begun;
O Jesu Christ! God, Lamb of God, the Father's only Son!
Have mercy, thou that tak'st the sins of all the world away!
Have mercy, Saviour of mankind, and hear us when we pray!
O thou, who sitt'st at God's right hand, upon the Father's throne,
Have mercy on us, Thou, O Christ, who art the Holy One!
Thou, Lord,—who with the Holy Ghost, whom earth and heav'n adore,
In glory of the Father art most high for evermore.

GLORIA PATRI.

TO God, our benefactor, bring the tribute of your praise;
Too small for an Almighty King, but all that we can raise.
Glory to Thee, bless'd Three in One, the God whom we adore;
As was, and is, and shall be done, when time shall be no more.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow; praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host, praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

DIRECTIONS ABOUT THE TUNES AND MEASURES.

ALL Psalms of this Version in the Common Measure of Eights and Sixes, that is, where the first and third Lines of the single Stanza consist of eight Syllables each, the second and fourth Lines of six Syllables each, may be sung to any of the most usual Tunes, namely, York Tune, Windsor Tune, St. David's, Litchfield, Canterbury, Martyr's, St. Mary's alias Hackney, St. Anne's Tune, &c.

As the Old 25th Psalm, may be sung the New 25, 31, 51, 67, 130, 142.
As the Old 113, the 37, 46, 50, 63, 76, 91, 110, 113, 120.
As the Old 148, the 136, 148.
As the Old 104, the 149.

The Psalms in this Version of four Lines in a single Stanza, and eight Syllables in each Line, (if Psalms of praise or cheerfulness) may properly be sung as the Old 100th Psalm, or to the Tune of the Old 125th Psalm, Second Metre.

The Penitential or Mournful Psalms, in the same Measure, may be sung as the Old 51st Psalm.

PRAYER ON ENTERING CHURCH.

ASSIST us, Lord, in these our Prayers and Supplications; and grant that those things which we ask faithfully, we may obtain effectually, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

WHEN THE SERVICE IS ENDED.

THANKS be to thy holy Name, most gracious God, for this opportunity of attending thy publick Service; and grant, O Lord, that neither our Inattention or want of Devotion may render our imperfect Petitions unacceptable in thy sight, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

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VENI CREATOR,—First and Second Metre.
TE DEUM LAUDAMUS,—First and Second Part.
CHRISTMAS DAY,—Morning and Evening Service.
EASTER DAY,—First and Second Hymns.
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MDZ Münchener DigitalisierungsZentrum Digitale Bibliothek

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